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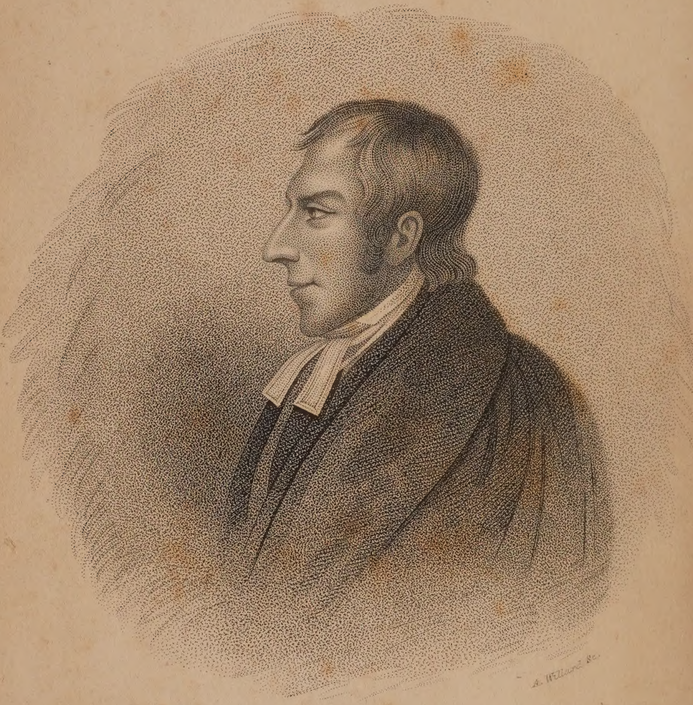
Remains

OF THE LATE

REV. CHARLES WOLFE, A. B.


A. Willard Sc.

REVD. CHARLES WOLFE, M. A.

From a drawing by I. I. Russell.

Published by H. & F. J. Huntington 1828.

Margaret Breckinridge

REMAINS

OF THE LATE

REV. CHARLES WOLFE, A. B.

CURATE OF DONOUGHMORE, DIOCESS OF ARMAGH.

WITH A BRIEF

Memoir of his Life.

BY THE

REV. JOHN A. RUSSELL, M. A.

CHAPLAIN TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND,
AND CURATE OF ST. WERBURGH'S, DUBLIN.

Hartford,
PUBLISHED BY H. & F. J. HUNTINGTON.
M.DCCC.XXVIII.

Margt: Breckinridge.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In offering to the public this first American edition of the Memoir and Remains of the Rev. Charles Wolfe, the hope is confidently entertained, that it may prove an acceptable service, not only to the cause of refined taste and elegant literature, but of pure and undefiled religion. High as Mr. Wolfe must be ranked as a scholar and a poet, it is as the faithful minister of the Church of Christ that he presents the strongest claims to our affection and admiration, and to that which is far above every other motive, the approbation of God. It was much to produce, in the well known 'lines on the burial of Sir John Moore,' the most splendid and touching lyric of the age—it was far more, to devote to an obscure country flock talents and accomplishments which would have done honour to the proudest station, and to wear out prematurely in their service a life to which the walks of pleasure and the heights of ambition offered such powerful temptations. Let us hope that, through the blessing of its Divine Head, the example of this zeal and self devotion will not be lost to the Church of Christ. Let us learn from it, that earnestness and enthusiasm in the sacred cause may yet be in entire subjection to truth and soberness, and saved, by the divine guidance, from the dangerous errors of extravagance and fanaticism.

Hartford, April 15, 1828. G. W. D.

PREFACE.

It was long a matter of painful doubt to the Editor whether he should be justifiable in committing to the press the collection of Remains contained in these volumes ; convinced as he was that none of them were ever designed for that purpose by the Author himself, who, indeed, would have shrunk from the idea of publication. However, his hesitation has been overborne by the strong hope that they may prove generally instructive as well as interesting, and afford a peculiar gratification to a wide circle of friends.

It was at first intended to publish the Sermons only ; but, on a more mature consideration, it seemed advisable to give a short account of the Author, interspersed with his poems and other remains, particularly as many of them have been for a considerable time in private circulation amongst a few acquaintances, and would, most probably, have found their way to the press in some other shape. In fact, their publication appeared inevitable ; and it therefore seemed better that they should go forth to the public through the hands of a friend, who was in possession of all the original manuscripts, and who had also the happiness of an uninterrupted intimacy and communication with the Author, from the time he entered college until his lamented death.

The state in which the papers were committed to him rendered it a task of greater labour to select, arrange, and transcribe them for the press, than can easily be imagined. This circumstance, and the late arrival of some promised communications, caused a greater delay in the publication than the writer could have anticipated.

The miscellaneous nature of the work may possibly render it more generally useful than one *exclusively* upon religious subjects. Many, who admire the raptures of the poet, may be induced to regard with reverence the instructions of the divine: they may feel a peculiar desire to mark what thoughts a heart, animated by the Muse, can bring forth when hallowed by a loftier and purer inspiration.

The Editor is painfully conscious how imperfect is the sketch which he has here given of the Author's life and character; and must throw himself upon the indulgence of the friends who are most deeply interested in the work, with an humble hope that they will make candid allowance for any error of judgment, or defect in execution, which they may observe in the performance of the pleasing but anxious task he has had to fulfil.

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REMAINS

OF

THE REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

In attempting to sketch even a brief Memoir of a friend, whose existence had been for many years blended with our own, there are difficulties which may be more easily conceived than described.

It is hard to restrain the pen from the expression of feelings which to others would be tedious and uninteresting. It is hard also to speak fully and freely of the immediate subject of the narrative, without an apparent self-obtrusion. This, however, shall be carefully avoided in the present little work; the object of which is, simply, to collect the Remains, and record a few particulars of the life and character of one, little known to the world; but who, throughout the circle in which he moved, excited an interest which cannot easily be forgotten, and diffused blessings with which his name and his memory will long be held in grateful association.

Amidst the pensive recollections awakened by an attempt to record the life of a departed friend, there may be much to afford comfort and instruction to one's self, which it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to convey to an uninterested reader. It can easily be conceived in general, with what a tender and prevailing influence the instructions received at former periods of life come home to the heart when they are associated with the recollection of the amiable qualities, the exalted principles, and the early death of a cherished friend, from whom they have been imbibed. " Amidst the sadness of such a remembrance (says an eloquent writer,)* it will be a consolation that they are not entirely lost to us. Wise monitions, when they return on us with this melancholy charm, have more pathetic cogency than when they were first uttered by the voice of a living friend." " It will be an interesting occupation to recount the advantages which we have received from beings who have left the world, and to reinforce our virtues from the dust of those who first taught them."

Such have been the feelings of the writer, and such will probably be the feelings of other friends upon the recollections which this little memoir may awaken. But, upon these sentiments it is unnecessary, as it would perhaps be obtrusive, to dilate. I shall therefore pass on to the immediate subject of the memoir.

To those who have personally known him whose Remains are presented in this volume to the public, it may be satisfactory to learn some particulars of his life.

Charles Wolfe was the youngest son of Theobald Wolfe, Esq. Blackhall, county Kildare. His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Peter Lombard. He was born in Dublin, 14th December, in the year 1791. The family from which he was descended has not been undistinguished. Through the military achievements of the illustrious hero of Quebec, the name stands conspicuous upon the records of British renown. It has also been signalised at the Irish bar, especially in the person of the much-lamented Lord Kilwarden, one of the same family, who was elevated to the dignity of the judicial bench. At an early age the subject of this memoir lost his father; not long after whose death, the family removed to England, where they resided for some years. Charles was sent to a school in Bath in the year 1801; from which, in a few months, he was obliged to return home in consequence of the delicacy of his health, which interrupted his education for twelve months. Upon his recovery, he was placed under the tuition of Dr. Evans, in Salisbury, from which he was removed in the year 1805; and soon after was sent as a boarder to Winchester school, of which Mr. Richards, sen. was then the able master. There he soon distinguished himself by his great proficiency in classical knowledge, and by his early powers of Latin and Greek versification, and displayed the dawnings of a genius which promised to set him amidst that bright constellation of British poets which adorns the literature of the present age.

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* Foster's Essays, p. 16.

The many high testimonies to his amiable disposition and superior talents, which are supplied by the affectionate letters of his schoolmasters, shew that he was not overvalued by his own family, with every member of which he seems to have been the special favourite. I cannot better describe the manner in which his character as a boy was appreciated at school and at home, and how deservedly it was so prized, than in the following simple language of a very near relative, to whom I am indebted for some of the particulars of his life already mentioned. "The letters I enclose you bear testimony to the amiable character of my dear, dear Charles, such as I ever remember it. Those from Mr. Richards I can better estimate than any one else, from knowing that he was not easily pleased in a pupil, or apt to flatter. He was greatly attracted by superior talents; but you will see that he speaks of qualities of more value. He never received even a slight punishment or reprimand at any school to which he ever went; and in nearly twelve years that he was under my mother's care, I cannot recollect that he ever acted contrary to her wishes, or caused her a moment's pain, except parting with her when he went to school. I do not know whether he ever told you that he had, when a boy, a wish to enter the army, which was acquired by being in the way of military scenes; but, when he found that it would give his mother pain, he totally gave up the idea, which I am sure, all his life, he thanked God that he had done. In 1808 he left Winchester (where he had been three years), owing to our coming to Ireland, as my mother could not think of leaving him behind. His company was her first earthly comfort, and she could not relinquish it; indeed, we used to count the hours when the time drew near that he was expected. We were often told that we would spoil him, but *you* know whether it was so. When we arrived in Ireland, it was intended that he should go to some other school; but he did not go to any, nor had he any one to read with him, so that he entered college with much less previous instruction than most others. I believe you knew him soon after; and I need not tell *you* of him since, or what he has been even if I could. I have never heard of a schoolfellow or a college acquaintance who did not respect or love him; but I will not say more to *you*."

The pleasing testimony to his character and abilities contained in this extract is indeed fully borne out by the accounts which some of his schoolfellows have given of him to the writer. They spoke of him with the strongest affection, and represented him as the pride of Winchester school. Some of the poems and Latin verses by which he distinguished himself there, shall appear at the close of this volume.

In the year 1809, he entered the University of Dublin, under the tuition of the late Rev. Dr. Davenport, who immediately conceived the highest interest for him, and continued to shew it by special proofs of his favour. In a few months after his entrance, the writer had the happiness of becoming acquainted with him. This casual acquaintance soon became a cordial intimacy, which quickly ripened into a friendship that continued not only uninterrupted, but was cemented more and more by constant intercourse, and by community of pursuits: it was, above all, improved and sweetened by an unreserved interchange of thoughts on those subjects which affect our eternal interests, and open to us the prospects of friendships which death can only suspend, but not destroy.

Our author immediately distinguished himself by his high classical attainments, for which he was early rewarded by many academical honours. The first English poem which attracted general notice was written very early in his college course, upon a subject proposed by the heads of the university. It evinces a boldnes of thought, a vigour of expression, and somewhat of a dramatic spirit, which seems to entitle it to a place in this litttle collection; and it shall therefore be presented first in order to the reader. The prison-scene of Jugurtha (which is the subject of the poem) gave the author full scope for a masterly exhibition of the darkest and deadliest passions of human nature in fierce conflict. Disappointed ambition, revenge, despair, remorse, were to be represented as raging by turns in the captive's mind, or dashing, as it were, against each other, and struggling for utterance. The subject was proposed in the following form.—

"JUGURTHA INCARCERATUS, VITAM INGEMIT RELICTAM."

Well—is the rack prepared—the pincers heated?
Where is the scourge? How—not employ'd in Rome?
We have them in Numidia. Not in Rome?
I'm sorry for it; I could enjoy it now;
I might have felt them yesterday; but now,—
Now I have seen my funeral procession;
The chariot-wheels of Marius have roll'd o'er me:
His horses' hoofs have trampled me in triumph;
I have attain'd that terrible consummation
My soul could stand aloof, and from on high
Look down upon the ruins of my body,
Smiling in apathy; I feel no longer;
I challenge Rome to give another pang.—
Gods! how he smiled, when he beheld me pause

Before his car, and scowl upon the mob;
The curse of Rome was burning on my lips,
And I had gnaw'd my chain, and hurl'd it at them,
But that I knew he would have smiled again.—
A king! and led before the gaudy Marius,
Before those shouting masters of the world,
As if I had been conquer'd: while each street,
Each peopled wall, and each insulting window,
Peal'd forth their brawling triumphs o'er my head.
Oh! for a lion from thy woods, Numidia!—
Or had I, in that moment of disgrace,
Enjoy'd the freedom but of yonder slave,
I would have made my monument in Rome.
Yet am I not that fool, that *Roman* fool,
To think disgrace entombs the hero's soul,—
For ever damps his fires, and dims his glories;
That no bright laurel can adorn the brow
That once has bow'd; no victory's trumpet-sound
Can drown in joy the rattling of his chains:
No;—could one glimpse of victory and vengeance
Dart preciously across me, I could kiss
Thy footstep's dust again; then all in flame,
With Massinissa's energies unquench'd,
Start from beneath thy chariot-wheels, and grasp
The gory laurel reeking in my view,
And force a passage through disgrace to glory—
Victory! Vengeance! Glory!—Oh these chains!
My soul 's in fetters, too; for, from this moment,
Through all eternity I see but—death;
To me there's nothing future now, but death:
Then come and let me gloom upon the past.—
So then—Numidia's lost; those daring projects—
(Projects that ne'er were breathed to mortal man,
That would have startled Marius on his car,)
O'erthrown, defeated! What avails it now,
That my proud views despised the narrow limits,
Which minds that span and measure out ambition
Had fix'd to mine; and, while I seem'd intent
On savage subjects and Numidian forests,

My soul had pass'd the bounds of Africa!—
Defeated, overthrown! yet to the last
Ambition taught me hope, and still my mind,
Through danger, flight, and carnage, grasp'd dominion;
And had not Bocchus—curses, curses on him!—
What Rome has done, she did it for ambition;
What Rome has done, I might—I would have done;
What *thou* hast done, thou wretch!—Oh had she proved
Nobly deceitful; had she seized the traitor,
And join'd him with the fate of the betray'd,
I had forgiven her all; for he had been
The consolation of my prison hours;
I could forget my woes in stinging him;
And if, before this day, his little soul
Had not in bondage wept itself away,
Rome and Jugurtha should have triumph'd o'er him.
Look here, thou caitiff, if thou canst, and see
The fragments of Jugurtha; view him wrapt
In the last shred he borrow'd from Numidia;
'Tis cover'd with the dust of Rome; behold
His rooted gaze upon the chains he wears,
And on the channels they have wrought upon him;
Then look around upon his dungeon walls,
And view yon scanty mat, on which his frame
He flings, and rushes from his thoughts to sleep.
Sleep!
I'll sleep no more, until I sleep for ever:
When I slept last, I heard Adherbal scream.
I'll sleep no more! I'll *think* until I die:
My eyes shall pore upon my miseries,
Until my miseries shall be no more.—
Yet wherefore did he scream? Why, I have heard
His *living* scream,—it was not half so frightful.
Whence comes the difference? When the man was living,
Why, I did gaze upon his couch of torments
With placid vengeance, and each anguish'd cry
Gave me stern satisfaction; now he's dead,
And his lips move not;—yet his voice's image
Flash'd such a dreadful darkness o'er my soul,

I would not mount Numidia's throne again,
Did ev'ry night bring such a scream as that.
Oh yes, 'twas I that caused that *living* one,
And therefore did its *echo* seem so frightful :—
If 'twere to do again, I would not kill thee ;
Wilt thou not be contented ?—But thou say'st,
" My father was to thee a father also ;
He watch'd thy infant years, he gave thee all
That youth could ask, and scarcely manhood came,
Than came a kingdom also ; yet didst thou"——
Oh I am faint !—they have not brought me food—
How did I not perceive it until now ?
Hold,—my Numidian cruise is still about me—
No drop within—Oh faithful friend, companion
Of many a weary march and thirsty day,
'Tis the first time that thou hast fail'd my lips.—
Gods ! I'm in tears !—I did not think of weeping.
Oh Marius, wilt thou ever feel like this ?
Ha !—I behold the ruins of a city ;
And on a craggy fragment sits a form
That seems in ruins also ; how unmoved,
How stern he looks ! Amazement ! it is Marius !
Ha ! Marius, think'st thou now upon Jugurtha ?
He turns ! he's caught my eye ! I see no more !

The above poem was written in the first year of his college course, at which early period he had gained the highest distinction amongst his contemporaries for his classical attainments. Towards the close of the same year, he had to sustain a severe domestic affliction, in the death of his mother,—an event which wrought upon his affectionate heart an impression of the deepest regret.

As soon as he was enabled to resume his studies, he entered upon them with diligence. He did not, at first, apply, with much interest or assiduity, to the course of science prescribed in our university ; and it appears that the circumstance which first led him to bestow upon it the attention proportioned to its importance, was a desire to assist some less gifted acquaintance in that branch of his academic pursuits. This was indeed truly characteristic of his natural disposition, which ever led him to apply himself with greater zeal in promoting the advantage or interest of others than his own. It had, however, a favourable effect upon his own studies, as it drew out his talents for scientific acquirements, and gave such an impulse to his progress, that he soon after won the prize from the most distinguished competitors, at an examination in which the severer sciences formed the leading subjects. When his circumstances, some time afterwards, rendered it expedient for him to undertake the duties of a college tutor, he discharged the task with such singular devotedness and disinterested anxiety, as materially to entrench upon his own particular studies. He was indeed so prodigal of his labour and of his time to each pupil, that he reserved little leisure for his own pursuits or relaxations.

At the usual period, he obtained a scolarship, with the highest honour, upon which he immediately became a resident in college. A new theatre of literary honour was opened to him, at the commencement of the same year, where his genius for composition in prose and verse, and his natural powers of oratorical excellence, had more ample sphere for exercise and cultivation. In the Historical Society, of which he was now admitted a member, they were encouraged and expanded by the stimulus of generous competition, and by constant mental collision with the most accomplished and enlightened of his fellow-students. He soon obtained medals for oratory, and for compositions in prose and verse; and was early appointed to the honourable office of opening the sessions, after the summer recess, by a speech from the chair. This was the grand post of distinction to which the most successful speakers in the society continually aspired. The main object of the address, was to unfold the advantages resulting from the Institution, and to expatiate at large upon its three leading departments,—History, Poetry, and Oratory. Our author, though he had not fully completed his speech, was received with the highest applause, and the gold medal was adjudged to him by unanimous acclamation. This speech seems never to have been written out fairly; but some fragments of it have been preserved, which, with a few other of his early productions, shall be presented to the reader in the course of this volume.

Most of his poems were written within a very short period, during his abode in college; but the order in which they were composed cannot be exactly ascertained. It is not the editor's object to enter into any minute critique upon the several fugitive little pieces which are here collected together. They shall be accompanied principally with such brief notices as may appear necessary to throw light upon the occasions which gave rise to them, and the circumstances under which they were written.

The next specimen of his poetical talents, which it may not be uninteresting to insert here, seems to have been but little valued by himself, as he never took the trouble of transcribing more than a few lines from the first rude sketch. His native modesty, and the fastidious judgment which he exercised over all his own compositions, led him often to undervalue what even his most judicious friends approved and admired.

The subject of the present poem is one of great historical interest. It chiefly refers to the battle of Busaco, which first inspired the allied armies with mutual confidence, and led the way to those successful struggles which terminated in the complete deliverance of Portugal from the usurpation and tyranny of France. A brief account of this engagement, extracted from the Edinburgh Annual Register (vol. iii. p. 462,) may form an appropriate introduction to the poem.

"Busaco, which was now to become famous in British history, had long been a venerable name in Portugal. It is the only place in that kingdom where the barefooted Carmelites possessed what, in their language, is called a desart, an establishment where those brethren whose devotion flies to the highest pitch, may at once enjoy the advantage of the eremite, with the security of the cenobite life; one of those places where man has converted an earthly paradise into a purgatory for himself, but where superstition almost seems sanctified by every thing around it. The solitude and silence of Busaco were now to be broken by events, in which its hermits, dead as they were to the world, might be permitted to feel all the agitation of worldly hope and fear. The British and Portuguse army was posted along the ridge, extending nearly eight miles, and forming the segment of a circle, whose extreme points embraced every part of the enemy's position, and from whence every movement of the enemy below could be immediately observed. On the 26th Sept. 1810, the light troops on both sides were engaged throughout the line; at six on the following morning, the French made two desperate attacks upon Lord Wellinton's position; one on the right, the other on the left of the highest point of the sierra: this spot is remarkable as commanding one of the most extensive views in Portugal; and on the very summit stands a cross, planted upon a basis of masonry of such magnitude, that it is said that three thousand carts of stone were used in the work. One division of French infantry gained the top of the ridge, and was driven back with the bayonet; another division, farther on the right, was repulsed before it could reach the top. On the left they made their attack with three divisions, only one of which made any progress towards the summit, and this was charged with the bayonet, and driven down with immense loss. Some of the Portuguese charging a superior force, got so wedged in among them, that they had not room to use their bayonets; they turned up the but-ends of their muskets, and plied them with such vigour, as completely to clear the way."

BATTLE OF BUSACO; DELIVERANCE OF PORTUGAL.

The breeze sigh'd sadly o'er the midnight flood;
On Lisbon's tow'rs Don Henry's spirit stood:
He wore not helm, he wore not casque; his hair
Streamed like a funeral banner in the air:
In mournful attitude, with aspect drear,
He held revers'd his country's guardian spear;
Dark was his eye, and gloomy was his brow,
He gaz'd with sternness on the wave below;
Then thrice aloft the deathful spear he shook,
While sorrow's torrent from his bosom broke:—
Fiends! may the angel of destruction shed
This blood-red cup of horrors on your head!
Throughout your camp may hell-born demons play,
Grin ruin to your host, and howl dismay!
Was it for this, dear, desolated shore!
I taught proud Commerce here her gifts to pour,
Allur'd from fairer Italy the maid,
And here the gound-works of the empire laid?
Is there a bolt to mortal guidance giv'n?—
Where are the thund'ring delegates of Heav'n—
Through Europe's plains the tyrant's voice is heard,
And blood-red anarchy her flag has rear'd,
Roll'd round her gorgon-eyes from native France,
And petrified the nations with a glance;
Affrighted Italy her blasted vines
Has dropp'd, and Spain let fall her orange lines,
And tough Teutonic forests, though they broke
Awhile her force, yet yielded to the stroke.
Where shall I turn, where find the free, the brave,
A heart to pity, and an arm to save?
To Britain, glorious Britain, will I call,
Her bulwark, valour,—and the sea, her wall.
Around her crest, Gaul's jav'lins idly play,
And glance with baffled impotence away;
Her hands the redd'ning bolts of vengeance bear,
Fate's on her helm, and death upon her spear;

She scorns at Victory's shrine her vows to pay,
She grasps the laurel, she commands the day.
England, what ! ho !—as thus the spectre spoke,
All Lisbon's turrets to their bases shook :—
England, what ! ho !—again the spectre cried,
And trembling Tagus heaved with all his tide,
England, to arms !—at this dread call advance !
Assist, defend, protect !—now tremble, France !—
He spoke,—then plunged into the river's breast,
And Tagus wrapt him in his billowy vest.
O'er seas, o'er shores the solemn summons pass'd,
It rode upon the pinions of the blast :
The midnight shades are gone, the glooms are fled,
See ! the dawn broke as Britain rear'd her head !
With Albion's spear upon her shield she smote ;
Through every island rung the inspiring note.
Roused at the sound, the English lion rose,
And burnt to meet hereditary foes ;
From Highland rocks came ev'ry Scottish clan ;
Forward rush'd Erin's sons, and led the van :
The Usurper shook,—then sent each chief of name,
Partners of victory, sharers of his fame,
Who bore Gaul's standard through the hostile throng,
While Lodi trembled as they rush'd along ;
Who traversed Egypt's plains and Syria's waste,
And left a red memorial where they pass'd ;
Who bathed, midst French and Austrian heaps of slain,
Their gory footsteps on Marengo's plain :
And those who laid the Prussian glories low,
Yet felt a Brunswick's last expiring blow ;
Who on Vimeria's heights were taught to feel
The vengeful fury of a freeman's steel ;
Who hung on British Moore in his retreat,
And purchas'd dear experience by defeat.
Such were the chiefs that Gaul's batallia led ;—
Yet England came, they met her, and they fled.
At dark Busaco's foot stood France's might,
The hopes of Britain occupied the height.

Gaul's mantling terrors to the summit tend,—
Hold, Britain, charge not,—the attack suspend ;—
Hush'd be the British whirlwind,—not a breath
Be heard within thy host,—be still as death !—
With gathering gloom comes France's dark array,—
Rest, Britain on thy arms,—thy march delay—
See ! France has gain'd the summit of the hill !
See ! she advances ! Soldier yet be still—
She's at our bayonets,—touches every gun,—
Now speed thee, England ! and the work is done.—
Now where is France ?—Yon mountain heap of dead,
Yon scatter'd band will tell you how they sped ;
The dying groan, the penetrating yell,
May tell how quick she sunk, how soon she fell :
Her sons are gone, her choicest blood is spilt,
Her brightest spear is shiver'd to the hilt.
Nor ceased they here ; but from the mountain height,
Tempestuous Britain rolls to meet the fight,
Pours the full tide of battle o'er the plain,
And whelms beneath the waves its adverse train :
The vanquish'd squadrons dread an added loss ;
They skulk behind the rampart and the fosse ;—
Why lingers Wellesley ? Does he fear their force ?
Dreads he their foot, or trembles at their horse ?
Alas ! by hands unseen, he deals the blow,
By hands unseen, he prostrates ev'ry foe.
One night—(and France still shudders at that night,
Pregnant with death, with horror, and affright ;)
One night—on plans of victory intent,
A spy into the hostile camp he sent ;
It was a wretch, decrepit, shrivel'd, wild,—
A haggard visage that had never smiled ;
The miscreant's jaws were never seen to close,
The miscreant's eyes had never known repose ;—
Swift to the Gallic camp she sped her way,
And Britain's soldiers, e'er the dawn of day,
Heard through the hostile tents her footstep's tread :—
For Famine—raging Famine claim'd her dead ;

With frantic haste they fled the fatal post,
Long boldly held—now miserably lost;
Dismay, confusion through the rout appear,
Victorious Britain hangs upon their rear.
No, sweet Humanity! I dare not tell
How infants bled, how mothers, husbands fell;
I dare not paint the agonizing look
The mother gave, when Gaul her infant took,—
Took, and while yet the cherub's smile was fresh,
Pierced its fair limbs and tore its baby-flesh—
I dare not paint the wife's transporting woe,
When sunk her husband by Massena's blow;—
Hear, thou dread warrior! hear, thou man of blood!
Hear, thou, with female, infant gore imbrued!
When, sinking in the horrors of the tomb,
The avenging angel shall pronounce thy doom—
When war's loud yell grows faint, the drum's dead roll
Strikes languid, and more languid on the soul—
When Britain's cannons may unheeded roar,
And Wellesley's name has power to fright no more,—
Yon widow's shrieks shall pierce thee till thou rave,
And form a dread artillery in the grave!
Heard ye that burst of joy? From Beira's coast
To Algarve's southern boundaries it crost;
It pass'd from undulating Tagus' source,
And burst where Guadiana holds his course.
Farewell! proud France! (they cried) thy power is broke;
Farewell forever to thy iron yoke!
But blest for ever be old Ocean's queen,
Still on his bosom may she reign serene.
When on these plains our future offspring gaze,
To them our grateful heart shall sound thy praise.
To Britain's generous aid these plains we owe,
For us she drew the sword, and bent the bow.
We sunk, we crouch'd beneath a tyrant's hand—
Victorious Britain loosed the usurper's band.
We bow'd to France, obey'd each stern decree,—
Majestic Britain rose—and all was free.

It requires no apology for introducing here a poem already well known to the public—the Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore. For some years past it has excited considerable interest in the literary circles; and it was mentioned by a highly respectable authority, as having been long a matter of surprise among them, that its author had not revealed his name, or published any other similar production. Subsequently to this account, it has obtained a very general popularity from the splendid eulogium pronounced upon it by the late Lord Byron. Little as the author himself seemed to value the shadowy prize of poetic reputation, or of any mere worldly distinction, it appears but an act of literary justice to establish his claim to the production of a poem so justly, and so honourably appreciated, by giving it a place amongst his more valuable remains. The noble poet's enthusiastic admiration of this nameless and unpatronized effusion of genius, is authenticated in a late work, entitled, "Medwin's Conversations of Byron." The impress of such a name upon the poetic merits of an ode deemed not unworthy of his lordship's own transcendent powers, is too valuable not to be recorded here.

The passage alluded to occurs in vol ii. p. 154 (second edit.) of the above-mentioned publication, and is as follows:—

"The conversation turned after dinner on the lyrical poetry of the day; and a question arose as to which was the most perfect ode that had been produced.—Shelley contended for Coleridge's on Switzerland, beginning—'Ye Clouds,' &c.; others named some of Moore's Irish Melodies, and Campbell's Hohenlinden; and had Lord Byron not been present, his own Invocation in Manfred, or the Ode to Napoleon, or on Promotheus, might have been cited.

"'Like Gray,' said he, 'Campbell smells too much of the oil: he is never satisfied with what he does; his finest things have been spoiled by over-polish. Like paintings, poems may be too highly finished. The great art is effect, no matter how produced.

" 'I will shew you an ode you have never seen, that I consider little inferior to the best which the present prolific age has brought forth.' With this, he left the table, almost before the cloth was removed, and returned with a magazine, from which he read the following lines on Sir John Moore's burial.

" 'The feeling with which he recited these admirable stanzas I shall never forget. After he had come to an end, he repeated the third, and said it was *perfect*, particularly the lines—

> 'But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
> 'With his martial cloak around him.'

" 'I should have taken the whole,' said Shelley,' 'for a rough sketch of Campbell's.'

" 'No,' replied Lord Byron; 'Campbell would have claimed it, if it had been his.' "

The poem found its way to the press without the concurrence or knowledge of the author. It was recited by a friend in presence of a gentleman travelling towards the north of Ireland, who was so much struck with it, that he requested and obtained a copy; and immediately after, it appeared in the Newry Telegraph, with the initials of the author's name. From that it was copied into most of the London prints, and thence into the Dublin papers; and subsequently it appeared, with some considerable errors, in the Edinburgh Annual Register, which contained the narrative that first kindled the poet's feelings on the subject, and supplied the materials to his mind. It remained for a long time unclaimed; and other poems,* in the mean time, appeared, falsely purporting to be written by the same unknown hand, which the author would not take the pains to disavow. It lately, however, seemed to have become the prey of some literary spoliators, whose dishonest ambition was immediately detected and exposed. Indeed, it is hard to say, whether the claims were urged seriously, or whether it was a stratagem to draw out the acknowledgment of the real author. However, the matter has been placed beyond dispute, by the proof that it appeared with the initials C. W., in an Irish print, long prior to the alleged dates which its false claimants assign.

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* Amongst those was an "Address to Sleep," which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine.

It is unnecessary to enter into further particulars upon this point, as the question has been set at rest; and as Captain Medwin, who at first conjectured the poem to have been written by Lord Byron himself, has avowed, in his second edition of his work, that "his supposition was erroneous, and that it appears to be the production of the late Rev. C. Wolfe." It may be interesting to prefix the paragraph in the narrative of Sir John Moore's burial, which produced so strong an emotion in the mind of our author, and prompted this immediate and spontaneous effusion of poetic genius.

"Sir John Moore had often said, that if he was killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there, by a party of the 9th regiment, the aides-du-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened; for, about eight in the morning, some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made, they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave; the funeral service was read by the chaplain; and the corpse was covered with earth."—*Edinburgh Annual Register*, 1808, p. 458.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

I.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

II.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

III.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

IV.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

V.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

VI.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

VII.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was suddenly firing.

VIII.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory !

The principal errors in most of the copies of this poem were pointed out by an early friend of the author in an eloquent letter, which appeared in the Morning Chronicle, October 29th, 1824. One error, however, which occurred in the first line of the third stanza, he omitted to correct. The word "confined" was substituted for "enclosed," manifestly for the worse, as it appears somewhat artificial, and inconsistent with the nervous simplicity of thought and expression which marks the whole poem. The third line of the fourth stanza has been commonly altered thus—"on the face *of the* dead." I cannot forbear quoting the critical and just observations of the friend above mentioned, upon this unhappy error. "The expression as it has been printed, is common-place ; that for which it was ignorantly substituted, is original and affecting. The poet did not merely mean to tell us the *fact*, that the comrades of Moore gazed on the face of their dead chief,—but he meant to convey an idea of the impression which that form of death made upon them. 'They gazed on the *face that was dead*,' gives not merely the *fact*, but the *sentiment* of death. It is like some of those fine scriptural expressions where the simplest terms are exuberant with imagination. It intimates the awful contrast between the heroic animation which kindled up that countenance just before in action, and its now cold, ghastly, and appalling serenity."—Upon another error which has universally prevailed, in the seventh stanza, the same eloquent friend has observed, "The third and fourth lines have been thus given,

'And we heard by the distant and random gun,
" That the foe was suddenly firing :

But it was originally written,

> ' And we heard the distant and random gun
> ' Of the enemy suddenly firing.'*

I need scarcely point out to any reader of the least poetic taste the superiority of this passage to the fictitious one The statement of the foe being *suddenly* firing, implies a new and vigorous attack, which was contrary to fact. The lines, as Wolfe wrote them, are better poetry, and more agreeable to truth. They represent the enemy, who had come on with the flush of anticipated victory, now sullen in defeat, firing rather from vain irritation than useful valour, keeping up a show of hostilities by 'the distant and random gun,' but not venturing on any fresh and animated onset. In this way, the passage becomes as picturesque as it is concise and energetic."

It appears from the interesting conversation in which the above poem was assigned so high a place in the lyrical compositions of our language, that Campbell's Hohenlinden was also brought forward by some of the company as one of the finest specimens of the same order. This powerfully descriptive and sublime ode was a peculiar favourite with our author. The awful imagery presented in such a rapid succession of bold and vivid flashes,—the burning thoughts which break forth in such condensed energy of expression,—and the incidental touches of deep and genuine pathos which characterise the whole poem, never failed intensely to affect his imagination, and to draw out the most rapturous expressions of admiration. It was, indeed, the peculiar temperament of his mind, to display its emotions by the strongest outward demonstrations.

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* The writer of the above observation seems not to have been aware, that the fourth line of this stanza was at first written by the author as I have copied it. It was subsequently altered in the way he gives it, at the suggestion of a literary friend ; but it seems proper to print it as it actually stands in the author's own manuscript, from which I take it. There is no difference in sense ; but, perhaps, some may think the rhythm better as it was originally written.

Such were his intellectual sensibilities, and the corresponding vivacity of his animal spirits, that the excitation of his feelings generally discovered itself by the most lively expressions, and sometimes by an unrestrained vehemence of gesticulation, which often afforded amusement to his more sedate or less impressible acquaintances.

Whenever in the company of his friends any thing occurred in his reading, or to his memory, which powerfully affected his imagination, he usually started from his seat, flung aside his chair, and paced about the room, giving vent to his admiration in repeated exclamations of delight, and in gestures of the most animated rapture. Nothing produced these emotions more strongly than music, of the pleasures of which he was in the highest degree susceptible. He had an ear formed to enjoy, in the most exquisite manner, the simplest melody or the richest harmony. With but little cultivation, he had acquired sufficient skill in the theory of this accomplishment to relish its highest charms, and to exercise a discriminative taste in the appreciation of any composition or performance in that delightful art. Sacred music, above all, (especially the compositions of Handel) had the most subduing, the most transporting effect upon his feelings, and seemed to enliven and sublimate his devotion to the highest pitch. He understood and felt all the *poetry* of music, and was particularly felicitous in catching the spirit and character of a simple air or a national melody. One or two specimens of the adaptation of his poetical talents to such subjects may give some idea of this.

He was so much struck by the grand national Spanish air, "Viva el Rey Fernando," the first time he heard it played by a friend, that he immediately commenced singing it over and over again, until he produced an English song admirably suited to the tune. The air, which has the character of an animated march, opens in a strain of grandeur, and suddenly subsides, for a few bars, into a slow and pathetic modulation, from which it abruptly starts again into all the enthusiasm of martial spirit. The words are happily adapted to these transitions; but the air should be known, in order that the merits of the song should be duly esteemed. The first change in the expression of the air occurs at the ninth line of the song, and continues to the end of the twelfth line.

SPANISH SONG.

Air—Viva el Rey Fernando.

The chains of Spain are breaking—
  Let Gaul despair, and fly ;
Her wrathful trumpet's speaking—
  Let tyrants hear, and die.

Her standard o'er us arching
  Is burning red and far ;
The soul of Spain is marching
  In thunders to the war.—
Look round your lovely Spain,
And say, shall Gaul remain ?—

Behold yon burning valley—
Behold yon naked plain—
  Let us hear their drum—
  Let them come, let them come !
For vengeance and freedom rally,
And, Spaniards ! onward for Spain !

Remember, remember Barossa—
  Remember Napoleon's chain—
Remember your own Saragossa,
  And strike for the cause of Spain—
Remember your own Saragossa,
And onward, onward for Spain !

The following little tale may serve to shew with what feeling and refinement of taste he entered into the spirit of our national melodies. It was designed as a characteristic introduction to the well-known and admired song,—"The last Rose of Summer."

This is the grave of Dermid:—he was the best minstrel among us all,—a youth of a romantic genius, and of the most tremulous and yet the most impetuous feeling. He knew all our old national airs, of every character and description: according as his song was in a lofty or a mournful strain, the village represented a camp or a funeral; but if Dermid were in his merry mood, the lads and lasses were hurried into dance with a giddy and irresistible gaiety. One day our chieftain committed a cruel and wanton outrage against one of our peaceful villagers. Dermid's harp was in his hand when he heard it. With all the thoughtlessness and independent sensibility of a poet's indignation, he struck the chords that never spoke without response,—and the detestation became universal. He was driven from amongst us by our enraged chief; and all his relations, and the maid he loved, attended our banished minstrel into the wide world. For three years there were no tidings of Dermid, and the song and dance were silent; when one of our little boys came running in and told us that he saw Dermid approaching at a distance. Instantly the whole village was in commotion; the youths and maidens assembled on the green, and agreed to celebrate the arrival of their poet with a dance; they fixed upon the air he was to play for them; it was the merriest of his collection. The ring was formed;—all looked eagerly towards the quarter from which he was to arrive, determined to greet their favourite bard with a cheer. But they were checked the instant he appeared; he came slowly and languidly and loiteringly along;—his countenance had a cold, dim, and careless aspect, very different from that expressive tearfulness which marked his features, even in his more melancholy moments: his harp was swinging heavily upon his arm;—it seemed a burden to him; it was much shattered, and some of the strings were broken. He looked at us for a few moments,—then, relapsing into vacancy, advanced, without quickening his pace, to his accustomed stone, and sat down in silence. After a pause, we ventured to ask him for his friends;—he first looked up sharply in our faces,—next, down upon his harp,—then struck a few notes of a wild and desponding melody, which we had never heard before; but his hand dropped, and he did not finish it. Again we paused—then, knowing well that if we could give the smallest mirthful impulse to his feelings, his whole soul would soon follow, we asked him for the merry air we had chosen. We were surprised at the readiness with which he seemed to comply;—but it was the same wild and heart-breaking strain he had commenced. In fact, we found that the soul of the minstrel had become an entire void, except one solitary ray, that vibrated sluggishly through its very darkest part: it was like the sea in a dark calm, which you only know to be in motion by the panting which you hear; he had totally forgotten every trace of his former strains, not only those that were more gay and airy, but even those of a more pensive cast; and he had got in their stead that one dreary, single melody; it was about a lonely rose that had outlived all his companions; this he continued singing and playing from day to day, until he spread an unusual gloom over the whole village: he seemed to perceive it, for he retired to the churchyard, and remained singing it there to the day of his death. The afflicted constantly repaired to hear it, and he died singing it to a maid who had lost her lover. The orphans have learnt it, and still chant it over poor Dermid's grave.

Another of his favourite melodies was the popular Irish air "Gramachree." He never heard it without being sensibly affected by its deep and tender expression; but he thought that no words had ever been written for it which came up to his idea of the peculiar pathos which pervades the whole strain. He said they all appeared to him to want *individuality* of feeling. At the desire of a friend he gave his own conception of it in these verses, which it seems hard to read, perhaps impossible to hear sung, without tears.

SONG.

Air—Gramachree.

I.

If I had thought thou could'st have died,
  I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
  That thou could'st mortal be;
It never through my mind had past,
  The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
  And thou should'st smile no more!

II.

And still upon that face I look,
  And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
  That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say,
  What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
  Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

III.

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
  All cold, and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
  And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
  Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
  And I am now alone!

IV.

I do not think, where'er thou art,
  Thou hast forgotten me ;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
  In thinking too of thee :
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
  Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
  And never can restore !

He was asked whether he had any real incident in view, or had witnessed any immediate occurrence which might have prompted these lines. His reply was, "He had not; but that he had sung the air over and over till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the words."

The following song was written, at the request of a lady of high professional character as a musician, for an air of her own composition, which I believe was never published :—

SONG.

I.

Go, forget me—why should sorrow
  O'er that brow a shadow fling ?
Go, forget me—and to-morrow
  Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
Smile—though I shall not be near thee ;
Sing—though I shall never hear thee :
  May thy soul with pleasure shine
  Lasting as the gloom of mine !
Go, forget me, &c.

II.

Like the Sun, thy presence glowing,
  Clothes the *meanest* things in light ;
And when thou, like him art going,
  Loveliest objects fade in night.

All things look'd so bright about thee,
That they nothing seem without thee ;
By that pure and lucid mind
Earthly things were too refined.
Like the Sun, &c.

III.

Go, thou vision wildly gleaming,
Softly on my soul that fell ;
Go, for me no longer beaming—
Hope and Beauty ! fare ye well !
Go, and all that once delighted
Take, and leave me all benighted ;
Glory's burning—generous swell,
Fancy and the Poet's shell.
Go, thou vision, &c.

THE FRAILTY OF BEAUTY.

I.

I must tune up my harp's broken string,
For the fair has commanded the strain ;
But yet such a theme will I sing,
That I think she'll not ask me again :

II.

For I'll tell her—Youth's blossom is blown,
And that Beauty, the flower, must fade ;
(And sure, if a lady can frown,
She'll frown at the words I have said.)

III.

The smiles of the rose-bud how fleet !
They come—and as quickly they fly :
The violet how modest and sweet !
Yet the Spring sees it open and die.

IV.

How snow-white the lily appears !
Yet the life of a lily 's a day ;
And the snow that it equals, in tears
To-morrow must vanish away.

V.

Ah, Beauty ! of all things on earth
  How many thy charms most desire !
Yet Beauty with Youth has its birth,—
  And Beauty with Youth must expire.

VI.

Ah, fair ones ! so sad is the tale,
  That my song in my sorrow I steep ;
And where I intended to rail,
  I must lay down my harp, and must weep.

VII.

But Virtue indignantly seized
  The harp as it fell from my hand ;
Serene was her look, though displeased,
  And she utter'd her awful command.

VIII.

" Thy tears and thy pity employ
  " For the thoughtless, the giddy, the vain—
" But those who my blessings enjoy
  " Thy tears and thy pity disdain.

IX.

" For Beauty alone ne'er bestow'd
  " Such a charm as Religion has lent ;
" And the cheek of a belle never glow'd
  " With a smile like the smile of content.

X.

" Time's hand, and the pestilence-rage,
  " No hue, no complexion can brave ;
" For Beauty must yield to old age,
  " But I will not yield to the grave."

The history of Mr. Wolfe's college life is too deficient in incidents of general interest to dwell minutely upon it. He never took any share in concerns of a public nature ; but, on the contrary, endeavoured to shun all occasions of notoriety. This portion of his life, accordingly, supplies but little other materials for his memoir than a short account of his studies, and of his few desultory poetical efforts. Before we enter upon the more important part of his life, or attempt to exhibit his character in its more serious aspect, it may be well to collect together, in this part of the volume, the principal compositions by which he distinguished himself amongst his fellow-students, and gave so fair a promise of future celebrity. Two of those which obtained medals in the Historical Society shall be given here at full length, and such parts of his speech on opening the sessions as the editor has been able to collect with accuracy from the mutilated fragments of the manuscript.

The prose composition which follows will be principally interesting to those who are conversant with the usual course of academic studies. It seems unnecessary to add any explanatory notes for such readers ; and perhaps no helps of this kind, that would not be absolutely tedious, could materially heighten the interest to others.

Its general design and manner may possibly remind some readers of a beautiful paper by Addison, in the Tatler, called, " The vision of the Hill of Fame." I do not know that the author was acquainted with it ; but even though it may possibly have suggested the outline of the plan to his mind, it will be found that the imagery and descriptive parts are perfectly original. In two or three instances, the same characters which are introduced in this vision appear in that of Addison ; but it will probably be allowed that the peculiar genius and character of each is more distinctly and fully brought to light in this little work of fancy, and that, on the whole, it need scarcely shrink from a comparison with the beautiful paper above mentioned.

THE COLLEGE COURSE.

At the close of that eventful day—to me the period of a new existence, and the date to which I yet refer many a pleasure and many a pain—on which I became the adopted son of the university, I lay for a long time pensive and sleepless, pondering on the state into which I had entered, and anxious to ascertain what treatment I was to expect from my second mother; till at length, though not naturally superstitious, I took my gown, as yet perfect and untorn, and folding it up with a sort of sacred awe, (not totally devoid of pride at my new dignity,) I placed it on the bed, and, blessing the omen, reclined my head upon this academic pillow. You smile, no doubt, at the account—I have often smiled at the recollection of it myself—and yet the charm was successful; for scarcely had I closed my eyes, before it raised a vision which I shall never forget, and upon the remembrance of which, whether in the midst of occupation or the midst of sorrows, I have often lingered with fondness.

I fancied myself in front of those awful portals, from which I had that day, for the first time, emerged. They opened spontaneously; and I beheld a monster of a most extraordinary appearance seated in the entrance. He had three heads; and a poet would have called him Cerberus; but I, to whom nature never gave a simile, discovered his name to be Syllogism. Two of the heads grew from the same neck; one larger than the other. The third grew from the other two, and always leaned to the weaker side. It seemed not to have any thing original; but catching at the words which fell at one time from the greater head, and at the other from the smaller, it formed a ludicrous combination from both. They all talked with a sort of harsh and systematic volubility; and yet I was surprised to find, that their whole grammar consisted of one verb, one case, and one rule in syntax. At this moment, an old man advanced, of a most venerable and commanding appearance; and Syllogism shrunk at his approach. Instantly I felt as if my mind was unfolding itself, and that the recesses of my heart, and the springs of my feelings, were thrown open to his view. His visage was emaciated with cares, but they were not the cares of the world; his cheeks were pale with watching, but they were not the vigils of avarice. He turned to me with a look of encouragement, and unfolded to my eyes a map the most magnificent I had ever beheld—it was a map of the intellect. There I saw a thousand rivers, and thousands and ten thousands of rills and rivulets branching from them; yet all these he traced to two grand sources; and the mountains whence those sources issued, he told me, reached to heaven: and for that very reason, clouds and impenetrable darkness enveloped them. He then pursued them through all their windings,—pausing, at times, to shew the delightful verdure of their banks—their mild and equable flow—and often pointing to the dreary desert occasioned by their absence, and the frightful precipice by their torrents. At length he traced them to the one grand ocean—the ocean of knowledge. On this were innumerable straits and quicksands: and he shewed me the waters of probability, and the wrecks of millions who had mistaken their soundings: and lastly, those vast polar waters which the Deity had locked with barriers of eternal ice, and from which, those who entered them returned no more. I observed that he was rather garrulous and fond of repetition; but I checked any disrespectful idea that might occur, by recollecting it was the effect of his condescension. He waved the roll at his departure; and retiring, he left me in admiration.

The next was one whose steps were irregularly slow, and his paces measured with extreme exactness. His eye was rivetted upon a chain which he was slowly linking; the links were eternal adamant, and the chain was indissoluble. His look was the most contemplative I had ever beheld: Reason seemed totally to have expelled all the passions, (which frequently share, and sometimes usurp her throne,) and to reign uncontrolled upon his brow; until, at the close of about five minutes, when he had accomplished some happy link in his chain, he gave a start of ecstacy,. and Reason seemed to share her throne with Joy, and to reign triumphant and combined upon his brow. Two other sages then approached him, and from their conference, I collected that these two were Plato and Pythagoras; and that their intention was to lay the foundation of their temple of science. Pythagoras laid the corner stone: all mutually contributed their labours; but I observed that they consigned to the first the arrangement of the materials. More than half the work was effected, when their strength began to droop, and I trembled for the temple,—I trembled for mankind; when a youth advanced, arrayed in a robe depicted with strange symbols and characters; his language was almost wholly numerical, so that I could not discover the country from which he came; but I believe he was an Arab: he joined them with alacrity; and the foundation was complete.

Just at that moment a flourish of martial music assailed my ear, so grand that Plato, Pythagoras, and the temple were forgotten, and every sense was directed to the quarter whence it issued. A flood of glory enveloped him who entered, and concealed him, at first, from my view; but I heard the thunder of his footsteps. At length, I perceived an old man of the most august deportment: gods and men appeared to obey him; for he raised his sceptre to heaven, and it thundered; he stretched it over the earth, and a shock of a thousand armies was heard; he struck the ground, and the groans of Erebus arose. His garment flowed loose and unrestrained; and a crown of immortal amaranths overshadowed his brow, in artless and unarranged luxuriance. I now found that I had known him long before; the fire of heaven was in his eyes; and this was the cause that I did not at first recollect that I had known him before; for then he was blind; but the powers of darkness could no longer control them, and they had " burst their cerements." I knew him now; and knowing him, I almost instinctively looked for another, and that other came. Unlike the rapid step of the former, *his* was composed and majestic; his garment flowed—not unrestrained, but was adjusted with the most graceful and admirable symmetry: his wreath was not so luxuriant, but selected and combined with a taste the most fascinating and charming: he held a golden ploughshare in his right hand, and in his left a rich cluster of grapes; while bees fluttered in harmless swarms around his garland. He approached the first with a timid and hesitating step, and plucked some of the amaranths from his crown: the first turned to detect the theft; but when he perceived the exquisite judgment with which they were disposed, he beamed forth an immortal smile of approbation: it was the smile of Apollo upon Mercury, when he found that he had stolen his arrows.

Then came one in whose sparkling eye and rosy cheeks, wit and good humour for ever beamed. I found I had known him before; and I confess I had the impudence to run and shake hands with him. His crown was of almost every leaf and flower that the earth produces; among the rest, *the myrtle of Venus, and the vine-leaf of Bacchus.* At one time he gave enforcement to virtue and morality, with as much gravity as he could command; at another, he handed me a goblet with an enchanting familiarity. I observed that he had an arrow from the quiver of Cupid; yet, as soon as he had anointed it with a juice he had obtained from Momus, it became the shaft of Satire. At length he retired, and bidding me not to forget the happy hours we had spent together, he followed the other two.—Farewell, immortal bards, I will not forget you; I will often turn from occupation and the world to you; and even when I enter on paths strewed with the flowers of other poets, I will remember that many of the sweetest are yours!

Then appeared a hero in a Grecian habit, who seemed deeply intent upon delineating a portrait, and, from the inscription, I perceived it to be that of Socrates. When it was perfected, he suddenly dropped the portrait, and grasped his sword, but still retained the pen; at the same time, an invisible hand spread the spoils of Persia over his shoulders.

Next came a Roman, whose words and appearance were widely at variance; his loose garments indicated his dissolute life, while his language was chaste and succinct; his gestures indicated the debauchee, while historic truth and philosophic morality issued from his tongue.

The next was in the habit of a Carthaginian slave: modest wit and unaffected humour came in all the simplicity of nature from his lips: he held a volume which he incessantly studied, and in which I perceived the name of Menander. I then saw one whose face it was impossible to behold without laughter:—the most poignant and yet the most indirect satire was depicted in every feature. I knew that he was a native of the East, as he discharged his arrows in the Parthian method; but he wore a Grecian garment, so truly graceful and genuine, that it would not have disgraced the wardrobe of Plato. Still I could not help feeling some indignation, when I saw him point his arrow in the direction in which Homer departed, and set his foot upon the image which Xenophon had dropt. I believe he perceived my displeasure; for he turned, and handing me three volumes, which I found to be Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, accompanied them with such a beautiful flow of precepts upon the mode in which I should imitate them, that I totally forgot my resentment.

Two others then appeared, similar in many respects, yet possessing some striking marks of difference. The first wielded a vengeful lash, under which folly and vice writhed in torture. Bold, intrepid, and open was his brow; and as the streams of satire issued from his tongue, Rome seemed to rise with all its debauchery before me;—yet, once that he extended his theme to mankind in general, Rome and its peculiarities were forgotten, and he burst forth into a strain of such sublime morality, that I listened in expectation that, in the next sentence, I should hear the name of Christ issuing from his lips. The second who appeared used the lash with the same adroitness and severity, but with more caution. He seemed fearful of detection:—his face was muffled in such a manner, that many words escaped my ear, and therefore I could not always fully understand him.

Scarcely had they departed, when I thought I heard the shout of countless multitudes; and a Grecian and a Roman entered, both in the attitude of speaking. The first looked like Jove haranguing the gods. The thunder seemed to issue from his tongue, and the lightning from his eye; he stopped not to ornament, but all was irresistibly simple and commanding. But the second put me in mind of Apollo:—the Graces and the Muses seemed to throng around the rostra on which he stood: the music of Helicon was on his lips; and his eye, though devoid of the lightning of the former, beamed with a steady and diffusive light,—an eye that told all that was within, and collected all that was without. The first clanked a massy chain, and defied me to elude it; the second, ere I was aware, had silently entangled me in golden shackles. A civic crown appeared to descend, and was just lighting upon the head of the first, when I beheld one hastily advance, and attempt to withdraw it; he was equal to his antagonist in agility, but inferior in strength, and after a desperate contest he was compelled to yield, and the crown rested for ever on the victor's brow. Over the head of the last was inscribed, in characters of living gold, "Pater Patriæ,"—and tyrants, usurpers, women, and hirelings, eagerly attempted in vain to erase it.

But who can describe the scene that followed?—a scene of stupendous grandeur and overwhelming magnificence. For then advanced the man of science—the priest of nature, who cast a long and venturous look into the holy of holies! the sanctuary of creation. Heaven and Earth saluted him—the Elements paid him homage, and Nature gave a burst of universal gratulation. He waved his wand,—and it seemed as if a vast curtain had been withdrawn from the face of heaven, and I saw the Sun with all his satellites in tenfold magnitude and splendour, as if just fresh from the Creator; the print of his hand was upon them; and the traces of his finger when he described the orbits in which they should move, were visible; the harmony of their motions was so great that it could not be confined to one sense; the harps of cherubim and seraphim beat time to their movements;—"the morning stars were singing together, and all the sons of God were shouting for joy." I looked again at the sage:—angels and archangels were conversing with him, and were revealing to him the mysteries of the universe. After some interval, he stooped to the earth,—and a voice, (as it were) from the bowels of the earth, seemed to declare the secrets of its prison-house, and the power of that tremendous grasp which holds the world together. Instantly a great number of philosophers crowded around him to catch the sound of the voice: each, according to the different words which he caught, formed some peculiar instrument, either of surprising efficacy, or beautiful construction. Still I never withdrew my eyes from him, upon whom indeed all eyes were intent; and I beheld a rainbow, like a glory, encircling his brow; and the seven colours of heaven beamed with a living lustre around him.

I know not how to describe the ludicrous circumstance which drew my attention from a scene so enchanting; I saw a figure approach, which I did not at first perceive to be myself, so tattered and disfigured was my academic dress; while I was looking at myself with the most sincere mortification,* my gown began gradually to gather itself into large and graceful folds above my whole person; the sleeves began to lengthen; and a sleek velvet overspread the unsightly pasteboard of my cap. I assure you, I gazed with perfect self-conceit upon the improvement of my costume; but I was soon roused from my dream of vanity, by the appearance of Archimedes weighing the king of Syracuse's crown in water, and detecting the fraud of its master.

Then advanced two buskined Grecians, both in long and sweeping garments, who looked with an eye of jealousy upon each other, and often related the same tale in different style and language, but still with all its shades of sorrow and horror. Their voices both seemed to have softened down the deep-toned thunder of Homer, into the refined tenderness of Athenian music. They were attended by a band of virgins, who mimicked all their motions,—wept as they wept, and raged as they raged Their language was sometimes so enigmatical, that, but for their beauty, I should have taken them for sphinxes.

The last of that illustrious train which my vision presented, unfolded an immense picture, where I saw Rome *in* all and *through* all its vicissitudes. I saw it rising under Romulus,—and sinking beneath the Gauls,—reviving under Camillus,—trembling before Hannibal,—triumphant with Scipio,—the mistress of the world beneath Augustus. But alas! a large and brilliant portion was lacerated and defaced; and I, in the warmth of my emotions, cursed the unclassic hand that could mar so fair a picture. I then heard a confused noise of Reason, right Reason, Obligation, Government,—when, unluckily, my cap, which I had hung but loosely on a peg, fell and awoke me. I must however remark, that there were many forms, in academic dresses, passing to and fro during my dream, which I did not then notice, but which I have since learnt to value most dearly; friends, who have since formed the brightest parts of the picture, and without whom, the beauties of the rest would to me have almost terminated with the vision in which they appeared;—friends, to whom I have turned from the page of Horace, to realize the scenes he has described; whose kindness has assisted me,—whose generosity has upheld me,—and whose conversation has heightened my hours of pleasure, and mitigated my days of despair: and when I shall revert from the toils of manhood, and the imbecility of age, to this youthful period, it shall not be one of my least gratifications to recollect, that while I was employed in cultivating an acquaintance with the illustrious dead, I did not neglect to form a still more endearing attachment to the living.

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* It may be proper to observe, that this alludes to the change of academic costume upon obtaining a scholarship, which honourable distinction he had just then acquired.

PATRIOTISM.

Angels of glory! came she not from you?
Are there not patriots in the heav'n of heav'ns?
And hath not every seraph some dear spot—
Throughout th' expanse of worlds some favourite home
On which he fixes with domestic fondness?
Doth not e'en Michael on his seat of fire,
Close to the footstool of the throne of God,
Rest on his harp awhile, and from the face
And burning glories of the Deity,
Loosen his rivetted and raptured gaze,
To bend one bright, one transient downward glance,
One patriot look upon his native star?
Or do I err?—and is your bliss complete,
Without one spot to claim your warmer smile,
And e'en an angel's partiality?
And is that passion, which we deem divine,
Which makes the timid brave, the brave resistless;—
Makes men seem heroes,—heroes, demigods—
A poor, mere mortal feeling?—No! 'tis false!
The Deity himself proves it divine;

For when the Deity conversed with men,
He was himself a Patriot !*—to the earth—
To all mankind a *Saviour* was he sent,
And all he loved with a Redeemer's love ;
Yet still, his *warmest* love, his *tenderest* care,
His life, his heart, his blessings, and his mournings,
His smiles, his tears, he gave to thee, Jerusalem—
To thee, his country !—Though, with a prophet's gaze,
He saw the future sorrows of the world ;
And all the miseries of the human race,
From age to age, rehearsed their parts before him ;
Though he beheld the fall of gasping Rome,
Crush'd by descending Vandals ; though he heard
The shriek of Poland, when the spoilers came ;
Though he saw Europe in the conflagration
Which now is burning, and his eye could pierce

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* The observation of Bishop Newton upon the passage of Scripture thus alluded to, may be introduced here as authority for the boldness of this expression.—" So deeply was our Saviour affected, and so tenderly did he lament over the calamities which were coming upon his nation ! Such a generous and amiable pattern of a *patriot-spirit* hath he left to his disciples, and so contrary to truth is the insinuation of a noble writer, that there is nothing in the Gospels to recommend and encourage the love of one's country !"—18th Dissert. on the Prophecies, vol. ii. p. 138.

I beg leave to add a quotation from Brown's admirable Essays on Lord Shaftesbury's Characteristics. To the objection of the noble writer, that " Christianity does not enjoin a zeal for the public and our country,"—it is thus replied : " If by zeal for the public, and love of our country be meant such a regard to its welfare as shall induce us to sacrifice every view of private interest for its establishment, yet still *in subordination* to the *greater* law of universal justice,—*that* is naturally, nay, necessarily involved in the law of universal charity. The noble writer indeed affirms, that it is no essential part of the Christian's charity. On the contrary, it is a chief part of the Christian's charity. It comes nobly recommended by the examples of Jesus and St. Paul ; the one wept over the approaching desolation of his country ; the other declared his willingness to be cut off from the Christian community, if by this means he might save his countrymen." Speaking of the principle of universal love, in which this natural affection is included, the same author observes : " Christianity alone hath kindled in the heart of man this vital principle, which, beaming there as from a centre, like the great fountain of light and life that sustains and cheers the attendant planets, renders its proselytes indeed *burning and shining lights*, shedding their kindly influence on all around them in that *just proportion* which their *respective distances* may demand." —Pp. 231, 236.—Editor.

The coming woes that we have yet to feel;—
Yet still, o'er Sion's walls alone he hung;
Thought of no trench but that round Sion cast;
Beheld no widows mourn, but Israel's daughters;
Beheld no slaughter but of Judah's sons—
On them alone the tears of Heav'n he dropp'd;
Dwelt on the horrors of their fall—and sigh'd,
"Hadst thou but known, even thou in this thy day,
"The things which do belong unto thy peace,—
"Hadst thou, O hadst thou known, Jerusalem!"—
Yet well he knew what anguish should be his
From those he wept for; well did he foresee
The scourge—the thorns—the cross—the agony;
Yet still, how oft upon thy sons he laid
The hands of health; how oft beneath his wing
Thy children would have gather'd, O Jerusalem!—
Thou art not mortal—thou didst come from Heav'n,
Spirit of patriotism! thou *art* divine!
Then, seraph! where thy first descent on earth?
Heav'n's hallelujahs, for what soil abandon'd?—
Close by the side of Adam, ere he woke
Into existence, was thy hallowed stand;
On Eden, and on *thee*, his eyes unclosed:
For say,—instead of wisdom's sacred tree,
And its sweet fatal fruit, had Heav'n denied
His daily visit to his natal spot,—
Say, could our father boast one day's obedience?—
And wherefore, Eden, when he pass'd for ever
Thy gates, in slow and silent bitterness,—
Why did he turn that look of bursting anguish
Upon thy fruits, thy groves, thy vales, thy fountains,
And why inhale with agonising fervour
The last—last breeze that blew from thee upon him?—
'Twas not alone because thy fruits were sweet—
Thy groves were music—and thy fountains, health—
Thy breezes, balm—thy valleys, loveliness;
But that they were the first his ear, eye, taste,
Or smell, or feeling had perceived or tasted,
Heard, seen, inhaled;—because thou wert his *country!*
Yes, frail and sorrowing sire, thy sons forgive thee!

True, thou hast lost us Eden and its joys,
But *thou* hast suffer'd doubly by the loss!
We were not born *there*—it was not our country!
O holy Angel! thou hast given us each
This substitute for Paradise; with thee,
The vale of snow may be our summer walk;
The pointed rock, the bower of our repose;
The cataract, our music; while, for food,
Thy fingers, icy-cold, perhaps may pluck
The mountain-berry; yet, with thee, we'll smile—
Nor shiver, when we hear, that father Adam
Once lived in brighter climes, on sweeter food.—
But, ah! at least to this our second Eden
Permit no artful serpent to approach;
Let no foul traitor grasp at fruits which thou
Hast interdicted; and no sword of flame
Flash forth despair, and wave us to our exile.
Yet, rather than that I should rise in shame
Upon my country's downfall, or should draw
One tear from her, or e'en one frown from thee—
Rather than that I should approach her walls,
Like Caius Marcius, with her foes combined,
Or turn, like Sylla, her own sons upon her,—
Let me sit down in silence, by thy side,
Upon the banks of Babylon,—and weep,
When we remember all that we have lost:
Nor shall we always on the stranger's willow
Allow our harp in sorrow to repose;
But when thy converse has inspired my soul,
Roused it to frenzy, taught me to forget
Distance, and time, and place, and wo, and exile,
And I no more behold Euphrates' bank,
And hear no more the clanking of my fetters,—
Then, in thy fervours, shalt thou snatch thy harp,
And strike me one of Sion's loftiest songs,
Until I pour my soul upon the notes—
Deep from my heart—and they shall waft it home.
O Erin! O my mother! I will love thee!

Whether upon thy green, Atlantic throne,
Thou sitt'st august, majestic, and sublime ;
Or on thy empire's last remaining fragment,
Bendest forlorn, dejected and forsaken,—
Thy smiles, thy tears, thy blessings, and thy woes,
Thy glory and thy infamy, be mine !
Should Heav'n but teach me to display my heart,
With Deborah's notes thy triumphs would I sing—
Would weep thy woes with Jeremiah's tears ;
But for a *warning* voice, which though thy fall
Had been begun, should check thee in mid-air,—
Isaiah's lips of fire should utter, Hold !—
Not e'en thy vices can withdraw me from thee ;—
Thy *crimes* I'd shun—*thyself* would still embrace ;
For, e'en to me, Omnipotence might grant
To be the " tenth just man," to save thee, Erin !—
And when I leave thee, should the lowest seat
In heav'n be mine,—should smiling mercy grant
One dim and distant vision of its glories,—
Then if the least of all the blest can mix
With heaven one thought of earth,—I'll think of thee !

The fragments of the speech delivered from the chair, in the Historical Society, which shall now be presented to the reader, can give but an imperfect idea of its merits as a whole ; however, they may serve to exhibit the character of his mind at that early period of his life, and afford an interesting ground of comparison between his juvenile efforts as a speaker, and his graver exertions in maturer years, when the sublime realities of religion had more fully engaged those sensibilities which were now so keenly alive to the romance of poetry and the charms of general literature.

After a modest and appropriate introduction, and a high panegyric on the objects and constitution of the society he was addressing, the speaker thus proceeds :—

She (the Historical Society) sends her ambassador, to recall the wavering and disaffected to their allegiance, by displaying the beauties of her constitution; that you may not desert the station for which nature and education have designed you; that you should not dare to frustrate a nation's hope, which looks to you for the guardians of her laws and the champions of her political prosperity; that you should not presume to neglect the voice of your God, who demands from among you the supports of his church; that a portion of mind,—a mass of concentrated intellect, may issue from these walls, and overshadow the land; and that, at length, after a glorious career of enlightened and diffusive utility, you may retire with dignity from the part you have acted, and Ireland command posterity to imitate your example. Such are the objects to which you are now invited, from low pursuits and sordid gratifications.

* * * * *

Poetry* demands no laborious intellectual intensity to imbibe her angelic counsels; it is upon the hours of our pleasures she descends; it is our recreation she exalts. Thus, she makes our hours of rapture or enjoyment, the hours of our greatest elevation of soul: our relaxations become the most dignified moments of our existence.

Will Science bend from her throne, or Philosophy relax her stateliness, to attend us in our brighter moments and regulate our pleasures? Science and Philosophy we must *follow* for their favours; but lovely, lovely Poetry condescends to be our companion. Poetry possesses an attribute of which all her sisters are destitute. The mind must conform itself to them; but Poetry conforms herself to the mind: she accompanies it in every varied posture and every delicate inflection,—in buoyancy, and exertion, and indolence.

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* The introductory part of the subject of Poetry (which those who heard the speech delivered can recollect as peculiarly happy,) is not to be found amongst the loose papers from which these fragments are transcribed. This will account for the abruptness with which this part commences.—EDITOR.

It is this insinuation into all our pleasures, which gives her a species of omnipresence; for, to him who loves her,—where is not Poetry?

* * *

And believe not those who tell you that she will seduce the youthful mind from severe occupations—that science is excluded from her power, and philosophy from the heaven of her conversation. In the first ages of man, the Sciences entered the world in the disguise of Poetry. Morality it not only taught but impelled. Instruction was conveyed not by preceptive sternness, but by the burst of inspiration. The bard was then all in all. He accounted for the phenomena of nature; he inquired into the essence of the mind; and the savage looked up to him for the ethics that were to regulate his conduct. Poetry (it is known) had an early and intimate connexion with Astronomy: some say that she was born in yonder starry sphere,—that she first descended upon man, in the dews of heaven, while gazing on the firmament; and the first music that saluted mortal ears, was the harmony of the morning stars: and, in process of greater refinement, when Poetry and Philosophy were necessarily distinguished, yet did their union and attachment still remain. Together they visited the same happy plains: the Muses danced in the groves of Academus: and Greece gave the world at once its sages and its bards.

But *didactic* poetry not only admits, but requires the co-operation of Philosophy and Science; and our bold and independent language, by removing the barriers of rhyme, has thrown open to both a wider range for combined exertion. Then doubt not the rapturous exclamation of that sightless bard, who could penetrate all the mysteries of the one, and tasted all the joys and consolations of the other, when he cried in admiration,

> "How charming is divine Philosophy!"

for he found it

> "——musical as is Apollo's lyre."

O divine preceptress! that extinguishes no youthful ardour, but sends it kindling up to heaven,—that collects all the riches of the material creation, to beautify and illustrate the moral world,—that, by instilling admiration of what is lovely and sublime, assimilates the soul to what it admires,—that, setting unattainable perfection in the eye of youth, yet renders it so fascinating that he cannot but proceed.

* * * * *

But the science which Poetry loves most to study and to inculcate, is the philosophy of human nature,—the science of the human heart. The man of the world will tell you that he understands it, and will send you to the world as the source of his knowledge. He has collected a few loathsome and selfish depravities, and bestows them, without distinction of character, as the attributes of the whole human race; and the result of all his important calculations, mighty researches, and accumulated experience, is caution, distrust, and a contracted heart. But do not you likewise; do you look upon your common nature with hearts full of sensibility; weak as it is, contemplate its grand and generous faculties, as well as its baser ingredients;—let it be yours to pity—perhaps to improve it. Poetry, both ancient and modern, presents the heart and passions perpetually to our contemplation.

* * * * *

The criticism of Poetry is perhaps the best introduction to an analysis of the human mind. The dreariness of metaphysical abstraction has often deterred genius from attempting a rugged pursuit, in which the mind is almost always fugitive, and will not pause to admit of a near inspection: but to ascertain the nature of the sublime, the beautiful, and picturesque,—to investigate the sources of our purest pleasures, and cultivate a taste, quick, delicate, and philosophical,—these bestow a gracefulnes and elegance upon metaphysical disquisitions, that relax their sternness, and invite to more profound investigation. Nor would they merely invite,—they would advance, they would enliven our progress; and a sensibility of taste would make us acquainted with many a posture, and many a nice inflection of the mind, which logical and unrefined penetration would never have discovered.

* * * * *

But the man of the world interposes, and tells us our joys are but ideal. Poor wretch! and what are your realities? The smile of capricious royalty, which the next hour's detraction may turn to a frown; the shout of a stupid multitude, which scarcely waits a change of sentiment before it becomes the hiss of detestation; the roar of nocturnal intemperance, which soon dies away in the groans of an expiring constitution; a catalogue of possessions, which extravagance may dissipate, which the robber may enjoy, and which war and the elements may annihilate; and, when sorrow and misfortune shall send you to your own heart for consolation, you will find it without imagination, to enliven, and yet without sensibility enough to break it.—Give me my visions and my phantoms again; they will not desert me,—phantoms as they are, the world has not the magic to dispel them; they shall still remain to give rapture to my joy and alleviation to my sorrows; for gracious Nature has decreed that imagination shall survive when friends and fortune have forsaken us: nay, even when reason itself has departed, and even when the noblest of our faculties is fled, not madness itself should quench that loveliest one: and well did the Grecian bard attest his conviction that the Muse would not abandon her afflicted votaries, when, amid the horrors of shipwreck, the poet stood naked over the ruins of his fortune, and said, "I have lost nothing." Yet, once he had enjoyed all the pomp and magnificence of courts, and all the luxury that affluence could procure; but well he knew that winds and waves could not waft him from his Muse. They might fling him in mid-ocean, and one single, solitary rock, amid the wilderness of waters, might be his home,—

yet even there the Muse would follow ;—she would seat him on the topmost crag, and place all the grandeur of sky and ocean beneath his dominion,—the riches of the firmament,

> "And all the dread magnificence of heaven."

He would exult in the terrors of the deep, and hold mysterious converse with the genius of the storm ;—the very desolation that surrounded him would minister to his pleasures, and add a fearful enthusiasm to his contemplations. Nor, to these alone would his enjoyments be confined: but, while he seemed chained by nature to the rock on which he sat, his soul might be wandering into regions wild and luxuriant as the fancy that gave them birth, which Philosophy was never destined to discover, nor even Poetry, till then, had explored.

Nor will the Muse leave her son comfortless in that more dreary solitude into which he may be drifted by shipwreck upon an ungrateful world, where the poet stands isolated in the midst of mankind.

There lived a *divine old man*, whose everlasting remains we have all admired, whose memory is the pride of England and of Nature. His youth was distinguished by a happier lot than, perhaps, genius has often enjoyed at the commencement of its career: he was enabled, by the liberality of fortune, to dedicate his soul to the cultivation of those classical accomplishments in which almost his infancy delighted: he had attracted admiration at the period when it is most exquisitely felt: he stood forth the literary and political champion of republican England ;—and Europe acknowledged him the conqueror. But the storm arose ; his fortune sunk with the republic which he had defended ; the name which future ages have consecrated was forgotten ; and neglect was embittered by remembered celebrity. Age was advancing—Health was retreating—

Nature hid her face from him for ever, for never more to him returned—

> "Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
> "Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
> "Or flocks or herds, or human face divine."—

What was the refuge of the deserted veteran from penury—from neglect—from infamy—from darkness? —Not in a querulous and peevish despondency: not in an unmanly recantation of principles—*erroneous*, but unchanged; not in the tremendous renunciation of what Heaven has given, and Heaven alone should take away;—but he turned from a distracted country and a voluptuous court,—he turned from triumphant enemies and inefficient friends,—he turned from a world that to him was a universal blank, to the Muse that sits among the cherubim,—and she caught him into heaven!—The clouds that obscured his vision upon earth instantaneously vanished before the blaze of celestial effulgence, and his eyes opened at once upon all the glories and terrors of the Almighty,—the seats of eternal beatitude and bottomless perdition. What, though to look upon the face of this earth was still denied—what was it to him, that one of the outcast atoms of creation was concealed from his view—when the Deity permitted the Muse to unlock his mysteries, and disclose to the poet the recesses of the universe—when she bade his soul expand into its immensity, and enjoy as well its horrors as its magnificence—what was it to him that he had "fallen upon evil days and evil tongues," for the Muse could transplant his spirit into the bowers of Eden, where the frown of fortune was disregarded, and the weight of incumbent infirmity forgotten in the smile that beamed on primeval innocence, and the tear that was consecrated to man's first disobedience.

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The Muse, in this instance, raised the soul immediately, almost visibly, to heaven, and brought Religion, with all her charms, to co-operate in the consolation she bestowed.—But were we to analyse the effects of Poetry, we should soon discover that this is no partial union, but that the Muse must be necessarily a worshipper and an adorer of the Deity. I do not call upon you to view her in the moments of enraptured piety,—in her vigils and devotions with Young, or her heavenly conversations with Cowper: it is her interest that there should be a God—it is her occupation to dwell with delight upon his attributes; for are not the beautiful and sublime perpetual objects of her contemplation? And she will naturally seek where they reside in superior perfection;—and where shall she look for sublimity but in that unseen Being in whom is nothing finite,—that Being of eternity, immensity, and omnipotence? Nay, even in ideas of inferior sublimity, obscurity and terror, that are their leading characteristics, often impart a nameless sensation of some unknown and mysterious presence; and darkness and silence, the tempest and the whirlwind, have borne testimony to the existence of God.

Would not an universal cloud settle upon all the beauties of creation, if it were supposed that they had not emanated from Almighty energy?—In the works of art, we are not content with the accuracy of feature and the glow of colouring, until we have traced the mind that guided the chisel and gave the pencil its delicacies and animation; nor can we look with delight upon the features of nature without hailing the celestial Intelligence that gave them birth; and there is something inexpressibly mournful in beholding an object with proportions and loveliness that seem immediately from heaven, to think that fair form and that exquisite and expressive harmony was a mass flung together by the dull and unselecting hand of Chance, and that no mighty master of the work rejoiced in its completion.

The Deity is too sublime for Poetry to doubt his existence. Creation has too much of the Divinity insinuated into her beauties to allow her to hesitate: she demands no proof,—she waits for no demonstration;—she looks, and she believes;—she admires, and she adores. Nor is it alone with natural religion that she maintains this intimate connexion; for what is the Christian's hope, but Poetry in her purest and most ethereal essence? Mark the Christian when the holy transport is upon him,—when the world sweeps by, and is disregarded,—when his whole frame seems to have precipitated his soul into other regions—is not Fancy wandering among the heavenly host, or bending beneath the throne of its Creator,—is not his soul teeming with all the imagery of heaven—is it not expanding with unutterable poetry?

But let humbled infidelity declare her triumphs, and the homage of Voltaire to the Muse's piety remain a bright memorial of her allegiance to Christianity. When the powers of hell seemed for a time to prevail, and his principles had given a shock to the faith of Europe, the daring blasphemer ventured to approach the dramatic Muse;—but no inspiration would she vouchsafe to dignify the sentiments of impiety and atheism. He found that no impassioned emotion could be roused,—no tragic interest excited,—no generous and lofty feeling called into action, where those dark and chilling feelings pervade: he complied with the only terms upon which the Muse would impart her fervours; and the tragedies of Voltaire display the loveliness of Christianity, below, indeed, what a Christian would feel, but almost beyond what unbelieving genius could conceive. Such was the victory of Poetry, when she arrested the apostate while marching onward to the desolation of mankind,—when the champion of modern philosophy fell down before the altar she had raised, and breathed forth the incense of an infidel's adoration! When he came, like the disobedient prophet, that he might curse the people of God, and behold "he blessed them altogether."

But why do I adduce mortal testimony? From the beginning she was one of the ministering spirits that stand round the throne of God, to issue forth at his word, and do his errands upon the earth. Sometimes she has been the herald of an offending nation's downfall; and often has she been sent commissioned to transgressing man, with prophecy and warningupon her lips;—but (at other times) she has been intrusted with "glad tidings of great joy;" and Poetry was the anticipating Apostle, the prophetic Evangelist, whose, "feet were beautiful upon the mountains—that published salvation—that said unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!" —Yet has she been accused of co-operating with luxury and fostering the seeds of private indolence and public supineness; she has been stigmatised as the origin of moral deformity, because she often condescends to attend upon guilty man; and where virtue has failed to withdraw him from his vices, has softened their effects, and prevented him from falling into brutality. The spoils of Persia would have relaxed the energies of Greece although Poetry had never descended from her throne on high to bless the visions of Grecian enthusiasm; and happy, polished, enchanting Greece, the idol of our fondest imagination, would have sunk into oblivion—into stupid luxury and mindless indolence. Thus, also, when the genius of Roman independence was abandoning the world to Octavius, and retiring from his empire into everlasting exile, the Muse collected all her energies to bestow departing consolation; she wrought a moral miracle to arrest the headlong degeneracy of Rome, and raised up Augustus to counteract the crimes that Octavius had committed.

* * * * *

But turn to Poetry and History united for your instruction. Human nature is common to both; but different are their modes of tuition. They supply their respective delineations of character. Poetry, when at maturity, observes it as well with a painter's eye as with the scrutiny of a philosopher. She seizes the moment of sketching it when in its most picturesque attitude; or, if there be many, she groups them so as that they may produce the best general effects; and thus, without annihilating their deformities, she makes them conduce to a pleasing and fascinating impression. But rigid History takes character as she finds it; she displays it more exact and impartial, but less attractive to our contemplation. Poetry displays the moral character; History, the moral and political. Poetry makes the character more palpable; History more complete. * *

Behold History bending over the dying Theban! the warriors are weeping around him; the javelin is still in his side. They imagined his glory was terminating with his life; they fancied that because he had no mortal representative who should bear the merit of Epaminondas to future ages, that posterity would have been permitted to forget him; they thought they were sympathising with the mighty man, when they mournfully exclaimed, "You have no child!" At the word, the hero half arose; the splendour of futurity irradiated his countenance; the beams of History's immortal smile played upon his features, and his soul went forth, rejoicing, and exclaiming—"I have!"

* * * * *

While Hannibal was raging in the bowels of Italy, and observing the moment when Rome was vulnerable, she looked to her statesmen in her hour of peril; but statesmen were the pupils of their own experience: she thought the Fabii and Marcelli could form a temporary check to his advance or his ravages; but Scipio looked into the ages that were past, and saw the prefiguration of Rome's deliverance. We are told that the Muse of history descended upon the meditating hero; that she shewed him the harbour of Syracuse, and told him a tale of former days: "That in the dead of night, when Syracuse was plunged in universal mourning and consternation, when the overwhelming navy of Carthage was riding in her harbour, and the next day's light threatened to conduct the enemy into her citadel,—

with a policy unique and sublime, she clandestinely dismissed her garrison to the coast of Africa, and when the senate of Carthage expected the gates of Syracuse to open, they heard that the warriors of Syracuse were beneath her own walls." The hero applied the glorious suggestion :—he embarked his legions—he sailed to Africa ; he left the host of Carthage in Italy, and obeyed the instructions of History. And did she instruct him aright?—You will read your answer in the tears of Hannibal when he threw his last look upon the delightful plains of Italy.

Such was the benefit of historical retrospect in ancient days ; but its value is now incalculably augmented ; for, of the sciences, history is that which is always advancing. Mathematics and philosophical improvements may be long at a stand ; poetry and the arts are often stationary, often retrograde ; but every year, every month, every day, is contributing its knowledge to the grand magazine of historical experience. Look at what the last years have added, and behold how History gathers as she rolls along—what new attractions she holds forth to mankind. But, with what an accession of beauty she invites the Briton to the study of her charms, while she recounts the acts and heroism and glories of her country!

* * * * *

Let the energies of England be extinct ;—let her armies be overwhelmed ;—let her navy become the spoil of the enemy and the ocean ;—let the national credit become a by-word ;—let the last dregs of an exhausted treasury be wrung from her coffers ;—let the constitution crumble ;—let the enemy ride in her capital, and her frame fall asunder in political dissolution ;—then stand with History on one hand, and Oratory on the other, over the grave in which her energies lie entombed,—and cry aloud ! Tell her that there was a time when the soul of a Briton would not bend before the congregated world :—tell her that she once called her sons around her and wrung the charter of her liberties from a reluctant despot's hand :—tell her that she was the parent of the band of brothers that fought on Crispin's day :—tell her that Spain sent forth a nation upon the seas against her, and that England and the elements overwhelmed it :—tell her that six centuries were toiling to erect the edifice of her constitution, and that at length the temple arose :—tell her that there are plains in every quarter of the globe where Victory has buried the bones of her heroes,—

> " That the spirits of her fathers
> " Shall start from ev'ry wave,
> " For the deck it was their field of fame,
> " And ocean was their grave :"–

When the earth opened upon Lisbon and swallowed her in the womb,—tell her that she stretched her hand across the seas and raised her from the bowels of the earth into the world again :—tell her that when the enemy of human liberty arose, the freedom of the whole world took refuge with her ; that, with an arm of victory, alone and unaided, she flung back the usurper, till recreant Europe blushed with shame ;—tell her all this ; and I say that the power of lethargy must be omnipotent, if she does not shake the dust from her neck, and rise in flames of annihilating vengeance on her destroyer.

* * * *

For him who peruses history, every hero has fought,—every philosopher has instructed,—every legislator has organised ;—every blessing was bestowed,—every calamity was inflicted for his information. In public, he is in the audit of his counsellors, and enters the senate with Pericles, Solon, and Lycurgus about him : in private, he walks among the tombs of the mighty dead ; and every tomb is an oracle.—But who is he that should pronounce this awakening call ? who is he whose voice should be the trumpet and war-cry to an enslaved and degraded nation ?—It should be the voice of such a one as he who stood over slumbering Greece, and uttered a note at which Athens started from her indolence, Thebes roused from her lethargies, and Macedon trembled. * * * *

Soon after the delivery of this speech, Mr. Wolfe began to turn his mind with more than his usual diligence to the minor branches of mathematics and natural philosophy prescribed in the under-graduate course: and in the short time he thus devoted his labours, he evinced so great a capacity for scientific attainments, that those friends who could best estimate his talents for such abstruse subjects, earnestly urged him to the arduous task of reading for a fellowship. His diffidence in his own powers, however, prevented him from entering upon it until some time after he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, to which he was admitted in the year 1814. He was at length persuaded to determine upon this pursuit, and all his friends entertained the most sanguine hopes of his success, so far as they could depend upon the steadiness of his application.

For a short period he prosecuted his studies with such effect as to render it a matter of regret to all who were interested for him, that he did not persevere in his efforts, and that he allowed any trifling interruptions to divert him from his object. He evinced, indeed, a solidity of understanding, and a clearness of conception, which, with ordinary diligence and proper management, might have soon made him master of all those branches of learning required in the fellowship course of the Dublin University; but the habits of his mind and the peculiarity of his disposition, and the variety of his taste, seemed adverse to any thing like continued and laborious application to one definite object. It was a singular characteristic of his mind, that he seldom read any book throughout, not even those works in which he appeared most to delight. Whatever he read, he thoroughly digested and accurately retained; but his progress through any book of an argumentative or speculative nature was impeded by a disputative habit of thought and a fertility of invention, which suggested ingenious objections and started new theories at every step. Accordingly, this constitution of mind led him rather to investigate the grounds of an author's hypothesis, and to satisfy his own mind upon the relative probabilities of conflicting opinions, than to plod on patiently through a long course, merely to lay up in his memory the particular views and arguments of each writer, without consideration of their importance or their foundation. He was not content to know what an author's opinions were, but how far they were right or wrong. The examination of a single metaphysical speculation of Locke, or a moral argument of Butler, usually cost him more time and thought than would carry ordinary minds through a whole volume. It was also remarkable that in the perusal of mere works of fancy—the most interesting poems and romances of the day—he lingered with such delight on the first striking passages, or entered into such minute criticism upon every beauty and defect as he went along, that it usually happened, either that the volume was hurried from him, or some other engagement interrupted him before he had finished it. A great portion of what he had thus read he could almost repeat from memory; and while the recollection afforded him much ground of future enjoyment, it was sufficient also to set his own mind at work in the same direction.

The facility of his disposition also exposed him to many interruptions in his studies. Even in the midst of the most important engagements, he had not resolution to deny himself to any visiter. He used to watch anxiously for every knock at his door, lest any one should be disappointed or delayed who sought for him; and such was the good-natured simplicity of his heart, that, however sorely he sometimes felt the intrusion, he still rendered himself so agreeable even to his most common-place acquaintances, as to encourage a repetition of their importunities. He allowed himself to become the usual deputy of every one who applied to him to perform any of the routine collegiate duties which he was qualified to discharge; and thus his time was so much invaded, that he seldom had any interval for continued application to his own immediate business. Besides, the social habit of his disposition, which delighted in the company of select friends, and preferred the animated encounter of conversational debate to the less inviting exercise of solitary study; and his varied taste, which could take interest in every object of rational and intellectual enjoyment, served to scatter his mind and divert it from that steadiness of application which is actually necessary for the attainment of distinguished eminence in any pursuit.

About the time he had entertained thoughts of reading for a fellowship, he had become acquainted with an interesting and highly respectable family, who resided in the most picturesque part of the county of Dublin. Previously to this he had been long immured within the city, and had seldom made even a day's excursion amidst the lovely scenery of the surrounding country. The beauties of nature seemed to break upon him with all the charms of novelty, and were heightened by being shared with friends of congenial feelings. The sensations thus excited soon awakened his slumbering Muse, and found their natural expression in all the fervours of poetic inspiration. The reader shall be presented here with a specimen of his powers in descriptive poetry. The subject is "Lough Bray:" a romantic and magnificent scene, which lies about six miles south of Rathfarnham, in the northern part of the county Wicklow. It is a sequestered spot in the midst of a region of wildest mountains and hills. There are two lakes called the upper and the lower, the latter of which is the more beautiful and extensive. It is situated near the top of an abrupt mountain, and is almost circular in its shape, a circumstance which has probably given rise to the conjecture that it may be the crater of an extinct volcano. Its area is said to be thirty-seven Irish acres. Close beside it stands a precipice of several hundred feet, near the top of which is a dark overhanging cliff, commonly called the "Eagle's Crag;" and the lake itself sometimes overflows and glides down the side of the mountain in the opposite direction. This brief description of the principal features of the scene, may serve to prepare the reader for what he is to expect in the little poem which follows.

FAREWELL TO LOUGH BRAY.

Then fare thee well!—I leave thy rocks and glens,
And all thy wild and random majesty,
To plunge amid the world's deformities,
And see how hideously mankind deface
What God hath given them good :—while viewing thee,
I think how grand and beautiful is God,
When man has not intruded on his works,
But left his bright creation unimpaired.
'Twas therefore I approached thee with an awe
Delightful,—therefore eyed, with joy grotesque—
With joy I could not speak ; (for on this heart
Has beauteous Nature seldom smiled, and scarce
A casual wind has blown the veil aside,
And shewn me her immortal lineaments,)
'Twas therefore did my heart expand, to mark
Thy pensive uniformity of gloom,
The deep and holy darkness of thy wave,
And that stern rocky form, whose aspect stood
Athwart us, and confronted us at once,
Seeming to vindicate the worship due,
And yet reclined in proud recumbency,
As if secure the homage would be paid :
It look'd the genius of the place, and seem'd
To superstition's eye, to exercise
Some sacred, unknown function.—Blessed scenes !
Fraught with primeval grandeur ! or if aught
Is changed in thee, it is no mortal touch

That sharpen'd thy rough brow, or fringed thy skirts
With coarse luxuriance :—'twas the lightning's force
Dash'd its strong flash across thee, and did point
The crag ; or, with his stormy thunderbolt,
Th' Almighty architect himself disjoin'd
Yon rock ; then flung it down where now it hangs,
And said, " Do thou lie there ;"—and genial rains,
(Which e'en without the good man's prayer came down)
Call'd forth thy vegetation.—Then I watch'd
The clouds that coursed along the sky, to which
A trembling splendour o'er the waters moved
Responsive ; while at times it stole to land,
And smiled among the mountain's dusky locks.
Surely there linger beings in this place,
For whom all this is done :—it cannot be,
That all this fair profusion is bestow'd
For such wild wayward pilgrims as ourselves.
Haply some glorious spirits here await
The opening of heaven's portals ; who disport
Along the bosom of the lucid lake ;
Who cluster on that peak ; or playful peep
Into yon eagle's nest ; then sit them down
And talk of those they left on earth, and those
Whom they shall meet in heaven : and, haply tired,
(If blessed spirits tire in such employ,)
The slumbering phantoms lay them down to rest
Upon the bosom of the dewy breeze.—
Ah ! whither do I roam—I dare not think—
Alas ! I must forget thee ; for I go
To mix with narrow minds and hollow hearts—
I must forget thee—fare thee, fare thee well !

The following stanzas will convey some idea of the sensations with which the poet returned from such scenes as this to the sombre walls of a college, and how painful he felt the transition from such enjoyments to the grave occupation of academic studies.

SONG.

I.

O say not that my heart is cold
  To aught that once could warm it—
That Nature's form so dear of old
  No more has power to charm it;
Or that th' ungenerous world can chill
  One glow of fond emotion
For those who made it dearer still,
  And shared my wild devotion.

II.

Still oft those solemn scenes I view
  In rapt and dreamy sadness;
Oft look on those who lov'd them too
  With fancy's idle gladness;
Again I long'd to view the light
  In Nature's features glowing;
Again to tread the mountain's height,
  And taste the soul's o'erflowing.

III.

Stern Duty rose, and frowning flung
  His leaden chain around me;
With iron look and sullen tongue
  He mutter'd as he bound me—
"The mountain breeze, the boundless heaven,
  Unfit for toil the creature;
These for the free alone are given,—
  But what have slaves with Nature?"

A description of an enchanting scene in the county Wicklow—"the Dargle," or "Glen of the Oak"—cannot fail to interest any one who has had the happiness to visit it, and is gifted with taste to enjoy it. This little sketch, though written in prose, is animated by the very spirit of poetry, and is so graphically accurate in the delineation of every feature of that lovely spot, that it seems capable of summoning up before the imagination, as by magic, the whole scene, in all its vivid colouring and its distinctive forms of beauty.

THE DARGLE.

We found ourselves at Bray about ten in the morning, with that disposition to be pleased which seldom allows itself to be disappointed; and the sense of our escape from every thing not only of routine, but of regularity, into the country of mountains and glens and valleys and waterfalls, inspired us with a sort of gay wildness and independence, that disposed us to find more of the romantic and picturesque than perhaps Nature ever intended. If, therefore, gentle reader, thou shouldest here meet with any extravagances at which thy sober feelings may be inclined to revolt, bethink thee, that the immortal Syntax himself, when just escaped from the everlasting dulness of a school, did descry a landscape even in a post,—a circumstance which probably no one had ever discovered before.

We proceeded to the Dargle along the small river whose waters were flowing gently towards us after having passed through the beautiful scenes we were to visit. It was here a tranquil stream, and its banks but thinly clothed; but at the opening of the Dargle-gate, the scene was instantly changed. At once we were immersed in a sylvan wilderness, where the trees were thronging and crowding around us; and the river had suddenly changed its tone, and was sounding wildly up the wooded bank that sloped down to its edge. We precipitated ourselves towards the sound,—and when we stopped and looked around us, the mountains, the champaign, and almost the sky had disappeared. We were at the bottom of a deep winding glen, whose steep sides had suddenly shut out every appearance of the world that we had left. At our feet a stream was struggling with the multitude of rude rocks, which

Nature, in one of her primeval convulsions, had flung here and there in masses into its current; sometimes uniting into irregular ledges, over which the water swept with impetuosity ;—sometimes standing insulated in the stream, and increasing the energies of the river by their resistance ;—sometimes breaking forward from the bank, and giving a bolder effect to its romantic outline. The opposite side of the glen, that rose steeply and almost perpendicularly from the very brink of the river, was one precipice of foliage from top to bottom, where the trees rose directly above each other (their roots and backs being in a great degree concealed by the profusion of leaves in those below them,) and a broken sunbeam now and then struggled through the boughs, and sometimes contrived to reach the river.

The side along which we proceeded was equally high, but more sloping and diversified; and the wooding, at one time retiring from the stream, while at another a close cluster of trees of the freshest verdure advanced into the river, bending over it in attitudes at once graceful and fantastic, and forming a picturesque and luxuriant counterpart to the little naked promontories of rock which we before observed. Both sides of the glen completely enclosed us from the view of every thing external, except a narrow tract of sky just over our heads, which corresponded in some degree to the course of the stream below; so that in fact the sun seemed a stranger, only occasionally visiting us from another system. Sometimes while we were engaged in contemplating the strong darkness of the river as it rushed along, and the pensive loveliness of the foliage overhanging it, a sudden gleam of sunshine quietly yet instantaneously diffused itself over the scene, as if it smiled almost from some internal perception of pleasure, and felt a glow of instinctive exhilaration. Thus did we wander from charm to charm, and from beauty to beauty, endlessly varying, though all breathing the same wild and secluded luxury, the same poetical voluptuousness. This new region, set apart from the rest of creation, with its class of fanciful joys attached to it, seemed allotted to some creature of different elements from our own,—some airy being, whose only essence was imagination. As the thought occupied us, we opened upon a new object which seemed to confirm it. The profuse wooding which formed the steep and rich barrier of the opposite side of the river, was suddenly interrupted by a huge naked rock that stood out into the stream, as if it had swelled forward indignantly from the touch of cultivation, and, proud of its primitive barrenness, had flung aside the hand that was dispensing beauty around it, and that would have intruded upon its craggy and original majesty. It was here that our imaginations fixed a residence for the Genius of the river and the Spirit of the Dargle. A sort of watery cell was formed by the protrusion of this bold figure from the one side, and the thick foliage that met it across from the other, and threw a solemn darkness over the water. In front, a fragment of rock stood in the middle of the current, like a threshold, and a spreading tree hung its branches directly over it, like a spacious screen in face of the cell. From this we began gradually to ascend, until *our* side became nearly as steep as the opposite, while the wooding was thickening on both at every step; so that the glen soon formed one steep and magnificent gulf of foliage. The river at a vast distance, almost directly below us; the glad sparkling and flashing of its waters, only occasionally seen, and its wild voice mellowed and refined as it reached us through thousands of leaves and branches; the variety of hues, and the mazy irregularity of the trees that descended from our feet to the river,—were finely contrasted with the heavier and more monotonous mass that met it in the bottom, down the other side.

In stepping back a few paces, we just descried, over the opposite boundary, the top of Sugar-loaf, in dim and distant perspective. The sensations of a mariner, when, after a long voyage without sight of shore, he suddenly perceives symptoms of land where land was not expected, could not be more novel and curious, than those excited in us by this little silent notice of regions which we had literally forgotten,—so totally were we engrossed in our present enchantment, and so much were our minds, like our view, bounded by the sides of the glen. This single object let in a whole train of recollections and associations: but the charm could not be more gradually and more pleasingly broken. The glen, still retaining all its characteristic luxuriance, began gracefully to widen,—the country to open upon us, and the mountains to rise; and at length, after a gentle descent, we passed the Dargle-gate, and found ourselves standing over the delightful valley of Powerscourt. It was like the transition from the enjoyments of an Ariel to those of human nature,—from the blissful abode of some sylphic genius, to the happiest habitations of mortal men,—from all the restless and visionary delights of fancy, to the calm glow of real and romantic happiness. Our minds that were before confused by the throng of beauties that enclosed and solicited them on every side, now expanded and reposed upon the scene before us. The Sun himself seemed liberated, and rejoicing in his emancipation. The valley indeed "lay smiling before us;" the river, no longer dashing over rock and struggling with impediments, was flowing brightly and cheerfully along in the sun, bordered by meadows of the liveliest green, and now and then embowered in a cluster of trees. One little field of the freshest verdure swelled forward beyond the rest, round which the river wound, so as to give it the appearance of an island. In this we observed a mower whetting his sithe, and the sound was just sufficient to reach us faintly and at intervals. To the left was the Dargle, where all the beauties that had so much enchanted us were now one undistinguishable mass of leaves. Confronting us, stood Sugar-loaf, with his train of rough and abrupt mountains, remaining dark in the midst of sunshine, like the frowning guardians of the valley. These were contrasted with the grand flowing outline of the mountains to our right, and the exquisite refinement and variety of the light that spread itself over their gigantic sides. Far to the left, the sea was again disclosed to our view, and behind us was the Scalp, like the outlet from Paradise into the wide world of thorns and briars.

* * * * *

A BIRTH-DAY POEM.

Oh have you not heard of the harp that lay
This morning across the pilgrim's way—
The wayward youth that loved to wander
By twilight lone up the mountain yonder ?
How that wild harp came there not the wisest can know,
It lay silent and lone on the mountain's brow ;
The eagle's down on the strings that lay
Proved he there had awaited the dawning ray ;
But no track could be seen, nor a footstep was near,
Save the course of the hare o'er the strings in fear,—
And ah ! no minstrel is here to be seen
On our mountain's brow, or our valleys green ;
And if there were, he had miss'd full soon
His wild companion so sweet and boon —
While the youth stood gazing on aghast,
The wind it rose strong, and the wind it rose fast,
Quick on the harp it came swinging, swinging—
Then away through the strings it went singing, singing,
Till a peal there arose so lofty and loud
That the eagle hung breathless upon his cloud,
And away through the strings the wind it went sweeping
Till the spirit awoke, that among them was sleeping—
It awoke, it awoke ;
It spoke, it spoke—
" I am the spirit of Erin's might,
That brighten'd in peace, and that nerved her in fight—

The spirit that lives in the blast of the mountain,
And tunes her voice to the roll of the fountain—
The spirit of giddy and frantic gladness—
The spirit of most heart-rending sadness—
The spirit of maidens weeping on
Wildly, tenderly—
The spirit of heroes thundering on
Gloriously, gloriously;—
And though my voice is seldom heard,
Now another's song 's preferr'd,
I tell thee, stranger, I have sung
Where Tara's hundred harps have rung—
And I have rode by Brien's side,
Rolling back the Danish tide—
And know each echo long and slow
Of still—romantic Glandulough;
Though now my song but seldom thrills,
Lately a stranger awaken'd me;
And Genius came from Scotland's hills
A pilgrim for my minstrelsy.—
But come—more faintly blows the gale,
And my voice begins to fail—
Pilgrim, take this simple lyre—
And yet it holds a nation's fire—
Take it, while with me 'tis swelling,
To your stately lowland dwelling—
There she dwells—my Erin's maid—
In her charming native shade;
I have placed my stamp upon her,
Erin's radiant brow of honour;
Spirits lambent—heart that's glowing—
Mind that's rich, and soul o'erflowing;
She moves with her bounding mountain-grace,
And the light of her heart is in her face:
Tell the maid—I claim her mine—
For Erin it is her's to shine;
And, that she still increase her store
Of intellect and fancy's lore,

That I demand from her a mind
Solid, brilliant, strong, refined;
And that she prize a patriot's fire
Beyond what avarice can desire;
And she must pour a patriot's song
Her romantic hills along."—
Her name is * * *
———— Faintly died
The blast upon the mountain side,
Nor scarcely o'er the clouds it brush'd;
And now the murmuring sound is hush'd,—
Yet sweetly, sweetly, * * rung
On the faltering spirit's tongue—
Speak again, the youth he cried,—
But no faltering spirit replied;
Wild harp, wild harp,
To * * I will take thee—
Wild harp, wild harp,
She perhaps will wake thee.

SONG.

I.

Oh my love has an eye of the softest blue,
Yet it was not that that won me;
But a little bright drop from her soul was there—
'Tis that that has undone me.

II.

I might have pass'd that lovely cheek,
Nor, perchance, my heart have left me;
But the sensitive blush that came trembling there,
Of my heart it forever bereft me.

III.

I might have forgotten that red, red lip—
Yet how from the thought to sever?
But there was a smile from the sunshine within,
And that smile I'll remember for ever.

IV.

Think not 'tis nothing but lifeless clay,
The elegant form that haunts me—
'Tis the graceful delicate mind that moves
In every step, that enchants me.

V.

Let me not hear the nightingale sing,
Though I once in its notes delighted;
The feeling and mind that comes whispering forth,
Has left me no music beside it.

VI.

Who could blame had I loved that face,
Ere my eye could twice explore her?
Yet it is for the fairy intelligence there,
And her warm—warm heart I adore her.

TO A FRIEND.

I.

My own friend—my own friend!
There's no one like my own friend;
For all the gold
The world can hold,
I would not give my own friend.

II.

So bold and frank his bearing, boy,
Should you meet him onward faring, boy,
In Lapland's snow
Or Chili's glow,
You'd say, What news from Erin, boy?

III.

He has a curious mind, boy—
'Tis jovial—'tis refined, boy—
'Tis richly fraught
With random thought,
And feelings wildly kind, boy.

IV.

'Twas eaten up with care, boy,
For circle, line, and square, boy—
And few believed
That genius thrived
Upon such drowsy fare, boy.

V.

But his heart that beat so strong, boy,
Forbade her slumber long, boy—
So she shook her wing,
And with a spring
Away she bore along, boy.

VI.

She wavers unconfined, boy,
All wayward on the wind, boy;
Yet her song
All along
Was of those left behind, boy.

VII.

And we may let him roam, boy,
For years and years to come, boy;
In storms and seas—
In mirth and ease,
He'll ne'er forget his home, boy,

VIII.

O give him not to wear, boy,
Your rings of braided hair, boy—
Without this fuss
He'll think of us—
His heart—he has us there, boy.

IX.

For what can't be undone, boy,
He will not blubber on, boy—
He'll brightly smile,
Yet think the while
Upon the friend that's gone, boy.

X.

O saw you his fire-side, boy,
And those that round it bide, boy,
You'd glow to see
The thrilling glee
Around his fire-side, boy.

XI.

Their airy poignant mirth, boy,
From feeling has its birth, boy;
'Tis worth the groans
And the moans
Of half the dolts on earth, boy.

XII.

Each soul that there has smiled, boy,
Is Erin's native child, boy—
A woodbine flower
In Erin's bower,
So elegant, so wild, boy.

XIII.

The surly clouds that roll, boy,
Will not for storms console, boy;
'Tis the rainbow's light
So tenderly bright
That softens and cheers the soul, boy.

XIV.

I'd ask no friends to mourn, boy,
When I to dust return, boy—
No breath of sigh
Or brine of eye
Should gather round my urn, boy.

XV.

I just would ask a tear, boy,
From every eye that's there, boy;
Then a smile each day,
All sweetly gay,
My memory should repair, boy.

XVI.

The laugh that there endears, boy—
The memory of your years, boy—
Would more delight
Your hovering sprite
Than half the world's tears, boy.

Something, perhaps, may be discovered in the latter poems beyond the mere inspiration of the Muse; and it might therefore appear inexpedient to pass by, without some short notice, a circumstance in the life of our author so interesting as that which the reader may have already suspected. With the family alluded to in these poems, he had been for some time in habits of the most friendly intercourse, and frequently had the happiness of spending a few days upon a visit at their country residence, sharing in all the refined pleasures of their domestic circle, and partaking with them in the exhilarating enjoyment of the rural and romantic scenery around them. With every member of the family he soon became cordially intimate; but with one this intimacy gradually and almost unconsciously grew into a decided attachment. The attainment of a fellowship would indeed have afforded him means sufficient to realise his hopes; but, unhappily, the statute which rendered marriage incompatible with that honourable station, had been lately revived. His prospects of obtaining a competency in any other pursuit were so distant and uncertain, that the family of the young lady deemed it prudent at once to break off all further intercourse, before a mutual engagement had actually taken place.

How severely this disappointment pressed upon a heart like his, may easily be conceived. It would be injustice to him to deny that he long and deeply felt it: but he had been habitually so far under the influence of religious principles, as to feel assured that every event of our lives is under the regulation of a wise Providence, and that by a resigned acquiescence in his arrangements, even our bitterest trials may be overruled for our best interests—our truest happiness. This circumstance, perhaps, weakened the stimulus to his exertions for the attainment of a fellowship,—but he had long bfeore relaxed them; it does not, however, appear that it had any influence in determining the choice of his profession, as the prevailing tendency of his mind had always been towards the sacred office of the ministry.

In a short time after this severe disappointment, and a few days previous to his ordination (which took place in November 1817,) his feelings received another shock by the death of a dear fellow-student,* one of his most

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* The editor cannot forbear indulging his feelings by a brief record of the lamented friend alluded to in the above passage. The name of Hercules Henry Graves, with whom we were both united in bonds of the closest intimacy, will not be read, even by a common acquaintance, without awakening sentiments of regret for the loss which society has sustained in the early removal of so much intellectual and moral worth. He was the second son of the learned and excellent Dean Graves, professor of divinity in the Dublin University. With talents at once solid and shining, he combined an invincible perseverance, a masculine strength of understanding, and an energy of spirit which crowned his academic labours with the most distinguished honours, and afforded the surest pledge of rapid advancement to professional eminence. These rare endowments of mind were accompanied by qualities of greater value,—a high moral taste, a purity of principle, a generosity of spirit, and an affectionate temperament of heart which secured him the respect and regard of every individual, of his widely extended acquaintance.

This happy union of mental and moral qualities was set off by a constant flow of good-humour, an equability of temper, and a frankness and cordiality of manners, which diffused an instantaneous glow of exhilaration through every circle in which he appeared. He was on the point of being called to the Irish bar, and was universally allowed to be the most promising aspirant of his contemporaries to its honours and emoluments, when, unhappily, his health began to break down. He was ordered to the South of France, where he died in November 1817, "in the fear of God, and the faith of Jesus Christ," as he himself wished it to be recorded on his tomb. His illness was made the happy occasion of directing his mind more fully to the concerns of his immortal soul, which he felt he had too much overlooked in the busy pursuit of earthly objects. The study of religion had not, however, been neglected by him: with our author and two other friends he had been in the habit of reading and discussing some of the valued and intimate friends. Under the deep impression of two such afflictive trials, he was obliged to prepare for a removal from society which he loved,—from the centre of science and literature, to which he was so much devoted, to an obscure and remote country curacy in the north of Ireland, where he could not hope to meet one individual to enter into his feelings, or to hold communion with him upon the accustomed subjects of his former pursuits. He felt as if he had been transplanted into a totally new world; as a missionary abandoning home and friends, and cherished habits, for the awful and important work to which he had solemnly devoted himself.

At first he was engaged in a temporary curacy, not far remote from the situation in which he was soon afterwards permanently fixed. An extract from a letter to one of his college friends, will give some idea of the state of his feelings upon his arrival at the place where he was now to enter upon his new sphere of duties.

Ballyclog, *Tyrone*, Dec. 11th, 1817.

"MY DEAR ——

I am now sitting by myself, opposite my turf-fire, with my Bible beside me, in the only furnished room of

ablest works upon the evidences of the Christian faith; and it is to be presumed, that the impressions thus made upon his understanding were not lost upon his heart. They seemed to have recurred to his mind with full force in his illness. He took special comfort in the gracious assurance, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out;" anxiously considering the full import of the phrase, "to come unto Christ." The view of our blessed Redeemer, as God and Man, —as one "able and willing to save to the uttermost all that come unto the Father through him," was indeed "an anchor of his soul, both sure and steadfast," at the near prospect of eternity. It enabled him not merely to close his eyes with resignation upon the brightest earthly prospects, but to look forward with holy hope to an imperishable happiness. May this, amongst many other similar examples, serve to shew that vital religion is not unworthy of the greatest mental powers, or incompatible with the highest attainments of secular learning; and may it impress upon the conscience of every reader, that a time will come when the strongest mind will want all the sustaining consolations which a steadfast faith in the Gospel is calculated to bestow.

the Glebe House, surrounded by mountains, frost and snow, and by a set of people with whom I am totally unacquainted, except a disbanded artilleryman, his wife and two children, who attend me, the churchwarden and clerk of the parish. Do not however conceive that I repine; I rather congratulate myself on my situation; however, I am beginning rather poetically than historically, and at once hurrying you 'in medias res.' Alas! what could bring Horace into my head here?—Well, I arrived at Auchnacloy, without an adventure, on Saturday, at half-past eleven; posted from thence to the Glebe House of Mr. S——, a fine large mansion, situated in a wild, bleak country, alternately mountain and bog. * * * On Sunday I arrived at this place, where I opened my career by reading prayers. * * * Comparatively happy should I be if I could continue the hermit of B——; but I am not doomed to such seclusion. * * * My dear ——— I want you and my friends more than ever. Write immediately all of you to the hermit of B——

Ever yours,
C. W."

"MY DEAR ——

I shall follow your example in not wasting my paper either in professions or apologies. Suffice it to say, that a day or two before I received your letter, I had written to C. D——, which I conceived was writing to the gang; and was since obliged to leave my hermitage at Ballyclog, and officiate in my own parish for the first time on Christmas-day, not being qualified to consecrate the sacrament; and since my return have been for some time engaged at —— * * * Well, my dear fellow, though it may appear as selfish as paradoxical, I look upon you as more my companion since I have heard that you are more alone. You are more like me, and have more leisure to think of me. * * * I am now in a country far superior, both in cultivation and society, to that which is my ultimate destination. I am surrounded by grandees, who count their incomes by thousands, and by clergymen innumerable;—however, I have kept out of their reach; I have preferred my turf-fire, my books, and the memory of the friends I have left, to all the society that Tyrone can furnish—with one bright exception. At M——'s I am indeed every way at home, I am at home in friendship and hospitality, in science and literature, in our common friends and acquaintance, and topics of religion. * * *

Ever yours,
C. W."

Before we proceed further, it may be important as well as interesting to give some view of the religious character of the author previous to his ordination, and to trace the progress of his mind towards that high state of Christian principle to which he afterwards attained.

His family all represent him as being from childhood impressed with religious feelings; and during his college life, the writer had full opportunity of perceiving that they had not been effaced.

The pure moral taste, which seemed almost a natural element of his mind, may properly be attributed to the gradual and insensible operation of that divine principle with which he had been so early imbued.

In many cases, "The kingdom of God (as our blessed Lord himself declares) is as if a man should cast seed in the ground; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how—first the blade—then the ear—after that, the full corn in the ear."

Such, in some measure, appears to have been the advancement of his mind in the formation of that high religious character which he ultimately reached; but, in his case, there was at least one marked stage of this progress. Religion had evidently a restraining influence on him at all times; it kept him back from the vulgar dissipation and usual vices of youth. He was exemplary, I might say blameless, in his moral conduct, and scrupulous in the discharge of duty: and though naturally impetuous in his feelings, habitually lively and even playful in his temper and manners, yet there was manifestly an influence in his heart and a guard upon his tongue, which never permitted him to violate the rules of strictest chastity or decorum. He was devout and regular in his habits of private prayer and in attendance upon public worship; and I have often seen him affected even to tears in reading the sacred Word of inspiration. But when he came to preach the doctrines and duties of Christianity to others, they burst upon his mind in their full magnitude, and in all their awful extent: he felt that he himself had not given up his *whole* heart to God,—that the Gospel of Christ had held but a divided empire in his soul; and he looked back upon his earliest years with self-reproach and self-distrust, when he called to mind the subordinate place which the love of God had possessed in his heart.—If such a man could feel reason to contemplate the days of his youth with emotions of this kind, what should be the feelings of him who has lived altogether "without God in the world?"—who has scarce ever known what it was to control a passion or regulate a desire, or perform a single action, with an exclusive reference to the divine will?

"Yet will there come an hour to him,
When anguish in his breast shall wake,
And that bright eye-ball, weak and dim,
Gazing on former days, shall ache;—

When solitude bids visions drear
Of raptures, now no longer dear,
In gloomy ghastliness appear—
When thoughts arise of errors past—
Of prospects foully overcast—
Of passion's unresisted rage—
Of youth that thought not upon age—
Of earthly hopes, too fondly nurst,
That caught the giddy eye at first,
But like the flowers of Syrian sands,
That crumbled in the closing hands."*

I will venture to introduce here, merely as indications of his youthful piety, some religious thoughts which are scattered among his earliest papers.

Those miserable sceptics who boast of their imaginary discernment, are only a sort of intellectual glow-worm :—they borrow their glimmer from darkness, and exult in its pitiful and momentary spark : but the day—"the day-spring from on high" will soon come,—and then they are but—worms!—Dost thou dispute the existence of a Providence? From thee, dust and reptile, I appeal to the Heavens; from thee, undistinguished link in the chain of nature, I appeal to the Universe.

I have often considered, that if it were proposed to man by his Maker, to select and mention the most faultless transactions of his life, and to offer up the catalogue at the shrine of his Judge, that he would either be totally confounded and perplexed, or would make a very erroneous and defective selection : he would even offer up vices for virtues; sins for acts of goodness : he would perhaps present a memorial of deeds which appeared meritorious to the world and to himself, whose motive was perhaps not only unchristian, but criminal,—the incentive to which was a lurking, smothered pride, a deceitful and seductive ambition, or some passion which screened and shrouded itself in the garb of religion. I will suppose that at such an awful crisis, when he was to make such an oblation to his Father and Redeemer, he perceives the futility of those splendid actions which dazzled his inconsiderate fellow-creatures, as the native offspring of virtue: I will suppose that he perceives their insufficiency and omits them; yet, even of his silent retired behaviour, of his noiseless and unseen conduct, how many actions are there which may dazzle himself! He will certainly make a statement of some deed which appeared to him generous and charitable; and will think that because it was done in secret and without ostentation, its motive must be pure; (but, alas! pride can inhabit the lonely chamber and the solitary bosom—can mingle in the prayers of the anchorite, and can stretch the hand of bounty; for we can flatter ourselves—yes, as destructively as the world can flatter us;) while perhaps some little thought which we had long forgotten as insignificant,—some truly devout contemplation,—some pious reflection drawn from the very depth of the heart, may be that offering which his God looked for,—that forgotten contemplation—that reflection, which was the emanation of a soul which then felt the genuine influence of religion. How difficult is it then to be acquainted with ourselves, and what a true confession do we make when we say, "There is no health in us!" * *

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* Anster's Poems (Edinburgh, 1819,) p. 146.

These reflections will appear to the pious reader to indicate something more than vague and general notions of religion. They exhibit, at least, the dawning of an enlightened conscience, and an early sensibility to the impressions of divine truth. It is natural to suppose that such a mind would be fully alive to the responsibility of the ministerial office; and accordingly, when the period approached when Mr. W. had to determine upon the solemn undertaking, he gave up his mind to the most anxious consideration of the duties it imposed upon him, and of the preparation of mind and heart which it required. Some of those standard works on the evidences of Christianity, which he had been in the habit of reading, he now resumed for the purpose of a more serious and practical investigation. He seems to have dwelt with peculiar interest upon Bishop Butler's unanswerable work upon the Analogy of Religion, &c. This treasure of deep and original thought—the leading object of which is to expose the unreasonableness of the ordinary arguments against the truth of religion—seems to have been peculiarly suited to the character of his mind, which was easily startled by difficulties, and was quick in the discovery of objections. His copious notes upon this book, shew not only how accurately he scrutinized every argument, but how practically he expanded and applied every important reflection which it contains. Some of the observations thus suggested, and which seem to have impressed his own mind most deeply, are here selected, with the hope that they may prove not unacceptable or uninstructive to the general reader. They may serve to inculcate a stronger sense of the vast importance of religion as a subject of anxious and candid inquiry, and may induce some who are unacquainted with the valuable work from which they have been deduced, to give it a serious and deliberate perusal.

There is strong evidence of the truth of Christianity: but it is certain that no one can, upon principles of reason, be satisfied of the contrary: now the practical consequence to be drawn from this is not attended to by every one concerned in it. This suggests an excellent way of beginning with a Deist or Atheist:—Have you satisfactorily disproved Christianity? Is it possible that all the evidence (collectively taken,) though it may not have satisfied you of its truth, has been satisfactorily removed? Are you at your ease upon the subject? And if not, what a miserable man must you be! Surely it is not such a hollow case.

This may be the best way of proceeding, whatever may be the truth denied;—the existence of a God, of a moral governor, of a future life, the truth of Scripture, &c.: and it is, in fact, the state in which we probably are by nature—not so much with convincing proof that there is a future state, as with no convincing proof to the contrary. If it be objected, that it is rather slender ground upon which to stand, merely that we *cannot prove the contrary*, or *the falsehood* of the thing; we may answer, that it is not intended to be ground to *rest on*;—it is intended to set us in motion; and the evidence will grow in proportion to the earnestness and sincerity to ascertain the point. Now, is there not a moral fitness in this,—that evidence should be progressive, and that in proportion to the singleness of eye and the diligence with which it is sought and investigated? And does it not appear particularly becoming the Divine Majesty that this should be the case in all inquiries respecting his works and dispensations? and that he who enters upon the investigation in a presumptuous, careless, or profane state of mind, should be confounded? In this point of view, also, may be regarded the objections made by some to the insufficiency of the evidence in proof of a state of future punishment: it may be answered,—Are you duly affected by the bare surmise—by the mere whisper, that there is such a state? Does it excite that degree of concern and inquiry which it ought? And if it does not, is it not a proof that there is something more than a mere want of evidence concerned in your unbelief? Is there any thing improbable in the supposition, that the Almighty may proportion the evidence to the degree of sincere earnestness manifested in the inquiry?—and that when the earnestness is proportioned to the object, the evidence shall be proportioned to the earnestness?

In order to give an idea of the way in which the truth may grow upon a man, we may speak of the growing conviction arising from the constant observation of the artlessness and simplicity of the style of the divine writings, as an evidence of their truth, and that arising from the self-application of the truths and principles of the Gospel, until at length a man shall experience what Scripture intimates, "The witness in himself;" which passage alone shews, that the Scripture itself declares the witness shall be greater after the attainment of the Christian spirit, than at the beginning of a cold investigation. Is there any thing unbecoming in this? The conduct of the people of Sychar may serve as an illustration, John, iv. 39, &c. It may also be observed, that it is a grand test of truth, that the more it is examined, the clearer it appears. Thus, too, the apparent contradictions of Scripture are reduced to harmony by examination, as the apparent irregularities of nature by the microscope.

The analogy in favour of our future state, founded on the various changes that we and other animals undergo, is of considerable weight. It might be, perhaps, a little weakened by the consideration that these changes are all attended with sensible proofs; and that therefore we could not draw as strong a conclusion, by analogy, in favour of one that should not be attended with them. It might at the same time be replied, that unless we draw the conclusion that there are no changes but what we have faculties to witness, the objection is of no weight. It might also be answered, that there may be very sufficient proof of our existence after death to beings capable of receiving it, though not to those of the same species: as *we* have abundant proof of the changes of worms into flies, while perhaps the worms of the same species, until *their* change arrives also, have no idea, and no proof of it,—perhaps have not senses to witness it.

The credibility of a future state of existence is fully sufficient to become a practical principle, however low the evidence may appear: for, at the very lowest, we cannot prove the negative.

But further, that a being should be formed of such a nature as man, and placed in such a situation as to try this most momentous question, and feel an interest in its determination, and yet never be able to arrive at a satisfactory negative, is not only a practical proof, but perhaps a stronger evidence of the actual truth of the thing, than would at first be imagined. This state of doubt and perplexity upon the most important and interesting of all subjects, is a curious moral phenomenon :—and where are we to look for the solution? It is solved by revelation :—for, taking the two principles, the immortality and the fall of man, nothing is so conceivable as that the fall, in destroying so much of the moral excellence of man, carried off many of the proofs of his immortality along with it,—proofs, many of which, it is natural to suppose, were of a *moral* character,—perhaps the greatest of them, a moral fitness for it.

From Bishop Butler's observations on "Divine Punishments," there may be ready and experimental answers deduced to many of the common-place and popular objections advanced against the reality or severity of future punishments. One favourite plea is the character of the Divine Being: "He is too merciful and benevolent to visit human infirmity with such rigorous severity." But what is the fact? He only allows men "to make themselves as miserable as ever they please." He gives them faculties to inquire and discover consequences; and if, by either not exerting them, or not complying with their rational dictates when exercised, they incur pain and misery, it is their own doing, and he leaves them to "eat the fruit of their own devices." Thus if we consider the Deity as merely passive in the business, and we observe men from want of sufficient consideration (for they generally bestow more or less upon their worldly concerns) bringing on themselves disease, misery, and ruin,—what an awful state is his who has never seriously and earnestly given himself to the consideration of the things of another world! Nor is it very likely that, when want of consideration (a fault of little magnitude in the estimation of men, and even dignified by some with virtuous titles and epithets) can produce such tremendous results here,—the consequences of sin, spiritual and external, (although men overlook and despise them,) will be so very light or so very inconsiderable, as they would fondly persuade themselves they are, in another world. And hence too we see the folly, in general, of pleading ignorance or sincerity as our excuse for carelessness or sin ; for we find thoughtlessness and neglect often produce as disastrous consequences as vice itself: and the sin here is plain ; for a creature not only gifted with, but distinguished, in a great degree, from the rest of the creation, by powers of deliberation and observation, is bound to use them ; and if he shoves aside a subject, the most important upon which those powers can be employed, on which his happiness chiefly depends, and one which is often forced upon his attention by outward events and circumstances, without full, deliberate meditation, and without arriving at any well-grounded conclusion upon the matter, what shall be said of that man's *sincerity ?* There is an evident dishonesty and unfairness evinced in shutting his eyes to what he is absolutely bound to contemplate,—and he must take the consequences : and such is the case of all those who have not seriously, earnestly, and deliberately considered the things that belong unto their peace. They may not be guilty of hypocrisy towards their fellow-creatures, but they act the hypocrite to God and to themselves.

The inefficiency of repentance (in the common acceptation) may be enforced by considering a man on a bed of pain and sickness, to which he has been brought by his own folly or wickedness. Do we find that floods of tears, and protestations of amendment, ever produce any improvement in that man's *bodily* state ?—What reason have we to conclude, from precedent or analogy, that they will relieve his *soul ?*

Repentance, in its fullest sense, a change from a state of enmity to a state of love to God, one would think is ever acceptable : but this is always the work of the Spirit given through Jesus Christ, and never appears to be the meaning attached to it by the careless or the ungodly, or even apprehended by them ; and therefore it does not enter into the present question.

The profligate argument, that if God gave us such and such passions, he gave them to be enjoyed without restraint, is here immediately answered: If God gave us such and such faculties, he gave them to be used, and their use is to control those passions; and we daily see the woful consequences of not exercising them, by actual observation. If the offence, by which the passion is gratified, is committed against ourselves, perhaps we should come to a different conclusion.

Man is gifted with powers of looking to the *future*, and evidently for the purpose of mainly preferring it to the *present:* he is therefore a creature made to look forward,—and to what, is the question. Some men madly fasten upon the present moment, and shut their eyes to what is naturally to follow; and accordingly they reap the fruit of their folly in due season: others, who are either of a more calculating, or a more enterprising, or a more ambitious disposition, look forward to various futurities at various distances; but death comes equally upon all, and their futurities are no more to them. To what, then, is man made to look forward? There are here also to be taken into account the multiplied uncertainties attending the success of the various projects, arising out of unnumbered events and circumstances which it is beyond the power of the natural faculties to foresee or avert. This may be urged in contrast to revelation.

* * * *

Such reflections as these may tend to shew that his faith was not the offspring of mere feeling,—that the doctrines of Christianity were not embraced by him simply from their congeniality to his pure and fervid imagination; but that he applied himself with all the sober calculation of common sense, and all the powers of a clear and reasoning mind, to the examination of the important subject. His religion was the conviction of the understanding, as well as the persuasion of the heart. With a firm assurance of the truth and importance of the great principles of the Gospel as they are interpreted and maintained by the Church of England, he entered upon the arduous duties of the ministry.

The more he was engaged in the work, the more deeply he felt the responsibility—the more he was in the habit of teaching others, the more he seemed to learn himself. He thus came more in contact, as it were, with the business of religion; his views became more vivid, his heart more engaged; and every day's experience appears to have strengthened his faith and heightened his devotion. The process by which his religious character was formed seems to have been so gradual, that it produced little apparent change in his external manners. His natural spirits were not so much repressed as regulated, his vivacity of temper was rather chastened than abated, by the predominant influence of religion. There was nothing which appeared constrained, or harsh, or assumed in his deportment; and thus his ministry was rendered doubly useful, especially amongst the higher classes, with whom the simplicity and cheerfulness of his disposition, and the easy and undesigned disclosure of his fine talents and genuine piety, usually secured him a favourable reception and a candid attention.

A few more extracts from his letters may illustrate this part of his character better than any mere description. It should be observed, that when he sat down, after the fatigue of parochial cares, to converse with his absent friends, he sought for a relaxation of mind, and usually gave full scope to that buoyant liveliness of temper for which he was remarkable; and thus, perhaps, those who were not acquainted with him can hardly estimate the intense anxiety and interest he felt upon subjects to which he sometimes appears to allude in a playfulness of spirit: besides, his nature so much recoiled from any thing like ostentation, that he seldom entered into any detail of his laborious duties, or mentioned any such particulars of his ministry, (except in an incidental manner) as might supply an adequate idea of his usefulness as a clergyman.

The following letter was written upon his return to his parish, after a short visit to Dublin:—

C. Caulfield, Jan. 28th, 1818.

"MY DEAR ——

A man often derives a wonderful advantage from a cold and fatiguing journey, after taking leave of his friends; viz. he understands the comfort of lolling quietly and alone by his fire-side, after his arrival at his destination: a pleasure which would have been totally lost if he had been transported there without difficulty, and at once from the region of friendship and society. Every situation borrows much of its character from that by which it was immediately preceded. This would have been all melancholy and solitude, if it had immediately succeeded the glow of affectionate and literary conviviality; but when it follows the rumbling of a coach, the rattling of a post-chaise, the shivering of a wintry night's journey, and the conversation of people to whom you are almost totally indifferent, it then becomes comfort and repose. So I found at my arrival at my own cottage on Saturday; my fire-side, from contrast, became a kind of lesser friend, or at least a consolation for the loss of friends.

Nothing could be more fortunate than the state of things during my absence; there was no duty to be performed: and of this I am the more sensible, as I had scarcely arrived before I met a great supply of business, such as I should have been very much concerned if it had occurred in my absence. I have already seen enough of service to be again fully naturalized. I am again the weather-beaten curate:—I have trudged roads—forded bogs—braved snow and rain—become umpire between the living—have counselled the sick—administered to the dying—and to-morrow shall bury the dead.—Here have I written three sides without coming to the matter in hand. * * *

Yours affectionately,
C. W."

March 24th, 1818.

"MY DEAR ——

"Although I have not received an answer to a letter which I wrote to you, and the date of which I have had time to forget, I am induced to write again, and redouble my blow, partly in order to shame you into an answer, and partly to employ you to execute a commission for me in turn.

I attended Mr. —— my predecessor in the cure, through some of the parish business, and have not yet recovered from my consternation.—Oh! I must bid a long farewell to literature, and all the pleasures and associations which it carries along with it!—Do not think that I repine, and least of all, at my duty as a Christian and a clergyman; but here is a parish large beyond all proportion, in which the curate, who here does every thing, will be unavoidably called on every moment to act indirectly as a magistrate; and, as I must take a cottage and a few acres of meadow, I shall have to encounter all the horrors of house-keeping, and all the cares of an establishment. Considering all this, and the length of time that even one visit, strictly professional, would take up, from the extent of the parish, what time shall I have for taking up even a book of divinity? But 'my hand is to the plough, and I must not look back.'—At B—— a small parish, where I have had little to do but what is connected immediately with my duty, I think I have got on pretty well. I told you that I had been preceded in that parish by an excellent man, and found them far better informed than perhaps any parish in our part of the world, and prepared to be disgusted with any successor. We agree however very well: the parish and I are on visiting terms, and in the habit of conversing on Christian topics; and they tell me that they wish for my continuance. I look upon it as a providential circumstance, that I have been first called to the performance of duty more moderate and more pure-ly apostolical, and was not at once plunged into the parish, where it is excessive, and of a more mixed nature.

* * * * *

Yours ever,
C. W."

The next letter gives an account of his removal from his temporary post, and his final settlement in Castle Caulfield, the principal village of the parish of Donoughmore. It was written after a visit to Dublin upon some parochial business.

July 7th, 1818.

"MY DEAR ——

It is probable that you have accounted for my silence in the right way—by the trouble and confusion of shifting my quarters. I have left B—— with sincere regret, and am now in the comfortable predicament of having left one habitation without having got into another, like Sheridan's Jew, who renounced his religion for the purpose of inheriting a legacy, but had too much conscience immediately to adopt any other, and is accordingly represented 'as a dead wall between the church and the synagogue.'

"I had but a melancholy sort of a journey to Dungannon, being, for the first half of the way, in perpetual danger of falling asleep, and consequently of falling off the top of the coach, from the fatigue of the college election, and the incessant patrolling through Dublin the day after; and for the other half, trundling on so vile a vehicle, over so vile a road, that twenty doses of laudanum could not have then effected it. On leaving Dungannon for this (my rector's house) I was met by the family, who told me I was to do duty at B—— the next day, and so I changed my direction and repaired there, nothing loath; and the next day mounted my old pulpit, where I had begun to feel myself at home, and received a most kind welcome from my congregation.

As I was apprised that I was to stay no longer than the next Saturday, I made the best of my time, in taking leave of my parishioners; and I assure you, it was a painful and a gratifying task,—although I had, a little before, gone through a rehearsal in Dublin, much more trying. I promised that I would go to see them again whenever I could escape from the parish I was going to; and my rich parishioners declared that I must (as they term it) complete their conversion. I, of course, spent as much time as I could with Mr. M——: I parted with him on Saturday morning; and the same day set out for this house, in rather a melancholy humour, but with a peculiarly ludicrous equipage and attendance. One waggon contained my whole fortune and family, (with the exception of a cow, which was driven along-side of the waggon) and its contents were two large trunks, a bed and its appendages; and on the top of these, which were piled up so as to make a very commanding appearance, sat a woman (my future housekeeper) and her three children, and by their side stood a calf of three weeks old, which has lately become an inmate in my family.

I am at present living in this house, where I am treated with the kindest hospitality; but expect in about a week to be established in my new abode, and to enter upon all the awful cares of a family man. Indeed, I go down there every day, as it is, and give directions with as knowing an air as the best manager among them, lest any should detect my ignorance. I preached last Sunday in this church, and whatever intercourse has yet taken place between me and my parishioners, seems to promise a good understanding between us. But I want friends—friends—and give my most affectionate remembrance to all of them that you meet.

Yours, &c.
C. W."

Castle Caulfield, Oct. 20th, 1818.

"MY DEAR ——

I should have complied with your request sooner, of writing to assure you that I was not offended at your delay, if I did not conceive that you possessed a very comfortable degree of well-grounded assurance upon the point already. I had accounted for your delay by imagining some of its causes, before I received your chapter of accidents. However, do not for the future conceal any disaster or misfortune from me while it is in progress, nor wait until it is brought to a close. It is a slovenly way of treating a friend, only to invite him to rejoice in the victory, without giving him a share in the perils through which it is achieved.

I have had no such signal adventures to communicate. Alas! I have no disasters now to diversify my life, not having many of those enjoyments which render men obnoxious to them, except when my foot sinks up to the ancle in a bog, as I am looking for a stray sheep. My life is now nearly made up of visits to my parishioners, both sick and in health. Notwithstanding, the parish is so large that I have yet to form an acquaintance with a very formidable number of them. The parish and I have become very good friends: the congregation has increased, and the Presbyterians sometimes pay me a visit. There is a great number of Methodists in the part of the parish surrounding the village, who are many of them very worthy people, and among the most regular attendants upon the church. With many of my flock I live upon affectionate terms. There is a fair proportion of religious men amongst them, with a due allowance of profligates. None of them rise so high as the class of gentlemen, but there is a good number of a very respectable description. I am particularly attentive to the school: there, in fact, I think most good can be done; and, besides the obvious advantages, it is a means of conciliating all sects of

Christians, by taking an interest in the welfare of their children.

Our Sunday-School is very large, and is attended by the Roman Catholics and Presbyterians: the day is never a Sabbath to me; however, it is the kind of labour that is best repaid, for you always find that some progress is made, some fruit soon produced; whereas, your labours with the old and the adult often fail of producing any effect, and, at the best, it is in general latent and gradual.

Yours, &c.
C. W."

Castle Caulfield, April 27th, 1819.

"MY DEAR ——

* * * "My congregation is much increased, and does not seem inclined to diminish, and there is a degree of piety in some of the highest orders of people in this county and the county Armagh, and a degree of propriety in others, that makes them alive to the conduct of clergymen, and active in their inquiries respecting them. I never knew before, that a humble curate (a word that seems to imply the very essence of obscurity,) was so much a public character as I find he is, or should be, in the North, where the number of Protestants of different classes seems to have kept religion more alive than in any other part.

An event in my parish that should not be omitted, is the vestry. Some false and industrious reports had been spread respecting the object that ——— and I had in view, in raising money for the foundation of the school we had in contemplation; and a great number of people came for the purpose of voting against us. You, who know me, may judge of my anxiety at the prospect of having to fight, where I came to preach peace and charity, and my apprehension of falling out with Presbyterians, whom I feel desirous of conciliating, and with whom I have been on the most friendly footing. At length the day arrived, *when I made a speech*, clearing away all misrepresentations, and stating the exertions I had made. I was seconded very ably by ——— ; and the consequence was a most cordial and unanimous grant of £140, with 'long life to you Mr. Wolfe, and long may you *reign over us!*' The good feeling that reigned throughout the whole, really made up one of the most gratifying scenes I have witnessed for a long time.

Yours, &c.
C. W."

The following letter gives an affecting account of the death of a valued friend, to whom he had lately become particularly attached, the Rev. Dr. Meredith, formerly a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and then rector of Ardtrea. He was esteemed one of the most distinguished scholars in the university to which he belonged. His genius for mathematical acquirements especially, was universally allowed to be of the first order; and his qualifications as a public examiner and lecturer were so eminent, as to render his early retirement from the duties of a fellowship a serious loss to the college. Of our author's talents he entertained the highest opinion; and his congeniality of disposition soon led him to appreciate fully the still higher qualities of his heart.

Castle Caulfield, May 4th, 1819.

"MY DEAR ———

"I am just come from the house of mourning! Last night I helped to lay poor M——— in his coffin, and followed him this morning to his grave. The visitation was truly awful. Last Tuesday (this day week) he was struck to the ground by a fit of apoplexy, and from that moment until the hour of his death, on Sunday evening, he never articulated. I did not hear of his danger until Sunday evening, and yesterday morning I ran ten miles, like a madman, and was only in time to see his dead body. It will be a cruel and bitter thought to me for many a day, that I had not one farewell from him, while he was on the brink of the world. Oh! ——one of my heart-strings is broken! the only way I have of describing my attachment to that man, is by telling you, that next to you and D——, he was the person in whose society I took the greatest delight. A visit to Ardtrea was often in prospect, to sustain me in many of my cheerless labours. My gems are falling away; but I do hope and trust, it is because 'God is making up his jewels.' Dr. M—— was a man of a truly Christian temper of mind. We used naturally to fall upon religious subjects; and I now revert, with peculiar gratification, to the cordiality with which 'we took sweet counsel together,' upon those topics. You know that he was possessed of the first and most distinguishing characteristic of a Christian disposition, humility. He preached the Sunday before for ——, and the sermon was unusually solemn and impressive, and in the true spirit of the Gospel. Indeed, from several circumstances, he seems to have had some strange presentiments of what was to happen. His air and look some time before his dissolution had, as —— told me, an expression of the most awful and profound devotion. * * * *

Yours, &c.
C. W."

On his return after another visit to Dublin, he thus writes.

Castle Caulfield, Jan. 19th, 1820.

"MY DEAR ——

As it was the irksomeness of making a long apology at the beginning of my letter, that has for the last week deterred me from writing to you, I beg leave to remove the obstacle altogether, and proceed to business, although you will find an apology in the course of the entertainment. You may remember the blunder that was said to have been committed by a certain historian, who had related a shipwreck that had taken place on the *coast of Bohemia:* do not, however, suspect me of the same ignorance of geography, when I inform you, that in my voyage from Dublin to Castle Caulfield, I was shipwrecked on the coast of Monaghan: until then I had always thought it an inland county; but to my surprise, I found that half the country, between this place and Ardee, was under water. The fact is, a river had overflowed the road, so as to render the bank undistinguishable, and the wheel went down; another step would have upset us altogether; and in a few days you might have seen me *in the Newry paper.* As it was, it cost me a raw hour between three and four in the morning, before we were able to *weigh anchor* again.

Well, I was indeed highly pleased that the leaven had been working during my absence; for though I was too late to go through the parish, and give them a regular summons, I found a greater number of communicants on Christmas-day, than I think I had ever seen before in this church. Why, if I had stayed away another month, no one can calculate the improvement that might have been effected by my absence. Another comfortable consideration is, that there never was less duty to be done in the parish than while I was away, and never more than since I returned. The very day after my return, I was summoned to see a Presbyterian, and between them and my own people, I have had scarcely any rest; and I assure you this has been the cause of my *taciturnity.* I do not think I have ever been so free from even the affectation of a cough, as since I returned. Long life to flannels and comfortables! and a long life to those who bestow them, ('a long life—even for ever!')

My school, as I anticipated, has declined during the severity of the winter, but I expect it to revive with the spring, according to the course of nature. However, I have some fears that the Pope's letter will prove a frost —a killing frost. I should not be very much surprised to find it a forgery.

Yours, &c.
C. W."

The sphere of duty in which Mr. W. was engaged, was extensive and laborious. A large portion of the parish was situated in a wild hilly country, abounding in bogs and trackless wastes; and the population was so scattered, that it was a work of no ordinary difficulty to keep up that intercourse with his flock, upon which the success of a Christian minister so much depends. When he entered upon his work, he found the church rather thinly attended; but in a short time the effects of his constant zeal, his impressive style of preaching, and his daily and affectionate converse with his parishioners, were visible in the crowded and attentive congregations which began to gather round him.

The number of those who soon became regular attendants at the holy communion, was so great, as to exceed the whole ordinary congregation at the commencement of his ministry.

Amongst his constant hearers were many of the Presbyterians, who seemed much attracted by the earnestness of his devotion in reading the Liturgy—the energy of his appeals, and the general simplicity of his life; and such was the respect they began to feel towards him, that they frequently sent for him to administer spiritual comfort and support to them in the trying hour of sickness, and at the approach of death.

A large portion of the Protestants in his parish were of that denomination; and no small number were of the class of Wesleyan Methodists. Though differing on many points from these two bodies of Christians, he however maintained with them the most friendly intercourse, and entered familiarly into discussion on the subjects upon which they were at issue with him.

There was nothing in the course of his duties as a clergyman (as he himself declared) which he found more difficult and trying at first, than how to discover and pursue the best mode of dealing with the numerous conscientious Dissenters in his parish, and especially with the Wesleyan Methodists, who claim connexion with the Church of England. While he lamented their errors, he revered their piety; and at length succeeded beyond his hopes in softening their prejudices, and conciliating their good will. This he effected by taking care, in his visits amongst them, to dwell particularly upon the grand and vital truths in which he mainly agreed with them, and, above all, by a *patience of contradiction* (yet without a surrender or compromise of opinion) on the points upon which they differed. It is a curious fact, that some of the Methodists, on a few occasions, sought to put his Christian character to the test by purposely using harsh and humiliating expressions towards him, in their conversations upon the nature of religion. This strange mode of inquisition he was enabled to bear with the meekness of a child; and some of them afterwards assured him, that they considered the temper with which such a trial is endured as a leading criterion of true conversion, and were happy to find in him so unequivocal proof of a regenerate spirit.

They soon learned to value his instructions as a Christian minister, though conveyed in a manner different from what they usually heard, and divested of peculiarities which they habitually associated with the very essence of the Gospel. He says himself—"I am here between Methodists and Calvinists (or Presbyterians,) and I have preached to both in the church, and conversed with both in the cottage; and I have been sometimes amused to observe the awkward surprise with which they have heard me insist upon the great doctrines, without bringing in their own peculiar tenets, or using their own technical cant."

From some hasty notes which he took down, it appears that he sometimes entered into discussions with them on those views by which they seemed, to him, to confine the process of divine grace in the conversion of sinners within limits unauthorised by Scripture. The following brief remarks (amongst others) shew the sobriety of thought with which he entered into the consideration of such subjects.

All system-makers cramp aud encumber religion, by telling you, that the mind of a sinner always proceeds through certain stages; of conviction, repentance, faith, justification, &c. The mind when converted will indeed have the same sense of the nature of sin, of human corruption, of the want of a Redeemer, &c. The end arrived at is the same; but the ways of arriving at it are various, according to the variety of dispositions upon which it has to act. Thus, upon a profligate, a drunkard, an extortioner, and upon a man of liberal, generous, independent principles, I am sure the ways of acting are very different. Compare all the different instances of conversion in Scripture, the jailor, Lydia, Cornelius, the thief, &c.—But the Methodists adopt a *class* of converts, and deduce a general rule for their particular case; whereas, there seems to be no general rule in Scripture. This is prescribing laws to God's Holy Spirit. He seems to have various ways of effecting a sinner's conversion, and of adapting himself to different dispositions: so that the method of a Methodist appears unfounded, in assigning a certain process.

It is no weak proof of the Christian spirit, to be able to recognise the loveliness and sublimity of true piety in the lowliest or most forbidding forms; to discern its excellence, though dwarfed by intellectual littleness, or degraded by the mean garb of ignorance; to revere it, even when surrounded by the most ludicrous accompaniments. It is, on the contrary, an index of spiritual dulness, perhaps, of mental incapacity, to undervalue or despise any form of sound religion, merely on account of such disadvantageous associations. But our author held the great truths of Christianity so close to his heart, that nothing could intervene to cloud their beauty : his spiritual taste and perspicacity was such, that it quickly descried, and (as by a magnetic attraction) embraced a kindred spirit, in whatever guise it appeared. It could separate the dross ; it could detach the grosser elements ; and delighted to look forward to that happy time when the spirit of genuine religion, however depressed by the meanness of the subject in which it happens to dwell, or disfigured by the unhappy combinations with which, here on earth, it may be attended, will assuredly shine forth in all its radiant purity and native grandeur.

The success of a Christian pastor depends almost as much on the *manner* as the *matter* of his instruction. In this respect Mr. W. was peculiarly happy, especially with the lower classes of the people, who were much engaged by the affectionate cordiality and the simple earnestness of his deportment towards them. In his conversations with the plain farmer or humble labourer, he usually laid his hands upon their shoulder, or caught them by the arm ; and while he was insinuating his arguments, or enforcing his appeals with all the variety of simple illustrations which a prolific fancy could supply, he fastened an anxious eye upon the countenance of the person he was addressing, as if eagerly awaiting some gleam of intelligence, to shew that he was understood and felt.

The solemnity, the tenderness, the energy of his manner, could not fail to impress upon their minds, at least, that his zeal for their souls was disinterested and sincere.

The state of gross demoralization in which a large portion of the lower classes in his parish was sunk, rendered it necessary for him sometimes to adopt a style of preaching not the most consonant to his own feelings. His natural turn of mind would have led him to dwell most upon the loftier motives, the more tender appeals, the gentler topics of persuasion with which the Gospel abounds; but the dull and stubborn natures which he had to encounter, frequently required "the terrors of the Lord" to be placed before them; the vices he had to overthrow called for the strongest weapon he could wield. He often, indeed, sought to win such souls unto Christ by the attractive beauties and the benign spirit of the Gospel; but, alas!

> "Leviathan is not so tamed."

Amongst the people whom he had to address he found drunkenness and impurity, and their base kindred vices, lamentably prevalent; and therefore he felt it necessary to stigmatise such practices in the *plainest* terms: he could not find approach to minds of so coarse an order, without frequently arraying against them the most awful denunciations of Divine Justice.

He seldom had his sermons fully written out and prepared for delivery; yet this arose not from any dearth of mental resources, much less from confidence or neglect. It arose from an intense feeling of the awful responsibility of the duty. His mind was not only impressed, but agitated, by the sense that he was "as a dying man speaking to dying men:" and the solicitude he felt as to the choice of his subject, the topics best suited to his purpose, the most lively and practical manner in which they might be presented, was the real cause which usually delayed his full preparation. He knew the vast importance of that brief space of time, during which a minister is permitted to address his flock; and he was fearful lest an idle or unprofitable word should escape his lips, or lest those moments which are so pregnant with the concerns of eternity should be squandered away in vague harangue or barren discussion. He was never satisfied with *first* thoughts; he revolved them over and over, with the hope that others more suitable, more striking, more perspicuous, might present themselves to his mind; and thus he had seldom more than half his sermon committed to paper when the time arrived for its delivery. However, his mind was so fully impregnated with his subject, and his command of language so prompt, that he never was at a loss to complete in the pulpit what he had left unfinished at his desk.*

He had no temptation to a vain display of argumentative skill, or rhetorical accomplishments, or the mere graces of composition, in presence of the congregation he had to address; and indeed he had attained such an elevation of mind and purity of heart, as to stand above the reach of such a snare in any situation. He did not despise such things; he could appreciate their value, and make them tributary to the single object of his ministry. He seemed fully sensible of the advantage and necessity of a chaste embellishment of style, such as is recommended by Augustine, who says, that a sermon is perfect in this respect, when "nec inornata relinquitur, nec indecenter ornatur." He availed himself also of the powers of a poetic and vivid imagination, not so much to adorn or beautify, as to illustrate and enforce his subject; to gain entrance into the understanding, and take the passions by surprise.

During the year that the typhus fever raged most violently in the north of Ireland, his neighbourhood was much afflicted with the disease; and thus the important duty of visiting the sick (which to him was always a work of most anxious solicitude) was vastly increased; and he accordingly applied himself with indefatigable zeal in every quarter of his extended parish, in administering temporal and spiritual aid to his poor flock. In the discharge of such duties he exposed himself to frequent colds; and his disregard of all precaution, and of the ordinary comforts of life to which he had been accustomed, soon, unhappily, confirmed a consumptive tendency in his constitution, of which some symptoms appeared when in college. His frame was robust, and his general health usually strong; but an habitual cough, of which he himself seemed almost unconscious, often excited the apprehensions of his friends; and at length, in the spring of 1821, the complaint, of which it seemed the forerunner, began to make manifest inroads upon his constitution. No arguments, however, could for a long time dissuade him from his usual work. So little did he himself regard the fatal symptoms, that he could not be prevailed upon to relax his parochial labours. At length, however, his altered looks and other unfavourable symptoms appeared so alarming, that some of his most respectable parishioners wrote to his friends in Dublin to urge them to use their influence in persuading him to retire for awhile from his arduous duties, and to have the best medical advice for him without further delay. But such was the anxiety he felt for his parish, and so little conscious did he seem of the declining state of his health, that no entreaties could avail.

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* This appearance of extemporaneous preaching brought him into much favour with the good Presbyterians and Methodists, who flocked to hear him. Some of them were indeed so pleased with his manner, as to say, "he would almost do for a meeting minister."

The repeated accounts of his sinking health at last impelled the friend who now feebly attempts this humble record of his worth, to set off at once to visit him, and to use all his influence to induce him to submit to what appeared so plainly the will of Providence, and to suspend his labours until his strength should be sufficiently recruited to resume them with renewed vigour. In the mean time (about the middle of May 1821) he had been hurried off to Scotland by the importunate entreaties of a kind and respected brother clergyman in his neighbourhood, in order to consult a physician celebrated for his skill in such cases. On his way to Edinburgh he happened to fall in with a deputation from the Irish tract-society, who were going to that city to hold a meeting for the promotion of their important objects. Notwithstanding the languor of his frame, and the irritation of a harrassing cough, he was prevailed upon to exert his eloquence in this interesting cause. In some of the speeches made upon that occasion he thought that the dark side of the character of his countrymen had been strongly exhibited, while the brighter part was almost entirely kept out of view. With characteristic feeling he stood up to present the whole image, with all its beauties as well as its defects.

His address was taken down in short-hand, and submitted to him for a hurried correction as he was stepping into his carriage. The following outline which was preserved may appear worth insertion.

SPEECH BEFORE A MEETING OF THE IRISH TRACT-SOCIETY, EDINBURGH, MAY, 1821.

SIR,

I have not the vanity to imagine that the words of an obscure individual, who is a total stranger to almost all those whom he addresses, and, except within a few days, a stranger to the country which they inhabit, could produce any considerable effect in exciting you to the performance of your duty, or in recommending the object which you are assembled to promote.

I only rise to express my thanks on the part of that country which I should find it impossible to love and value as I ought, without also regarding with affection that country which has proved itself her benefactor. I confess that I perform this office with shame and mortification: I should wish to have seen my country standing forth in the proud character of a benefactress, and taking her rank amongst those whose privilege it is "to give gifts unto men," instead of appearing in the attitude of a suppliant, with a petition in her hand. Perhaps it is right that these proud feelings should be humbled; perhaps the two countries thus occupy that relative situation which they are best qualified to fill; —perhaps Scotland is formed to yield assistance; but assuredly there is in Ireland all the heart to return it.

The Irish character seems to possess a greater capability either of good or of evil than that of any other nation upon the face of the globe. There is a quickness of intellect, a vivacity of fancy, a restlessness of curiosity, and a warmth of heart, that can be turned either to the very best or the very worst of purposes, and form the elements either of the most exalted or the most degraded of rational beings. They in some degree resemble in their effects the power and versatility of fire, that sometimes bursts from the volcano, and overflows and desolates the whole scene by which it is surrounded; that is sometimes applied by the incendiary to the house where the family are sleeping at midnight, and consumes them in their beds; or can be turned by powerful and complicated machinery to the service of man; that can be made to rise in incense before the throne of God in heaven. And thus also these elements, when either left to themselves, or perverted by designing and wicked men, can form the most atrocious character that ever moved upon the face of the earth: but if the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ shines in upon them, they compose the most illustrious specimen of an exalted and truly spiritual Christian that perhaps we shall here be permitted to behold. This is not mere theory and fond speculation: we have proofs of both. Alas! for the first we have only to appeal to the melancholy statements of depravity which you have just heard; and for the second, we have only to appeal to the state of religion in Ireland at this instant: for, sir, in Ireland "the winter is past, and the spring is begun;" and there is, in the religious aspect of the country, an appearance of growth, a promise and anticipation almost more delightful than the fulfilment. There is a spiritual glow throughout the land; and when the power of religious truth acts upon a warm and generous heart, and sends all its energy in one direction, it produces a beautiful specimen of living and devoted Christianity; and we are spared in Ireland, probably more than in any other country, that most tremendous of all moral spectacles, more tremendous than even the debauchee plunging into sensuality—the spectacle of a man with the light of the Gospel in his head, without its warmth in his heart. From this view of the Irish character, it is obvious that they require both unceasing attention, and the greatest delicacy in the treatment. Such a people must have constant food for the mind, food for the fancy, food for the affections: if it is not given, they will find it for themselves, and therefore both great liberality and great judgment are necessary in supplying it. I can testify, from actual observation, to the insatiable avidity with which tracts are sought, and the deep interest which is excited in those who peruse them. We trust, then, the good work will go on, and that Scotland will rejoice to see the sun of Ireland arise; and, though it may not be given to this generation to behold it, yet our posterity will see the day, when Ireland shall rise from the posture of a suppliant, and take her station by the side of Scotland.

On his return from Scotland, the writer met him at a friend's house within a few miles of his own residence; and, on the following Sunday, accompanied him through the principal part of his parish to the church; and never can he forget the scene he witnessed as they drove together along the road, and through the village. It must give a more lively idea of his character and conduct as a parish clergyman than any laboured delineation, or than a mere detail of particular facts. As he quickly passed by, all the poor people and children ran out to their cabin-doors to welcome him, with looks and expressions of the most ardent affection, and with all that wild devotion of gratitude so characteristic of the Irish peasantry. Many fell upon their knees invoking blessings upon him; and long after they were out of hearing, they remained in the same attitude, shewing by their gestures that they were still offering up prayers for him; and some even followed the carriage a long distance, making the most anxious inquiries about his health. He was sensibly moved by this manifestation of feeling, and met it with all that heartiness of expression, and that affectionate simplicity of manner, which made him as much an object of love, as his exalted virtues rendered him an object of respect. The intimate knowledge he seemed to have acquired of all their domestic histories, appeared from the short but significant inquiries he made of each individual as he was hurried along; while, at the same time, he gave a rapid sketch of the particular characters of several who presented themselves—pointing to one with a sigh, and to another with looks of fond congratulation. It was, indeed, impossible to behold a scene like this (which can scarcely be described) without the deepest but most pleasing emotions. It seemed to realise the often-imagined picture of a primitive minister of the Gospel of Christ, living in the hearts of his flock, "willing to spend, and to be spent upon them," and enjoying the happy interchange of mutual affection. It clearly shewed the kind of intercourse that habitually existed between him and his parishioners; and afforded a pleasing proof, that a faithful and firm discharge of duty, when accompanied by kindly sympathies and gracious manners, can scarcely fail to gain the hearts of the humbler ranks of the people.

It can scarcely be a matter of surprise that he should feel much reluctance in leaving a station where his ministry appeared to be so useful and acceptable; and accordingly, though peremptorily required by the physician he had just consulted, to retire for some time from all clerical duties, it was with difficulty he could be dislodged from his post, and forced away to Dublin, where most of his friends resided.

It was hoped that timely relaxation from duty, and a change in his mode of living to what he had been originally accustomed, and suitable to the present delicate state of his health, might avert the fatal disease with which he was threatened. The habits of his life, while he resided on his cure, were in every respect calculated to confirm his constitutional tendency to consumption. He seldom thought of providing a regular meal; and his humble cottage exhibited every appearance of the neglect of the ordinary comforts of life. A few straggling rush-bottomed chairs, piled up with his books, a small rickety table before the fireplace, covered with parish memoranda, and two trunks containing all his papers—serving at the same time to cover the broken parts of the floor,—constituted all the furniture of his sitting-room. The mouldy walls of the closet in which he slept were hanging with loose folds of damp paper; and between this wretched cell and his parlour was the kitchen, which was occupied by the disbanded soldier, his wife, and their numerous brood of children, who had migrated with him from his first quarters, and seemed now in full possession of the whole concern, entertaining him merely as a lodger, and usurping the entire disposal of his small plot of ground, as the absolute lords of the soil.

After he left this comfortless home, he resigned himself entirely to the disposal of his family. Though his malady seemed to increase, and his frame to become more emaciated, still his natural spirits and mental elasticity continued unimpaired,—so much so, that he continued to preach occasionally in Dublin with his usual energy, until the friendly physician to whom he had now submitted his case absolutely forbade all present exercise of clerical duties.

His anxiety about the provision for his duties in his parish, seemed for a long time materially to interrupt every enjoyment which might tend to his recovery. Indeed, his feelings were so alive to the subject, that he could scarcely be satisfied with any arrangement which his kind clerical friends could make for him, under conviction that no occasional deputy can fully fill the place of the regular minister of the parish; and unhappily the advanced age and infirmities of his rector rendered any exertions on his part impracticable. But he shall speak for himself.

Dublin, May 28th, 1821.

"MY DEAR MRS. ——

I did not wish to write until something decisive had occurred; and at length the die is cast: Doctor —— has, in fact, stripped me of my gown. You may conceive me obstinate, when I confess that even his opinion has not yet, in my mind, justified the alarm of my friends, or convinced me of my danger; but however, it has done what is more essential and more satisfactory; it has shewn me the course which Providence directs me to take, and this is the only question for me to decide; the rest is in better hands. The dread I felt of choosing for myself, instead of 'running the race that is set before me,' is removed; and I now feel myself obliged to resign, at least for a season, the trust which was reposed in me. What the ultimate event may be, and whether I shall ever be again permitted to exercise my ministry in Castle Caulfield, I cannot foresee; and although I am thus replaced amongst my oldest friends, and where natural inclination would lead me, I cannot but look with the liveliest regret at the possibility of never returning to a parish to which I was bound, for three years, by the most solemn ties, and to a family in which I have experienced the most unwearied kindness and affection. I do not conceal from you the great anxiety I feel that my successor, whether he is to be temporary or permanent, may be an active, spiritual minister. I do not know indeed that any circumstance would give me more pain than that my poor flock should fall into the hands of a careless, worldly-minded pastor.

* * * * * *

Yours, &c.

C. W."

Dublin, June 14th, 1821.

"MY DEAR ——

Although I have nothing conclusive to relate, I feel as if, in this state of uncertainty, my silence would look like neglect. Having failed in my attempts to procure a temporary substitute, and being absolutely withheld by my friends from returning, I at length came to the resolution of resigning the trust reposed in me. However painful it might be to my feelings, I could no longer reconcile it to myself to leave the parish in such a state of disorder and confusion. I know that wherever there is not a minister resident in the parish, every thing is at a stand; the sick and the schools are not attended to, and those that are in health are 'left to walk in their own ways.' I could not divest myself of a sense of responsibility for all these consequences.

Actuated by these motives, I waited upon the primate, and tendered my resignation. He hesitated to accept it, and urged me to continue my search for a substitute. * * * As soon as any thing is determined on, I shall let you know.

Yours, &c.
C. W."

Blackhall, July 24th, 1821.

"MY DEAR ——

* * * If I had known, at the commencement of this business, that matters would have continued so long in a state of uncertainty, I would have returned to my post at all hazards. I felt so much distress, not only at the deserted state of my parish, but also at the trouble and embarrassment that I have occasioned to my friends, that I made three attempts to resign, in which I failed. A very little thing would make me *break jail*, for I feel myself strong enough for such

an undertaking; but I am not allowed to have an opinion upon this subject: therefore it is that I generally say little about it in my letters. When any of my poor people inquire for me, you may tell them that nothing would injure my health more than to hear that my flock was scattered. I am very happy to hear so favourable an account of the parish, and Sunday-school; for the latter of which, I know to whom I am principally indebted.

I do indeed lament that I am not at hand when you fancy I could minister consolation; but I know, by experience, that God often removes from us every earthly support, in order to draw us near to himself, and to prevent us from trusting to the creature rather than the Creator; and he sometimes puts 'lover and friend far from us, and removes our acquaintance out of sight,' in order that he may break through all disguises, and reveal himself as our *all-sufficient Friend.* Give my blessing and my most affectionate regards to Mrs. ——; remember me to each and all at Mr. ——.

Yours, &c.
C. W."

Black Rock, June 13th, 1821.

"DEAR SIR,

I regret very much, that although you have been a considerable time in the neighbourhood of Castle Caulfield, I am able to address you only by letter. I assure you it was fully my intention to have returned your visit; but the duties of an extensive parish, which I had not been able to reduce into any kind of system, and which were rendered more laborious by the want of a horse, repeatedly prevented me from fulfilling it. Indeed, the occasion of the present letter is in some degree a proof. The irregularity of my movements in my parish produced a degree of inattention to my health, and gave rise to some symptoms of an attack upon my lungs, which have alarmed my friends, and induced them to take me altogether out of my own hands, and placed me under the jurisdiction of a physician, who has actually stripped me of my gown, and interdicted me, under pain of a consumption, from the performance of any clerical duty for a very considerable time. I have made several unavailing attempts to procure a temporary substitute; and being unwilling to leave my poor flock any longer without a shepherd, I waited upon the primate, and tendered my resignation, but he hesitated to accept it.

My chief object is to provide an active and zealous minister for a parish in whose spiritual welfare I cannot cease to feel a lively interest.

Yours, &c.
C. W."

"DEAR SIR, ——

* * * With respect to catechising the children, there is a lamentable deficiency, arising from a difficulty that I found it more easy to discover than to remove. In a very large parish, particularly where they are not collected in any considerable numbers in a town, it is impossible that any one day or any one place will suffice. My desire of devising a method that would fully meet the want, and which I trusted would suggest itself upon a closer acquaintance with the parish, induced me to delay the adoption of some that might have been of partial service; and the wish of effecting more than perhaps could be done, prevented me from doing all that might have been done; so that even on Sundays I did not make the catechising as distinct from the business of the Sunday-school as I ought. I shall be very happy, if I am ever to succeed you, to follow any plan or improvement that you may introduce. * * *

I have been occupied and agitated by preparations for my departure for the Continent, and inquiries as to the best destination for invalids, which have not yet been satisfactorily answered; these, and my removal to town, where I have become the victim of leeches and blisters, have prevented me from undertaking an answer to your letter, which could not be done *extempore*, as I fear you will perceive by the length of this epistle.

Yours, &c.
C. W."

For some months after his removal from his parish, his health appeared to fluctuate, as is sometimes the case at the commencement of such complaints as his; and it was considered necessary, towards the approach of winter, that he should go to the South of France, as the most probable means of averting from him the threatened malady. In his attempt to reach Bourdeaux, he was twice driven back to Holyhead by violent and adverse gales, and suffered so much from the effects, that it was deemed prudent to abandon the plan, and settle near Exeter during the winter and ensuing spring. From this place his next letters were written.

Exeter, Feb. 18th, 1822.

"MY DEAR ——

Welcome once more![*] I feel as if we had a second parting when we last exchanged letters; and now that we once more renew a correspondence, it looks like a meeting after a long separation. But you may be assured that neither you nor yours were forgotten by me at those times when I knew you would most wish to be remembered; those seasons at which, I trust, I am remembered by you all. I will not trouble you with all the tedious reasons of my silence; the silence itself was tedious enough. Suffice it to say, that a man may be very idle, and have no leisure, especially no leisure of mind; and that a man's time may be in a great measure unoccupied, and yet not his own. I will not tell you of the length of time it takes to wind me up and set me a-going for the day; but I find that the toilette of an invalid is as long and as troublesome as that of a dutchess,—and perhaps the whole day often spent with little more profit. It will be sufficient to tell you, that I can scarcely make out an hour and a half a day for actual study. * *

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[*] The remainder of the above was upon the subject of an offer, which had just been made to him, of the curacy of Armagh; a post of great importance and responsibility, with regard to which proposal he felt the most anxious embarrassment.—EDITOR.

Yours, &c.
C. W."

Exeter, April 2d, 1822.

"MY DEAR MRS. ——

If I had written to you as often as I intended it, since I left Ireland, you would have been by this time weary of my correspondence. Often and often I have reproached myself, for leaving some of my best and kindest friends the least room for suspecting me to be guilty of forgetfulness or indifference; but you have witnessed so much of those fatal habits of delay and procrastination, by which I am pre-eminently distinguished, that you are not at a loss to assign a cause for my silence, without being reduced to the necessity of accusing me of coldness and ingratitude. Indeed, from having observed my sad deficiency in corresponding with the nearest members of my own family, you may well say, 'Well! after all, sure he has treated me as his sister.' * * *

You have heard of course from ——— of our repeated attempts to reach Bourdeaux, and our repeated disappointments, having been twice driven back to Holyhead. There we lived for a month in a state of anxious uncertainty, not knowing each day what was to be our destination on the morrow; and when at length we arrived at this place, I relaxed into a state of lassitude and debility, and my cough grew worse: however, with the blessing of God, I think my cough considerably reduced, and my strength, in some degree, returning. Whatever good effect has been produced, I may attribute, under the Father of all mercies, to the friends whom I trust I may say He has provided for me. Of the unwearied and devoted affection of my sisters, who accompanied me, I shall say nothing; but the Christian friends that I have found, where I expected to meet none but strangers, I should feel myself almost guilty of ingratitude, if I did not mention.

I am now writing under the roof of a fellow-countryman, a brother Christian and a brother in the ministry, who has become an excellent physician by sad and constant experience in his own person, and who has taken me altogether under his own care, and who does not allow me to move, speak, write, or think, except by special permission; and this, by the by, is the reason that this letter comes limping so slowly after its predecessor, which I trust has long since reached you. Under the care of this kind physician and truly exalted Christian, in whose family I am almost domesticated, I think I find my strength returning.—But I must pass to a subject far less agreeable than this, to the curacy of Armagh. I suppose you have been already informed by —— that it was offered me by Lord L——, and that, after much hesitation and anxiety, I accepted it. It cannot be necessary to tell you that it was altogether unsolicited; indeed, so much so, that I was equally surprised and dismayed by the offer. I shrunk from it almost instinctively, when I considered not only the awful responsibility of the office itself, but the numerous appendages attached to it, the chaplaincy of the garrison, the chaplaincy and inspectorship of the jail, and the superintendence of several charitable institutions. It is indeed one of the very last situations I should choose if I consulted either my own ease or emolument. * * *

'Who is sufficient for these things?'—It was the very answer to this question that made me hesitate to refuse; for no man is sufficient for these things, and yet some one must undertake them; and I feared that I should be guilty of distrusting Him whose 'strength is made perfect in weakness,' and of consulting my own ease and convenience in preference to his service, if I declined it. I therefore conceived it best to reply that I was willing to undertake it; but could not possibly name any period within which I could engage to enter upon it in person; nor could I make any exertion to obtain a substitute. I was informed in answer, that the primate had approved of my nomination, and that every exertion would be made to obtain a substitute, which however is found to be more difficult than was imagined, both on account of the weight of duty, and the indefinite period for which he would be required. If permitted to decide for myself, I would have engaged to return before June; but my friends, both old and new, who have taken me altogether out of my own hands, and who have me completely in their power, will not allow me to name any time for returning to my duties.—My dear Mrs. ———, I feel it a great relief to think that I am writing to one who can fully enter into my feelings and motives; and that, in relating my views and conduct in this business, I am in no danger of being misunderstood; and surely you cannot but enter into my feelings when I convey through you to Mr. —— the resignation of the curacy of Donoughmore. Indeed, if you do not give me credit for them, I am afraid it would be hopeless to attempt to express them. Will you allow me to intrust you with my farewell to all my friends, both at M—— and in the parish? Assure Mr. and Mrs. —— that I shall never forget the kindness and hospitality I have enjoyed under their roof; and give my kindest remembrance to ——, and my solemn blessing to all those of my flock to whom you think it will be of any value: but how shall I say farewell to you and Mrs. ———, who have indeed treated me as a brother and a son? I can only commend you to One who has said that 'whoso doeth the will of his Father, the same is his brother, and sister, and mother;' the great Shepherd of the sheep, who, unlike other shepherds, will never leave or forsake them. It is painful to hear that many have wandered from the fold; but there are some who, I trust, have seen and felt the glory and love of Christ, and will hold fast their confidence unto the end. I hope, if I am indeed ever settled in Armagh, to see you face to face. * *

Yours, &c.
C. W."

Oswestry, May 22, 1822.

"MY DEAR MRS. ———

We are thus far on our way to poor Ireland, for better for worse; and we propose to rest here for a few days, with our friends who have accompanied us. My strength is, I trust, considerably improved; but my cough not considerably abated.

I hope soon to ascertain when I shall be able to return to active duty. So much for myself;—but how tremendous was the primate's death! what a thunderstroke! the thing itself, and the circumstances attending it were sufficiently appalling,—but to us its probable consequences are most distressing. Poor Castle Caulfield! what will become of it now? How the Lord seems to have disappointed my calculations! but perhaps it is only to shew that he can do things much better his own way, as he often fulfils our best desires in the manner we least expected, in order that while he comforts he may humble us, and teach us to ascribe all the glory to him. And we should not forget, that we may promote the cause as much by our prayers as by our contrivances and exertions. What a privilege it is, and what a consolation, that we have One upon whom we may cast our cares; and that in our closets, when no one hears or dreams of it, we may ask of the 'great Shepherd and Bishop,' that he would appoint a faithful pastor over the sheep that are scattered—and be heard! At the same time we should use whatever legitimate means are in our reach to effect the object of our prayer.

But this brings me to the chief subject of your last letter—the wandering of your mind in prayer. Perhaps the evil of our nature never displays itself more fully than in our religious acts and exercises; and the more enlightened and experienced a true Christian becomes, the more does he discover of the sinfulness of his nature, and of the pollutions and mixed motives of even his best performances. But there is a gracious provision made for these. Towards the close of the 4th of Hebrews you will find, 'that we have not an high priest that cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin:' and, at the end of the same chapter, this is again urged as a motive for coming 'boldly to the throne of grace:' and if you look to (I believe) the 4th chapter of Leviticus, you will see that the great high priest was 'to bear the iniquity of the holy things of the people of God.' This is our encouragement and consolation in approaching the throne of grace, that there is One who enters into all our feelings, and sympathises with us in our infirmities, and yet, at the same time, is almighty to save! This is the glory of that truth—that the divine and human nature are united in one person, and that he offers our feeble and imperfect petitions with irresistible energy and effect. This consideration, at the same time, so far from damping our fervour in prayer, or inducing us to give way to wandering thoughts or coldness of feeling while engaged in it, will be an additional incentive to earnestness and devotion. It will, by removing fear, increase our confidence; it will kindle greater love to that gracious Intercessor; and we shall look forward with greater hope to that period when all languor and corruption shall be done away. The Lord direct, and sanctify, and sustain you, and crown you and yours with every blessing.

Yours with the sincerest affection,
C. W."

After his return from Exeter, he remained during the summer with his friends in and near Dublin. His general health appeared not to have undergone any material change in the mean time; but his cough continued so violent and distressing that he was ordered to go to Bourdeaux, and back again, for the benefit of the voyage. He thus writes to a near relative, on his arrival there.

Bourdeaux, 29th August, 1822.

"MY DEAR ——

This morning, after an anxious and boisterous voyage, we cast anchor in front of Bourdeaux. From Saturday night till Thursday morning we were struggling through the channel,—at one time in danger of being becalmed, and at others endeavouring to make the best of violent and unfavourable winds, until at length, early on Thursday, we were swept past the Land's End by a rapid gale. Late on the evening of the same day we came within view of the island of Ushant, and entered the formidable Bay of Biscay. It was, however, so smooth and beautiful, and the clear French sky over our heads, and the warm elastic air about us, were so enlivening, that the terrible bay seemed to welcome and invite us; and during the whole of Friday we sailed gently and quietly along; and the deadly and incessant sickness under which I had laboured until then, and which I will not attempt to describe, began to give way, and I almost enjoyed the scene. But on Saturday it threw off its disguise, and began to appear in its real character, and we were tossed and lashed furiously along, till at length, on Sunday morning, after a stormy night, to our great refreshment, we arrived at the mouth of the Garonne, about sixty miles from Bourdeaux. If it had not been the Lord's day, which I would gladly have spent in another way, I should have sincerely enjoyed the scene, in sailing up the noblest and grandest river I ever beheld. We anchored that night at Pauillac, half way up the river between the mouth and the city. For the first time, I slept as it were upon dry land, and rose this morning refreshed. The sail from Pauillac to Bourdeaux was indeed delightful; but the repose I now enjoy infinitely more so; for all the passengers are gone ashore but myself, and I spend the remainder of the day quietly on board the packet alone, where I shall sleep to-night, and will go to-morrow early to look for lodgings. My cough only appeared occasionally during the voyage, and was never violent or continued; and I have been told by all the passengers that there was a very remarkable improvement visible towards the close of the voyage. The heat is very severe, but the sky very clear and beautiful. I will not say any thing of the passengers, &c. as I hope this letter will not reach you much sooner than myself.

I feel indeed that I have been most graciously dealt with; and that the same good Providence that before forbade me to go, has now gone along with me. May he be with you!

Yours, &c.
C. W."

In less than a month he returned from Bourdeaux, and seemed to have derived some benefit from the voyage; but this was of short continuance. The fatal disease which had been long apprehended proved to have taken full hold of his constitution: his strength appeared to sink fast, and his spirits to flag. The bounding step, which expressed a constant buoyancy of mind, now became slow and feeble; his robust and upright figure began to droop; his marked and prominent features acquired a sharpness of form, and his complexion, naturally fair, assumed the pallid cast of wasting disease; and all the other symptoms of consumption soon discovered themselves; and,

> "Even when his serious eyes were lighted up
> With kindling mirth, and from his lips distilled
> Words soft as dew and cheerful as the dawn,
> Then too I could have wept; for on his face,
> Eye, voice, and smile, nor less his bending frame—
> By other cause impaired than length of years—
> Lay something that still turned the thoughtful heart
> To melancholy dreams—dreams of decay,
> Of death, and burial, and the silent tomb."

It is indeed the privilege of the Christian to look far above those dreary scenes,—to fasten his eye upon that light which burns beyond the tomb; but still, sometimes the sight of a dying friend will naturally turn the thoughts to the more immediate circumstances of death; and this, perhaps, most of all, at the moment when one suddenly discerns, with a startled conviction, the first sure and ominous vestige of death upon the countenance of a beloved object. But faith will not dwell upon such thoughts—"such melancholy dreams:" it will look up with serene and holy confidence to "Him who is the resurrection and the life;" and thus comfort itself with an unfailing consolation.

About the end of November it was thought advisable, as the last remaining hope, that he should guard against the severity of the winter, by removing to the Cove of Cork, which, by its peculiar situation, is sheltered on all sides from the harsh and prevailing winds. Thither he was accompanied by the writer and a near relative to whom he was fondly attached. For a short time he appeared to revive a little; and sometimes entered into conversation with almost his usual animation; but the first unfavourable change of weather shattered his remaining strength: his cough now became nearly incessant, and a distressing languor weighed down his frame. In this state he continued until the 21st of February, 1823, upon the morning of which day he expired, in the 32d year of his age.

During the whole course of his illness (though, towards the close, apparently not unconscious of his danger) he never expressed any apprehensions to his friends, but once, that he suddenly observed a new symptom, to which he pointed with a look and expression of the gentlest, calmest resignation. He seemed particularly on his guard against uttering a word which could excite the fears of the dear relative who clung so devotedly to him until his last moments. A short time before he died, she ventured to disclose to him her long-concealed apprehensions, saying (with a humility like his own,) that she felt she needed correction; and that, at last, the Lord had sent "a worm into her gourd." "What!" replied he, "is it in afflicting me? —indeed, I believe you love me sinfully: I may, however, bless this illness if it leads me to more spiritual communion with you than before."

One night that his animal spirits were particularly depressed, he said to her, "I want comfort to night:" and upon her reminding him of the blessings he had been the instrument of conveying to the souls of many of his nearest relatives, he faintly exclaimed, "Stop, stop—that is comfort enough for one night."

It is natural for a religious mind to feel a lively interest in every record of the last illness and death of any eminent servant of God—to expect some happy evidences of triumphant faith and holy resignation in such a trying state—at the awful moment when all the vast realities of an eternal world are about to be disclosed to the disembodied spirit. There are some persons who perhaps look for such evidences chiefly in ardent ejaculations, in affecting expressions of self-humiliation, in palpable impressions of present comfort, or raptures of joyful anticipation; but these may not be, after all, unequivocal or indispensable tests of the presence and power of true faith. It should not be forgotten how much depends upon the state of the animal system at such times, upon the nature of the complaint, or even on the peculiar constitution of the mind itself. As in the case of the steadfast and holy Christian here recorded, the disease may be such as to encumber the faculties of the soul by a peculiar pressure upon the body: the corruptible part may "weigh down the mind which museth on many things," and thus incapacitate it for any energetic manifestation of its feelings. It was the nature of his particular malady to bring on an oppressive lassitude of spirits; and he was also afflicted with a raking cough, which for some time before his death disabled him from speaking a single sentence without incurring a violent paroxysm.

One interesting fact, however, may prove, with more certainty than a thousand rapturous expressions, the ascendancy of his faith in the midst of these depressing circumstances.

On the day before his dissolution, the medical gentleman who attended him felt it his duty to apprise him of his immediate danger, and expressed himself thus: "Your mind, sir, seems to be so raised above this world that I need not fear to communicate to you my candid opinion of your state." "Yes, sir," replied he, "I trust I have been learning to live above the world:" and he then made some impressive observations on the ground of his own hopes; and having afterwards heard that they had a favourable effect, he entered more fully into the subject with him on his next visit, and continued speaking for an hour, in such a convincing, affecting, and solemn strain, (and this at a time when he seemed incapable of uttering a single sentence,) that the physician, on retiring to the adjoining room, threw himself on the sofa, in tears, exclaiming, "There is something superhuman about that man; it is astonishing to see such a mind in a body so wasted; such mental vigour in a poor frame dropping into the grave!"

Let not then the cold sceptic (to maintain a precarious theory on uncertain observations) seek to degrade his own nature, in the face of facts like this, by identifying the imperishable soul with its frail tenement.—There are moments, he may see, at which that divine and immaterial principle can throw off the pressure of its earthly encumbrance, even when it appears to slumber in a deadly torpor. When its own appropriate excitements are presented to it, it can " burst its cerements," and rise superior to the ruins amidst which it seems to be buried.

This incident is abundantly sufficient to indicate the strength of principle and the ardour of feeling which may possess the soul at a time when, perhaps, it finds no utterance. His feelings indeed appeared too deep for superficial expressions. The state of mind towards which he seemed to aspire, was what the excellent Henry Martin preferred above all others, " a sweet and holy seriousness ;" and indeed he seemed to have attained it. His was a calm serenity, a profound thoughtfulness, a retired communion with his God, which could not, probably, vent itself in verbal ebullitions ; but when an opportunity of doing good to the soul of a fellow-sinner presented itself, he shewed how strongly he felt the Gospel to be " the power of salvation to his own soul," by his zeal to impart it to another.

It is important thus to see that true religion consists not so much in the constant fervour of the feelings, as in a fixedness of principle, in the intelligent, determinate choice of the will ; that the one may fluctuate while the other remains steadfast and immovable.

From the time that Mr. W. came to Cove he seemed scarcely to relish any subject of conversation but that which bore upon what is, in truth, at all times " the one thing needful."

His Bible was his chief companion ; he seemed also deeply interested in Worthington's treatise on " Self-resignaton ;" and occasionally read with satisfaction " Omicron's Letters, by the Rev. J. Newton."

Upon the subject of religion he was always peculiarly indisposed to controversy. He delighted to seize the great principles, to embrace the vital truths; and read with pleasure any author in whose writings he could find them: he valued as brethren all who maintained them, and diligently sought to co-operate with them "in their works and labours of love." His own views seemed not to have undergone any change from the time of his ordination; but they became more and more vivid, and, of course, more influential upon his principles and affections.

During the last few days of his life, when his sufferings became more distressing, his constant expression was, "This light affliction, this light affliction!" and when the awful crisis drew near, he still maintained the same sweet spirit of resignation. Even then he shewed an instance of that thoughtful benevolence, that amiable tenderness of feeling, which formed a striking trait in his character:—he expressed much anxiety about the accommodation of an attendant who was sleeping in an adjoining room; and gave even minute directions respecting it.

On going to bed he felt very drowsy; and soon after, the stupor of death began to creep over him. He began to pray for all his dearest friends individually; but his voice faltering, he could only say—"God bless them all! The peace of God and of Jesus Christ overshadow them, dwell in them, reign in them!" "My peace," said he, addressing his sister, ("the peace I now feel) be with you!"—"Thou, O God, wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."—His speech again began to fail, and he fell into a slumber; but whenever his senses were recalled he returned to prayer. He repeated part of the Lord's prayer, but was unable to proceed; and at last, with a composure scarcely credible at such a moment, he whispered to the dear relative who hung over his death-bed, "Close this eye, the other is closed already; and now farewell!" Then, having again uttered part of the

Lord's prayer, he fell asleep. "He is not dead, but sleepeth."

To this imperfect record I cannot forbear annexing the following discriminative sketch of the mental and moral endowments of its interesting subject. It is from the eloquent pen of the Rev. Dr. Miller, late fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, author of "Lectures on the Philosophy of Modern History." It formed the conclusion of a letter to the editor of a London paper, in which he fully establishes the claim of the true author to the disputed Ode on Sir John Moore.

"The poetical talent (continues the learned writer) which could produce such an ode was, however, but a minor qualification in the character of this young man; for he combined eloquence of the first order with the zeal of an apostle. During the short time in which he held a curacy in the diocese of Armagh, he so wholly devoted himself to the discharge of his duties in a very populous parish, that he exhausted his strength by exertions disproportioned to his constitution, and was cut off by disease in what should have been the bloom of youth. This zeal, which was too powerful for his bodily frame, was yet controlled by a vigorous and manly intellect, which all the ardour of religion and poetry could never urge to enthusiasm. His opinions were as sober as if they were merely speculative; his fancy was as vivid as if he never reasoned; his conduct as zealous as if he thought only of his practical duties; every thing in him held its proper place except a due consideration of himself, and to his neglect of this he became an early victim."

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SERMONS.

INTRODUCTION.

It seems proper to introduce these Sermons with a few prefatory observations.—It should be borne in recollection, that none of them were designed by their author for publication. They were all, with a single exception, composed for a plain but intelligent country congregation; and some of them were afterwards preached, with slight alterations, in Dublin.

It appears, from the great variety of short hints preserved with each sermon, that the writer's mind had been teeming with thoughts which he had not time or space to introduce.—Some of the topics were probably rejected as not suited to his flock; but a few leading words were briefly and confusedly thrown together: some sparkles of thought were thus kept alive, which might have been sufficient to rekindle whole trains of reflections and forms of address, adapted to future occasions.

The reader will not, of course, expect to meet in these sermons any thing like trains of abstract or metaphysical reasoning, or learned elucidations of Scripture. Such would have been altogether misplaced, in discourses addressed to the middle and lower classes of society; and, indeed, it may be said that there are few congregations to which such a mode of preaching is adapted; none, perhaps, before whom it should not be sparingly employed. The character of the author's mind, and of his accomplishments as a scholar, was such as, in other circumstances, might have led him to occasional exercises of this kind, in which, doubtless, he would have exhibited that acuteness and subtilty as a reasoner, and that ingenuity as a commentator, which distinguished him in conversational discussion.

Sermons which partake of such a character abound in our language. We are in no want of learned and argumentative discourses. There is a rich magazine of sound theological erudition in the sermons of our best divines; enough, indeed, to form a complete body of divinity.

There are also many useful volumes of a plain, instructive character, in which the great doctrines and duties of Christianity are simply and faithfully expounded. But most of them are deficient in interest. They present little to excite the curiosity, to seize upon the imagination, or to penetrate the heart. They serve well enough to *direct*, but are insufficient to *impel*. They are rather sound catechetical lectures, than awakening appeals; formal statements, than affecting, heart-stirring exhortations. Such, I believe, are generally allowed to be the prevailing defects in our modern sermons.

Those which are here submitted to the public, it is hoped, may appear at least as *samples* of that description most wanted, and best fitted for general usefulness. They are, however, to be regarded merely as *specimens* of the author's style of preaching.

Their principal merit appears to be, that though originally composed for a plain congregation, they were cast in such a shape as to be easily adapted, by slight alterations, to the most cultivated minds. "This (says an able writer* on oratory) is a difficult task. Some dispositions indeed there are who fall into it naturally; but usually it is the fruit of serious reflection and long experience. It costs a man of quick parts and extensive knowledge much pain and self-denial to reject every thing curious, and fine, and acute, which his faculties and erudition offer to him; and to confine himself within the limits of common sense. But, after all, the principal difficulty herein is not from nature, but our own fault,—from wrong passions, ambition, interest, or self-praise. Preach not for preferment or fame,—but for God and virtue. If your genius admits of it, you will then be concise, nervous, and full."

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* Lectures concerning Oratory, by J. Lawson, D. D. Lecturer in Oratory and History, Trinity College, Dublin. Pp. 394, 395 (1795.)

It is this quality (thus justly commended) which seems to have chiefly distinguished our author as a preacher. This is no unsupported assertion. Many persons, as well as the editor, can bear testimony to the strong emotions which the same sermons, with little alterations, excited amongst the extreme classes of society—in the minds of the literate and illiterate—the religious and the worldly.

A sermon *read*, is, indeed, different from a sermon *spoken*; and it is possible that the effect of these sermons was much aided by a mode of delivery peculiarly suitable to their style and matter. Sometimes it was authoritative and abrupt; sometimes slow and measured; and at other times rapid—almost hurried. Sometimes there was a blunt and homely plainness, and often a soothing tenderness of manner; but all was natural and unlaboured; more remarkable, perhaps, for energy and expression than for gracefulness,—for an earnest simplicity, than a studied elegance.

It may be necessary for the editor to say a few words as to the task he has had to perform. Many of the manuscripts were in such a state as to require much labour to transcribe them for the press; and a large portion of some of the sermons, towards the close of the volume, was written out in such evident haste, as to cause some inaccuracies which it was absolutely necessary to correct. This, however, has been sparingly done; perhaps, some may think too sparingly.

For such necessary corrections the editor hopes he need not apologise; as the nature of all posthumous works, not designed for publication, usually demands them; and as his intimate friendship with the author, and his acquaintance with all his opinions and feelings, must be a full security that the duty has been performed with rigid caution and fidelity.

The present selection has been made chiefly with a reference to the author's own probable estimate of his sermons.—

All which he preached in Dublin are included, as it may be naturally supposed they were among the number which he had most thoroughly considered and prepared. A few others are added, which some, probably, may think not inferior.

Under the circumstances in which they were composed, and in which they now appear before the public, it will be unnecessary, it is hoped, to deprecate the scrutiny of literary or theological criticism. In hortatory appeals like these, it is unreasonable to expect all the precision of a formal essay.—There is a certain boldness and latitude of phrase to be allowed in such discourses : the form of expression cannot easily be compressed within the narrow limits, or tamed down into the meagre statements, of a scholastic system. In these sermons, however, it will be found that all the grand doctrines of the Gospel, which alone can give vitality and energy to religious instruction, are prominently, faithfully, and practically inculcated. Happy will it be, if they are perused with a disposition of mind in any degree correspondent with the feelings* by which they were dictated, or proportioned to the momentous object which their pious author held steadily in view. If his glorified spirit be now permitted to share in the joy which angels feel "over one sinner that repenteth," there is not one of all the heavenly host which encircles the throne of God, that would enjoy a holier delight than he in witnessing the restoration of an immortal soul to its Father and its God: —and surely it would, if possible, enhance such joy, if he could be assured that, even in a single instance, this humble record of his words was conducive to effect that object which was nearest to his heart when they passed through his living lips; and that thus, "though absent from us in the body," he was still instrumental in the blessed work of "converting a sinner from the error of his way, and saving a soul alive."

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* These feelings may, in some degree, be illustrated by a few extracts from his private reflections, which were never meant to meet any eye but his own : they were roughly entered upon a few scattered papers, merely as hints for his own direction. They shew, in a strong light, the genuine workings of his heart,—the kind of mental and spiritual exercise in which he engaged in the preparation of his sermons,—and the anxiety he felt about the style and topics most likely to make practical impressions upon the consciences of his hearers.

Take a case in which God acts or speaks affectionately,—almost always one on the spiritual nature of sin,—on self-deceit—self-knowledge.

Let it keep me humble to think how I myself have sinned in the face of light, and against the motives I have to withhold me ; against the knowledge of God's wrath ; against it and his redeeming love ; against my own preaching ; against the especial need of a minister, upon whose spiritual state depends, in a great degree, the state of his flock.

Preach a sermon in which every *false* sentiment is supposed uttered on the death-bed ; a sermon in which we suppose the sensations of a sinner looking back upon those whom he may have misled, or neglected to instruct,—a father upon his children, &c.—a pastor upon his flock ; when each shall say, "I pray thee send some one unto my father's house."—Give also the retrospect from Heaven upon those whom, through the grace of God, we may have assisted.

That He who is the Author of every good and perfect gift, may accompany them with the healthful and saving influence of his grace to the heart of every reader, is the fervent prayer of

THE EDITOR.

Bring in *familiar* topics.—Begin naturally and easily, but so as to excite curiosity—with an incident or anecdote. Begin in an original and striking, but *sedate* manner. Before writing, read poetry and oratory. "Look *constantly* to the Bible. Every thing you read, read with a view to this."

Give full weight to objections—with all *fondness* of human frailty. Seize late, almost present occurrences. Imagine that you are arguing with the most profligate, ambitious, and talented opponent.

Let my object be to improve myself first.—Enter into the feelings of your congregation,—into their failings. Throw them upon arguing against themselves:—advise them *affectionately*.

SERMON I.

ECCLESIASTES, xii. 1.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

We all know that we shall have to remember our Creator at one time or another. We cannot but know that he has many ways of *inviting* us to remember him —" the sun that he makes to rise upon the evil and the good—the rain that he sends down upon the just and the unjust—the fruitful seasons, by which he fills our hearts with food and gladness"—the weekly returns of his holy Sabbath—the ministry of the Gospel of salvation—and the table which he spreads before us, which he has instituted as a peculiar memorial of himself, and at which he invites us to eat of the bread of life, and to drink from the fountain of living water.

And we cannot but know that he has also the means of *making* himself remembered, and that he will not always allow himself to be forgotten,—but that he has certain agents at his disposal, by which, when he pleases, he can command our attention,—the sword—the famine—the pestilence—the death-bed—the last trumpet—" the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched."

Such a Being cannot be remembered too often, or too soon. There is no one here that will venture to say, that there ever existed a man from the foundation of the world who remembered him too much, or began to fix his thoughts upon him too early. We need scarcely go farther, then, to discover what is to become of those who habitually forget him; who only think of him when he is started into their minds by something violent or accidental, and who say, "It is yet time enough to remember my Creator." Why they might as well say when death comes, it is yet time enough to die. It is hard to conceive the fate of these men, if they are cut off in this state of forgetfulness, to be any thing but evil and misery; in fact, it would put our invention to no easy trial, to imagine what good thing they would be capable of enjoying in the other world. Look into their own breasts;—they hope for nothing, they promise themselves nothing; for they cannot think of these things when they forget Him who is the Author and Giver of these things. If then there were no other reason for remembering our Creator in the days of our youth, than that we may never have an old age vouchsafed to us, in which we may recall him to our thoughts; that between us and that old age there may be a great gulf fixed that we shall never pass; if this were the only reason, should it not be enough? Nay, the sin of thus trifling with him and our own immortal souls, by deferring their consideration to a future opportunity, may be the very means of provoking him to withhold that opportunity for ever.

But there is another reason for remembering our Creator in the days of our youth. The days of our youth are the days of our blessings. It would be hard to find, throughout the whole range of creation, a more glorious and interesting object, than youth just entering into active life, just rejoicing as a giant to run his course. Set him alongside of the noblest animal of any other species; compare him with the old and decaying members of his own—and what a difference! In those days we enter into life with a shower of God's blessings upon our heads; we come adorned with all the choicest gifts of the Almighty; with strength of body, with activity of limb, with health and vigour of constitution, with every thing to fit us both for labour and for enjoyment; if not endowed with a sufficiency, endowed with what is better, the power of obtaining it for ourselves by an honest and manly industry; with senses keen and observing; with spirits high, lively, and untameable, that shake off care and sorrow whenever they attempt to fasten upon our mind, and that enable us to *make* pleasure for ourselves, where we do not *find* it, and to draw enjoyment and gratification from things in which they see nothing but pain, vexation, and disappointment.

But, above all, in the days of our youth, the mind and the memory, with which we have been endowed by the Almighty, are then all fresh, alive, and vigorous.—Alas! we seldom think what an astonishing gift is that understanding which we enjoy—the bright light that God has kindled within us—until our old age comes, when we find that that understanding is wearing away, and that light becoming dim. Then shall we feel bitterly, most bitterly, what it is to have enjoyed, in the days of our youth, that privilege which seems to be withheld from all the animals by whom we are surrounded,—even the privilege of knowing that there is a God; the privilege even of barely thinking upon such a Being; but more than that, the privilege of studying and understanding the astonishing variety of his works, of observing the ways of his providence, of admiring his power, his wisdom, and his goodness; the power of acquiring knowledge of a thousand different kinds, and the power of laying it up in our memory, and using it when we please: and this in the days of our youth, when the mind is all on fire, brisk, clear, and powerful, and when we actually seem to take knowledge by force, and when the memory is large and spacious, so as to admit and contain the good things that we learn; and where the place that should be filled by knowledge has not yet been preoccupied by crimes, by sorrows, and anxieties.

In the days of our youth, too, our hearts are warmest, and our feelings and our attachments are strongest and most disinterested; we have not yet learnt the bitter lessons that are acquired by a mixture with the world, where we often lose our best and kindest affections, and are taught in return selfishness, avarice, suspicion, and deceit. Our hopes and our friendships have not yet been checked by disappointment, nor our kindness and generosity by ingratitude. Thus, dressed out in all the riches of his Creator's goodness, with the marks of God's hand yet fresh upon him—with health, with strength, with mind, with memory, with warmth and liberality of heart—youth comes forward into life, covered over and hung round with memorials of his Creator. Is it necessary to ask, whether this man should remember his Creator? Supposing that there was no stronger motive than gratitude for all these blessings, would it be a hard thing to ask, that the Lord of health, and strength, and mind, and memory, should have a place in the memory that he has himself bestowed?—and yet if our recollection of our Creator depended only upon our gratitude, is there one heart on the earth that would rise, of its own accord, to the throne of goodness, to offer its voluntary incense of praise and thanksgiving for all the unnumbered benefits that have been showered upon our heads? It is well that our recollection of our Creator depends upon a more severe and a more powerful motive; for we cannot imagine that God has lavished upon us all this profusion of his treasures, without intending that they should be used in a particular way. Would you believe any one that told you, that God, who gives the meanest blessing to the meanest animal for some certain use, can have glorified you with such powers and riches of body and of mind, and that he has yet left the management to your own humour and caprice? Really and truly, do you believe that you have been supplied with all these magnificent gifts for so many toys to trifle with, and not so many weapons that you are to wield in the service of the God who gave them? It is impossible. We cannot but know and feel in our hearts, that they were given for great purposes, and that they are not at our disposal; that God will require the fruits of his own gifts; that if we use them as "instruments of unrighteousness unto sin, and not as instruments of righteousness unto God"—"the wages of those things is death;" that if we prostitute the health and the strength that he has given us, to drunkenness and debauchery, and the mind that he has given us, to pride, revenge, covetousness, or impurity; if we do not use them for the purpose both of understanding his will and obeying it; of worshipping him in spirit and in truth; of "letting our light so shine before men, that they may see our good works, and glorify our Father which is in heaven;" we shall have turned all these blessings to our ruin. At our peril, then, are we bound to remember our Creator, in order that we may consult his will and obey his commands, so as to be able to render an account of the talents with which we have been intrusted. And accordingly, about two verses before this passage, as if to prepare us for the precept, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," there come these solemn and powerful words—"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

We have now considered the days of our youth as the days of our *blessings*, but there remains another consideration still more awakening; for the days of our youth are also the days of our *dangers*. If a young man, at his first outset into life, were to have all the temptations that he was afterwards to undergo suddenly presented before his view; if all the unseen enemies of his soul, his peace, and his innocence, were all, *at once*, to become visible; if all his future scenes of blasphemy, riot, and intemperance, were, by one flash of lightning, disclosed to his contemplation,—I suppose that nothing less than a look into the next world, if it were possible, could produce a more terrible shock upon his feelings; perhaps it would be too much for him to see *at once* the thousand ways in which the world, the flesh, and the devil would lay siege to his soul—would solicit his passions—would undermine his resolutions—the thousand artifices by which they would endeavour to render vice more and more familiar to his taste, and insinuate its poison into his very constitution. Now what safeguard can he take, entering, as he does, among such a host of enemies—enemies, too, that go slowly to work, so that a man scarcely perceives that he is losing ground and giving way? He must take some fixed and unchangeable principle of conduct, or he is ruined; there must be something solid and immovable, at which his mind may ride at anchor,—something that will not change, or shift, or flatter, but will always tell him the stern—the pure—the terrifying truth.

Now what is the principle from which we naturally act in the days of our youth? Either from none at all, or we are governed by custom, by example, by fashion, and by the opinion of those into whose company we are generally thrown. Would it not be enough to observe, without going a step farther, that this is nothing less than making mankind our God—than making our company our God? For, recollect, that whatever you take as your chief rule in life, and the leading governor and director of your conduct, that is your God; it is to you what God should be—it is in God's place—it is this you remember when you should remember your Creator; in this you live, and upon this you must depend when you die.

But let us examine this rule—this God that we take unto ourselves, to direct us through the dangers of our youth—and what is it? The opinion of that very world, and of those very companions who are the means of seducing us from our duty; the very world that supplies all these temptations, that gives way to them, that riots and indulges in them, is that from which we take our laws and principles; composed of men just as willing to yield to temptation as ourselves, and just as anxious to discover the same excuses. And thus, those whose principles, example, and applause, are to us instead of God, are the companions of our carousals, of our revellings, of our debauches, and of our impurities, and who give the name of virtue and vice to whatever they please, without consulting Him who is the fountain of all virtue, and the burning enemy of all vice.

But this is not all, nor perhaps the worst. The opinions of the world, as to virtue and vice, are not only ruinously false, but they are as changeable as they are false. What, in one age of the world, would have branded a man with infamy as long as he breathed, becomes not only pardonable, but reputable in another.—The customs of the world, and the fashionable crimes of society, are shifting from age to age. For one instance out of a hundred :—some time ago there existed a nation where theft was honoured, as a proof of skill and dexterity ; while, in that very same nation, drunkenness and immodesty—intemperance of any kind—would have ruined a man's reputation for ever. Now look at the change ! In our days, the *one* is stigmatised with punishment and dishonour, while men often boast of their achievements in the *other*. How is a man to be guided by this childish and despicable world, that has not yet learnt, in six thousand years, to guide and regulate itself ?—that calls a thing virtue at one time, and vice at another ; that calls evil good, and good evil ; that puts bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter ? Let him put it aside from him with contempt, and let him "remember his Creator." *He* will not shift and change with times and seasons. The fashions and opinions of the world may turn round and round with the world itself ; but the law of God stands unchanged and unchangeable as the God that endureth for ever and ever : *they* have perished, and shall perish ; but *he* hath remained and shall still remain : the fashions and opinions of the world shall all "wax old as doth a garment, and he shall fold them up, and they shall be changed ; but he is the same, and his years shall not fail." Why, one thought upon God, in the midst of dissipation and profligacy, of oaths and drunkenness, of indecencies of language and of conduct, of revenge, animosity, and blood, (nay, in the midst of the less clamorous and more refined criminalities which are sanctioned by society,) I say, one thought upon God would produce little less than a kind of revelation; it would carry along with it such *holiness*, such *purity*, such *love*, that he must distinguish virtue from vice through the flimsy and miserable disguise in which they have been enveloped by mankind; the path of duty would be open before him, and guilt would come home to his breast, though the laugh and the scorn of society were echoing around.

But the law of God is not left to our own capricious recollections;—it is entered upon record—it has been rained down upon us from heaven—it has been practised, fulfilled, and embodied in the Son of God, and sanctified by the blood of the Legislator. Here must the young man remember his Creator, while the world, the flesh, and the devil, are crowding around to devour him. With this law in his hand, and the Son of God by his side, let him go through the furnace, or he is lost.

But suppose that all this has been neglected, and that you, notwithstanding, have been permitted, by the mercies of the God you have forgotten, to arrive at the borders of an unholy old age;—how will you then set about remembering your Creator—reserving for the dregs of sickness and infirmity, the work of youth in all its vigour—offering rude and cruel violence to languid nature, as she is retiring to her repose—returning *indeed* to a second childhood, and beginning life anew, just as you are dropping into the grave—obliged to undo all that you have done—to turn out the whole tribe of loathsome ideas that have lain festering in your mind, and to purify a diseased and corrupted memory from all the sordid thoughts and recollections that have filled the place which should have been occupied by your Creator? And then, too, when you shall come to teach this precept to your children, instead of pronouncing it with all the dignity of a father—of one who is to them in the place of God upon earth, you will hang your head and drop your grey hairs in shame before the son that should honour and respect you; you will blush to look your child in the face, when you read him a lesson that you never practised; and your lips will quiver, and your tongue will falter, when you say to him, "Remember your Creator in the days of your youth." And yet, are we to say that there is no hope for such a man? God forbid. If there were no hope for those who have forgotten their Creator, which of us could lift his eyes to heaven? You, and all the world, and he who warns you of its consequences, every day and every hour, have forgotten their Creator. We have used the awful *blessings* that he has bestowed upon us, for our sport and amusement, and forgotten from whom they come; and we have rushed into the dangers and temptations of life, with nothing to guide us but the impulses of our own guilty nature, or the opinion of a world *that has drawn its principles from its practice, instead of forming its practice upon its principles.* Those who feel this in the depth of their hearts, and the awful state to which it has brought them, will know how to value the great and glorious atonement that has been made for them upon the cross. It will be music to their ears to be told, that to those who have forgotten their *Creator*, it is yet said, Remember your *Redeemer*, and live.—Open wide your memory and your heart to this blessed Redeemer, and let the King of Glory come in. Just think,—whom will you remember instead of him?—Who is there that shall fill his place, and sit upon the throne of your memory, that will return you faithfully love for love—thought for thought? Will the object that is dearest to you upon earth? The heart of that being may be *now* cold and faithless; that heart *will certainly be one day* cold and mouldering in the grave, and all the profusion of memory that you lavish upon that barren spot, will never make one fresh thought, or one genial recollection spring from the ashes that you loved, to reward your fond and hopeless prodigality.—But there is not one pure thought, one holy recollection that struggles to rise to that gracious Being, that shall be allowed to fall to the ground, but shall be kindly received, and richly repaid; and he will return it from on high with a rain of blessings upon your head. Go, and remember Him who thought of you before you had the power of thinking either of him or of yourself,—making you young and lusty as an eagle, and only "a little lower than the angels,—crowning you with majesty and honour;"—who remembered you when you had forgotten him and yourself, and all that became a creature whom his Creator had marked out for immortality;—who remembered you when he bowed his head upon the cross; and who is ready to recognise you before his Father and the holy angels—even before the Creator whom you had forgotten. Go, and think of him—for at this instant he is thinking of every one of you!

SERMON II.

HEBREWS, xi. 1.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

WE all profess a firm belief in the truths which God has been pleased to declare. Now the Scriptures contain certain threats and certain promises ;—threats of vengeance and punishment to every soul that sinneth ; promises of mercy and immortality to all that fly to the refuge appointed in a Redeemer ; and therefore, when we declare that we believe in God's word, we at the same time profess a firm faith in the reality of these threats and these promises, and in the certainty that, sooner or later, they will be carried into execution.

And perhaps nothing could shock or affront us more, than that any man should venture to hint a suspicion of the soundness of our faith, or insinuate that we doubted the truth of these things. However, there are so many men of all kinds, of all characters, of all descriptions, who declare that they have this faith ; men who perhaps never spent one serious and solemn hour, in the course of their lives, in the consideration of these things, which they profess to believe ; men who live just as they would if they never believed them,—that there is some reason to fear that some fatal mistake exists among mankind upon this point ; and we shall do well to look to ourselves, and examine whether all is as safe as we could wish, and whether we do really and truly believe the things that the word of God contains.

Now the word of God itself supplies us with an excellent method of considering this subject; and it is the more satisfactory, because it is one which our own common sense seems to acknowledge at once; "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It is to us instead of sight, it is as if we had *seen* the things that we *believe*, and is therefore to produce the same effect. This is a principle to which our common sense subscribes; for if we were to assure any man that a certain fact existed, and require him to act as he certainly would if he had seen it himself, what reason could he give for refusing? None, but that he doubted it, that he was not sure of its existence.

Thus, then, if we believe those things sincerely, from our heart and soul—if we are not dissembling with God and deceiving ourselves, our belief of these things must be as if we had seen them; our belief of the threats and the promises of God must be as if we witnessed them *actually fulfilled.*

Our inquiry, then, naturally is, what would be the case if we really *beheld* them? Suppose that we were now suddenly conveyed into the world of spirits, and it was given unto you to see the strange doings of futurity; suppose the curtain withdrawn that conceals them from view, when you should behold a "great white throne, and Him who sat upon it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was no place found for them;" thousand thousands ministering unto him; the judgment set, and the books opened; when you should hear the trumpet sound, and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the dead, small and great, stand before God, to be judged out of those things that are written in the book: (for all this is actually in the word of God; of all this, faith is the substance and the evidence;) and then, when you should find that "without holiness no man could see the Lord," that none but the "pure in heart should see God," and that it was the secrets of men's hearts that God judged in that day, and that for every idle word they must give account, and that every mouth was stopped, and naturally "all the world was guilty before God;" and that "by the deeds of the law no flesh was justified in his sight;" (for all this is actually in the word of God, and of all this, faith is the substance and the evidence;) and then, when you should find, that "without shedding of blood there is no remission," and that there was but one Mediator between God and man; when you should perceive that there was then "one name," and but "one name under heaven by which men must be saved," and it was inquired, whether "every one that named that name had departed from iniquity;" and that, in consequence, he "separated one from the other, as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats;" that on the left were those who walked after the flesh, and those who were guilty of "adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, hatred, variance, emulation, wrath, strife, sedition, heresies, envyings, murder, drunkenness, revelling, and such like;" and that on the right were those "who walked after the Spirit," and who "brought forth love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance;" and when you should hear him say to those on his left, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels; and to those on his right, "Come, ye blessed children of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:" (for all these things are actually in the word of God, and of all this, faith is the substance and the evidence;) and then, when this scene was closed, if you were to follow those two different classes of men to the abode that was to be theirs to all eternity,—what would be your sensations? When first you should visit the mansions of everlasting misery, and should behold "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon the souls of those who had done evil;" when, through the regions of outer darkness, you should hear "weeping and gnashing of teeth," and should discern through the gloom the writhings of the worm that dieth not, and the waving of the flame that shall never be quenched: and when, in the second place, you should enter the heavenly Jerusalem, and should be saluted at the first step with the sweet melody of angels over "sinners that had repented," and should see the Lord God wiping away all tears from their eyes; where there was no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain for ever; where they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; where the city hath no need of sun or moon to shine in it; for the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb is the light thereof; when you should see there the pure river of the water of life, "and in the midst of the street of that city, the tree of life, and the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne feeding them, and leading them unto fountains of water;" and should hear them sing a new song before the throne, which no man could learn, save those that are redeemed from the earth; (for all this is actually in the word of God, and of all this, faith is the substance and the evidence;)—now, after having thus looked into futurity, and taken a view of the objects of your faith, suppose you again alight upon earth, and return to the company of human beings, and the pursuits of your ordinary occupation,—what a changed man would you be! what a new aspect would the earth wear, and all the objects by which you are surrounded! what new conceptions would you form of happiness and misery! what new desires, nay, what new passions would you find, as it were, introduced into your heart! what a stranger would you find yourself in the midst of those things among which you were perfectly at home! "How is the gold become dim, how is the most fine gold changed!" "How are the riches corrupted, and the garments moth-eaten!" How poor is wealth, and how mean are honours! For when you looked on them, then would occur to you the riches you had gazed on in the heavenly Jerusalem—the glories by which it was illuminated.

With what horror would you then look on the drunken revel and the wanton debauch; for the moment they presented themselves before you, the groans would sound in your ears that you had heard from the bottomless pit. When you heard the laugh of wild intemperance and frantic intoxication, it would be drowned in the shrieks of the damned, that would be still echoing about you; and if you heard a fellow-creature sin, whether against yourself or not, no matter, (you have just seen what will make you think very lightly of all earthly pains and injuries,) what would be uppermost in your minds? Any little petty rancour, any little mean revenge, or any cold and unheeding indifference? No: but you would think of the terrible portion which that man was earning for himself in "the lake that burns with everlasting brimstone," and you would fly to "snatch him as a brand from the burning;" you would look upon all around you with a most anxious and affectionate interest, recollecting that they were all heirs of the happiness or misery which you had just been witnessing in the other world; you would be to them a prophet, an evangelist, an apostle,—"the voice of one crying in the wilderness;" you would summon all your powers to teach them the things that belong unto their peace, to unlock to them heaven and hell; to describe the horrors you had beheld in the one, and the glories you had seen in the other.

And then with what new eyes would you look upon sin! How many things would then appear awful sins, which you before overlooked and undervalued, when you recollected that "for every idle word that a man spoke, God brought him into judgment;"—when you recollected that it was the *secrets* of men's hearts that you saw God judging—that you saw him untwisting a man's very heart-strings, and finding what was enclosed within; "for the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder the joints and marrow, the soul and spirit, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart!"

Little would you then think of giving gentle names to sins which may appear light and pardonable in your own eyes, when you recollected how they stained and corrupted the soul in the eyes of Him "who is of purer eyes, than to behold iniquity."

How then would your conversation become purified, refined, and exalted: and if you found any corrupt communication proceeding out of your mouth, how would you check it like poison, when you would recollect the songs of blessed spirits that you had heard above! and you would think,—Can I hope with such lips as these to join the ranks of those whom I heard crying, "Holy, holy, holy?" And then how would the very *innocent* pleasures of life sink in your estimation, when you thought of those pleasures you had seen at the right hand of God. How would you fear lest they should become uppermost in your heart, and engage your best and choicest affections, and thus you should be tempted to choose your portion upon earth, and forfeit your treasure which is in heaven: "for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also!" Not "the harp or the viol, tabret or the pipe, or the wine," would make you "forget the work of the Lord, or the operation of his hands;" "but your right hand would forget her cunning, yea, your tongue would cleave to the roof of your mouth, ere you preferred not Jerusalem in your mirth." You would feel yourself a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth; a citizen of a far distant country, an exile from your native land; and you would often steal from the company of the foreigner, to think of the beauties of your home,—its love and delightful inhabitants,—to cast a longing, lingering look towards its shores, and meditate sweetly upon your return. Such would you be, if you had actually seen those things of which your faith is the substance and the evidence; and therefore such *must* you be, if you really believe these truths.

And now let each man compare what *he is* with what we have just found he *would be* if he had *seen* what he professes to *believe.* And are you like it? Is there any striking resemblance? No doubt the impressions would be much more lively and powerful if they had been actually seen. It is scarcely to be expected that we should attain so great a degree of spiritual excellence, as if we had seen them face to face; but the simple question that every man of plain common sense has to ask himself, is this—Whether there is to be so very great a difference between a man who had *seen* these things, and a man who from his heart and soul *believed* these things to be true, and that one day or other he *shall see* these things? Is your life (I will not say *equal* to, but is it) *like* that which we have been just describing? Does it fall short of it in *degree,* not in *kind?* or (what is the true and most important question) is it *continually approaching* it? Is it more and more like it, though you may not hope to attain it on this side of the grave? Remember, there were two different men that applied to our Saviour for relief; they were both fathers, and came to ask it for their children. As soon as Christ had said to one of them, "Thy son liveth," he went his way, believing the word that Jesus spake, and accordingly he found his son fully restored;—now this man's faith, in *this* instance, was the substance of what he hoped for, the *perfect evidence* of what he had *not* seen. But when Christ asked the other father, "Believest thou that I am able to do this thing?" the father answered, with tears in his eyes, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief!" He felt that his faith was not as it should be, that it was not the evidence of what he did not see; but he felt humbled under the sense of his weakness, eager to have it remedied and removed, —and he *prayed with all his heart* that his faith might be confirmed and invigorated. And was he disappointed? The good and benevolent Being who never yet rejected the prayer of humble earnestness, said unto him, even as unto the other, "Thy son liveth."

But there is an actual difference between the common faith of a man of the world and of a real and genuine Christian. The one is the business of a moment; it begins and ends with a repetition of his creed, —it is *despatched* in the service of the day. But with the other it is a *living principle,* always growing and increasing; always approaching the state of one who had actually *seen* what he *believes,* and of controlling, directing, and animating his whole conduct. He will always have those future things, which God has assured him he shall one day behold, so fully before him, as to have all the effect of *reality* upon his life and conversation. Just conceive what would be your manner of speaking and acting, if on every Sabbath, instead of coming to *hear* of these truths, you had them actually disclosed to your contemplation; would you spend the ensuing week as you now intend to spend it? And yet be assured you do not virtually believe these truths, unless your faith in some degree performs the office of your sight, and discloses heaven and hell before you.

But do not mistake; as your faith improves and advances it will lose more of the *threats and the terrors* of religion, and draw closer and closer to its *hopes,* its *promises,* its *pleasures* and *enjoyments;* for observe, faith is not described to be the substance of things *feared,* but the "substance of things *hoped for.*" For after the soul of a sinner has been thoroughly awakened both to its guilt and its danger, and has fled from God's justice to the love of a Redeemer, it soon forgets the punishment from which it is escaping, in the glories to which it is approaching; and though faith represents before us both heaven and hell, yet as the spirit advances in its path of duty, and rises upwards towards its God, the mansions of misery are left farther and farther beneath; the flames grow fainter, and the groans die away; while, at the same time, the gates of heaven are more clearly discerned, and the voices of the redeemed more distinctly heard.

Thus fear gives way to hope; and the Christian who has taken up his cross, and followed his Redeemer, has seldom to look behind at the wrath that he is escaping, but onward and upward, at the Saviour who is his hope and his conductor. This is the grand practical principle of the Gospel, the moving-spring of the Christian's duty, and the rich fountain of his obedience; that faith which displays his Redeemer as actually present, and the glorious blessings which he has purchased, full in view. This is no fable, no nice fanciful speculation; it is a principle that has been acted upon since the foundation of the world.

The chapter before us contains a splendid catalogue of those that were moved, inspired, and invigorated by its mighty energies;—men that "forsook their country," went out, not knowing whither they went, and became strangers and pilgrims upon the earth—Abraham and all the patriarchs; men who, through the distance of a thousand years, saw the Redeemer afar off, before he had descended upon earth, and followed the bare and distant *promise* of God, as if it were the full and living substance: they submitted to exile, suffering, and reproach; and what is the reason that is assigned? "As seeing Him who is invisible." The Redeemer, to them, was a dim and twinkling star; and yet cheerfully and gratefully did they steer their lonely course by its mild and sacred influence. But upon us the *Sun of Righteousness* has risen.

The apostle (after closing his glorious list of those who saw Him that was invisible, long before he came,) turns round upon those who *believe* that *he has come*, and summons them to imitate their example: "Wherefore, seeing we are compassed with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us: and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and the finisher of our faith;" unto Jesus—who was invisible!

And gloriously did he who tells you that your "faith must be the substance of things hoped for," and who summons you to look unto the invisible Redeemer—gloriously did he fulfil his own injunction; for, looking unto him, did he and the whole company of the apostles, and the glorious army of martyrs, precipitate themselves through peril, persecution, and death. The description of what they suffered makes the blood run cold;—and yet how do they speak of it? "This *light* affliction! this light affliction, which endureth but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which *are seen*, but at the things which *are not seen.*" It was by looking at things invisible as if actually present, that they proved more than conquerors in all their struggles.

Another of that glorious company, exhorting his converts to give trial of their faith, points to Him that is *invisible*—"whom having *not seen*, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet *believing*, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

May we, as we value the souls that he has purchased—as we value the blessings that he offers, so keep him living in our view, that we may run the race that is set before us; and whether it be our destiny to perish by the slow and icy hand of disease, or by the angry violence of man, may we be found looking unto the "Author and Finisher of our faith, with our eye fixed on Him that is invisible!"

SERMON III.

GENESIS, i. 26.

And God said, Let us make man in our image after our likeness.

If a man were suddenly asked, To what created being he would compare the Almighty; what object, among all those that surrounded him, he conceived to have been originally intended by its Creator for his peculiar image and representative? he would probably point to the sun, and would say, that there he saw God at once most faithfully and most gloriously represented. He would say, that in it we seemed "to live, and move, and have our being;" that every where, and at every moment, its influence is felt; that it appears to possess the power of calling things into existence, and of consigning them to nothing again; that all creation seems to depend upon it for sustenance, comfort, and enjoyment; that by its kind and gracious light we become acquainted with each other, and with the objects by which we are surrounded; that it both gives us all that we enjoy, and afterwards enables us to enjoy it; and that, like its Almighty Creator, it has no respect of persons, but scatters its rich blessings abroad with generous and impartial liberality. This would be a very natural answer: and thus we find that the first kind of idolatry of which men were guilty, was the worship of the sun; and in some nations it is still continued, and he is there regarded not so much the *image* of the Divinity, as the *Divinity himself*.

But there *was* a time when there was a more magnificent representative of the Godhead. There *was* a time when *we* were preferred before the sun, and the moon, and the host of heaven. But a little before, God had formed the sun, and the stars, and the firmament, and he saw that they were good; and yet not one of these did he pronounce *his image*,—and as if he thought he was coming to a greater work than all before, and one in which he felt himself more particularly interested, he seems to *prepare Himself* for our creation,—"Let us make man in our own image." For the production of inferior animated beings, he was contented to employ inferior agents: when he would create other living things, he commands the waters and the earth to produce them. "Let the *waters* bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven;—and let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, and cattle, and creeping thing, and beasts of the earth after their kind." But when he comes to man, he seems to *rise* to the work *Himself;* "Let us make man in our own image." He appears to have taken great and unbounded delight in the production of mankind. The blessing which he pronounced upon him is repeated a second time, as if he felt peculiar pleasure in bestowing it; and when his work was finished, he looked with fondness upon the image of himself that he had made, and pronounced it to be very good; it is as if he had said, 'I give you a portion of my glory and my character; I consign it into your hands and your care. Behold, I gave the sun a portion of my light, and bade him go forth with it into the world as my *servant* and my *minister;* but I give *you* a share of my attributes and my immortality, and my everlasting blessing is upon you if you fulfil the trust.'—Which of us will now stand forward and claim the fulfilment?

This image—this beautiful image has been long since shivered and disfigured; but its *fragments* remain to testify that it once existed. There is in the hearts of men a testimony that they shall live for ever; a voice that echoes through futurity; a sense that they shall see strange things in another world; thoughts that wander through eternity, and find no resting place. This is a fragment of God's image, a shattered remnant of his immortality, and it is there to testify against us; for if it had been perfect, nothing would be more delightful than to think that we should live for ever; to look forward into brighter scenes, and rejoice in the glory that should be revealed. All the gold of Arabia would not be worth one hour's excursion of the mind of man into the regions of futurity. For ever and for ever would his mind be reaching forward, and dwelling with fondness upon the thought, that never, from age to age, when time should be no more, should he cease from being. The pleasures of the spirits that walk to and fro in the light of God's countenance, and circle his throne rejoicing, would crowd his fancy and delight his hopes. Visions of celestial happiness would visit him in dreams of the night, and, compared with the dim and distant perspective of eternity, all earthly things would seem "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." And what is the fact? Let every man judge himself how his natural heart shrinks from the contemplation of a future state of being; how he shudders to look into eternity, as into some dreary and bottomless pit. What a cold and dismal thing does immortality appear; and what a refreshment it is to his spirits to withdraw his thoughts from the consideration, and return to his beloved earth! And then, only observe with what eagerness and desperation he gives up soul and body to the pursuit of things which he knows full well will soon be to him as if they had never been. And yet, this man, if you were to ask him the question, would tell you, that he expected to live for ever; and that when his body was mouldering in the dust from which it was taken, his soul would plunge into an ocean of spirits without bottom and without shore. This he would tell you gravely, as a matter of course. And then only observe him for one week or for one day, or for *this day*, which has been sanctified to immortal purposes, and you will find his cares, his hopes, his fears, his wishes, his affections, busied and bustling about this little span of earth, and this little measure of time which he occupies, and death finds this immortal being making playthings of sand, and carries him away from them all, into a land where they shall all be forgotten. This is a strange and astonishing contradiction,—the only thing that looks like a blunder through all the works of nature. Every thing else seems to know its appointed time and its appointed place:—the sun knows his place in the heavens, he does his duty in the firmament, and brings round the seasons in their order, and the ocean knows the boundaries beyond which it must not dare to pass;—every animal knows the home that kind nature has provided—"the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know; my people doth not consider." Among all the creatures that surround us, *we* are the only beings that look not to our native home; the only beings that seem to have broken the laws of nature; to have forgotten our owner, and the mansions of our Father's house. This naked expectation of immortality, while we see no beauty in it, that we should desire it—while we are feeding on ashes, and have lost our relish for immortal food—is one of the fragments of God's image; it shews that it once existed, and that it now is broken.

But look again, and observe all the astonishing faculties of man; his reason, his memory, his imagination. Observe only how he can, as it were, take knowledge by violence, how he can lock it up in his memory, and keep it in store for his use; with what quickness and ingenuity he can invent and contrive; with what judgment he can weigh, and deliberate, and decide; how he can *extort* nature's secrets, how he can penetrate into the distant works of God, and inform when the sun shall be darkened, and when the moon shall refuse to give her light.

Consider all these astonishing faculties, worthy of the master piece of God, and then look at the brutal and abominable passions that blacken and deface his soul; look at this same immortal creature, beautified with all the gifts of the Almighty, blotting out the very understanding with which he has been glorified, by a drunkenness of which brutes are incapable; nay, sometimes "glorying in his shame," and boasting of having thus spoiled the good work of God! Observe him next, inflamed with lust, and plunged into profligacy and debauchery, and making the eternal soul, that has been armed with such glorious faculties, the servant and slave of his perishable body. Observe him rioting in hatred, malignity, and revenge, and admitting the dark passions of an evil spirit into the soul that the Almighty had made to be an habitation for himself.

Measure now this creature with himself; the wonderful powers of his mind, the grasp of his memory, the lightning of his invention, with the depravity of which the beast of the field is incapable; the impurity that brings his soul into bondage to his body, the malice and revenge that make him an abode of the spirit of darkness. Truly "the wild beasts are in our ruins, and the dragons are in our pleasant places." These are fragments of an image that was beautiful; enough to shew that it once existed, and that now it is broken.

And amongst these ruins there is a *voice* sometimes heard, like the spirit of a departed inhabitant, unwilling to leave even the ruins of the palace which he once had occupied; a voice that "reasons of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come;" that sometimes catches the ear in the momentary stillness of the day, and still more in the dead of the night, before deep sleep falleth upon men; but, like the murmur of a ghost, men cannot bear to listen to it, but hurry out of its reach. And thus does conscience sometimes remind us of former days, of hours of sin, of *time* squandered away that can never be recovered, of an impure heart, of a worldly and carnal mind, and proves that it is a remnant of God; for it tells us "that for all these things, God will bring us into judgment."

But, alas! it does no more than *reproach* and *condemn;* for, alas! it cannot *change* an old heart; it cannot "create a new spirit within us;" it cannot raise our affections from the dust upon which we are treading; it cannot fill us with heavenly dispositions; it cannot make us look forward with delight to scenes of future glory. Alas! this is beyond the power of conscience; it serves to *reproach,* but cannot *restore;* —it is but a GHOST among the ruins,—but a voice among the tombs; it is a poor remnant of what once was a living image of the Almighty; enough to shew that it once existed, and that now it is broken.

But again, observe him gifted with the power of speech, the power of communicating thought for thought, and circulating knowledge, and truth, and love through all his fellow-creatures. Just conceive for one moment what he would be without it; how black, how ignorant, how dreary, how comfortless!—where would then be mutual assistance, mutual advice, the communication of knowledge, the interchange of affection? Observe man, the only created being endowed with this glorious faculty, and then consider the use that he has made of it. Listen to the curses and the blasphemy against the very Being who bestowed it, who gave it, that it might rise before the throne in hallelujahs. Then hear the falsehood, the deceit, the prevarication issuing through the channel where truth should for ever flow; then hear the impure and wanton jest, that circulates poison, and nurses and assists the natural corruption of the heart, when (God knows!) it has enough to corrupt and brutalise it within; then listen to the scandal, the malice, the invective, and the recrimination, upon the tongue to which God gave the eloquence of affection and benevolence, and the music of pity and consolation; then attend to the lips that can be eloquent and voluble on every subject but one, —that can descant on the market and its prices, on the world and its fashions and its politics, nay, on every little impulse of the feelings, and every fine-spun sentiment of the mind; but if the great God intrudes into conversation, his ways or his dispensations, his mercies and his loving-kindnesses, the tide begins to ebb, the glow of society dies away, and the cold and heartless silence betrays that an unwelcome stranger has made his appearance. Truly this is a magnificent *fragment* of that illustrious image; enough to shew that it once existed, and that now it is shivered and broken.

Alas! it is no wonder that when God looked again upon the earth, and saw the wickedness of man, that he said, "I will destroy man from off the face of the earth." Nor was he deterred from doing so by the multitude that it overwhelmed in ruin. In those days, no doubt, they compared themselves with one another; no doubt they said, 'We are all tolerably alike; none of us is *singularly* wicked; if God punishes me, he must punish the rest of mankind along with me.' But did God therefore withhold his hand? No; but it is stated as the very reason of his vengeance, that *all* the earth was sunk in wickedness; and their guilt was aggravated by the very circumstance that they countenanced each other in their sin, and thus joined in a kind of deliberate rebellion against his authority.

But, even leaving punishment out of the account, conceive what must be the natural consequence of having, as it were, disappointed the object of our creation, and of having run counter to God's original intention. Must not the natural end of those things be ruin? But, "Thou turnest man to destruction: again thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men."—The Creator said, once more, "Let us make man in our own image;" and he came down himself from heaven to create him a second time. He left his bright and glorious abode on high, for us poor and wretched wanderers, who had not only forsaken his good and pleasant paths, but had actually forgotten that we needed one to bring us back again ; who were so degenerated as to have forgotten our degeneracy ; and he came to create us anew, and he came as " a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief :" that we might once more become the image of God, he was contented to come himself in the image of man ; and by that stupendous atonement upon the cross,--by that sacrifice, which will be regarded with astonishment by men and angels to all eternity, he has accomplished his new work of creation. We are told that " our old man was crucified with him ;" so that we are to " put off, according to the former conversation, the old man which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." We are declared expressly to be " *God's workmanship, created anew in Christ Jesus, unto good works.*"

But how is it, you will say, that the death of Christ becomes second life to us? How is it that his sufferings can create us anew? By this one sacrifice he bore in his own person the punishment due to our sins. " He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities : the chastisement of our peace was upon him ; and by his stripes we are healed. All we, like sheep, had gone astray, we turned every one to his own way ; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." By this satisfaction to his justice, the communication was once more opened between God and man ; for we are told, " That God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses ;" and through his merits, his atonement, and his intercession, the gift of the Holy Spirit was procured, by which the image of God may be again stamped upon our hearts, and our souls moulded into a resemblance to Him " who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." Thus does God again " breathe into his nostrils the breath of life, and man again becomes a living soul." Him that cometh to this good Creator, he " will in no wise cast out ;" " for as God liveth, he willeth not the death of a sinner."

But we must come deeply sensible of our want of a renewing spirit and of a purifying influence. God will not cast his pearls before swine, " lest they trample them under foot." We must learn our lost and ruined state. We must feel that our natural hearts have wandered far from him who is the only fountain of all that is good ; that we have followed our own ways and our own imaginations, and that we are unable to recover ourselves from the broad way that leadeth to destruction ; for it is not a few partial changes, a few sins now and then forsaken, that can restore us to our former glorious state. Alas ! the poison has sunk deeper ; it has mixed with our heart's blood, and penetrated into our vitals. If we do not feel thus naturally corrupt and helpless, and that we need a higher power than our own to change, to strengthen, and to purify—let us *save ourselves ;* let us not call ourselves by the name of Christ ; let us act a bold, manly, and a consistent part ; renounce him, and declare honestly that by our own strength will we stand or fall ; that by ourselves we are willing to encounter the burning eye of God ; that we are able to deliver ourselves from that justice which demands blood for sin ; and that we can change and purify our own hearts, and of ourselves mould them into the image of the Almighty.

But if we feel ourselves truly unable either to escape from punishment or to qualify ourselves for heaven, let us come with an humble and contrite spirit to Him who died that he might give gifts unto men, and submit ourselves to his creative influence. " A bruised reed will he not break." " He will gather the lambs with his arms." As we look to him with prayer, and converse with him through his Gospel, we shall find new and better dispositions growing within us,—holier habits of thought collecting and increasing,—a new interest excited within us about things regarded before with indifference,—a power over sin that is an earnest of future triumphs,—a pleasure in studying the divine dispensations, and discovering fresh traces of wisdom and goodness where others see nothing but what is gloomy and unintelligible,—and an activity in the fulfilment of every duty to God and man. And then " to him that hath shall be given ;"—our progress in grace and obedience will every day become easier and more delightful,—our perceptions of future and invisible things will become more lively, and our affections will be set upon things eternal in the heavens, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. Those subjects of thought which we before considered cheerless and tiresome, will wear a beauty that was before unperceived :—and the obedience that before appeared irksome and insupportable, will become our light yoke and our easy burden. We shall be able to measure our advance, by keeping our eye steadfastly fixed upon him, who came to new-create us by his Spirit into the image of God ; who was himself the express image of the Father, softened down to human comprehension and human imitation. By keeping our eye upon that holy and divine Redeemer as our pattern, and as the source of our means of conforming to it ; by constantly asking ourselves the solemn and humiliating question—" Is it thus that Christ would have thought, or said, or acted ?—or is this the temper by which he would have been actuated ?"—can we alone attain even the faintest resemblance. However short we may be of our divine original, we must not dare to take any *human* pattern. Even the devoted Paul said, " Be ye followers of me as I am of Christ." Divine and delightful Redeemer ! who didst turn from thy bright course among the stars unto the valley of the shadow of death for our sake,—suffer us not—suffer us not to think it too much to turn from the broad way that leadeth to destruction, to meet thee in this career of mercy ! Suffer us not to look at thee only to *hate* thy beams, that bring to our remembrance what we were—from what height fallen ! but change us by thy light and thy Spirit to thine own glorious image ; " and when we awake up after thy likeness, we shall be satisfied with it."

SERMON IV.

MATTHEW, xiii. 44.

The kingdom of Heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field, the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth, and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field.

THIS is our Saviour's account of the kingdom of Heaven. The great body of mankind appear to differ with him in opinion. They do not seem to agree with him in either of the two points that he has here stated; —neither acknowledging, that the kingdom of Heaven is a hidden treasure; nor admitting that, even when discovered, it may cost a man all that he has to attain it. That they are of a different opinion from our Saviour upon these subjects scarcely requires a proof. The case between them may be briefly stated thus:— According to him, the kingdom of Heaven is a hidden treasure. Salvation is a treasure which is naturally none of ours. Among all the riches that nature has scattered over the surface of the world, it is not to be found.—If we would find it, we must turn our back upon them all; and seek for it as if we were diving into the bowels of the earth. But what says the world? So far from regarding everlasting life as a hidden treasure which they must use all their power and diligence to explore, they consider it to be something that they may stoop for in their hurry through life, without either checking their speed, or turning aside either to the right hand or to the left. If they really and soberly believed that eternal life was something that was naturally hidden from them, and which they must turn out of their way to look for, or perish for ever,—it seems impossible that they could go wandering up and down the face of the earth in search of other objects, with the weight of such a conviction as this hanging heavy upon their souls. With such a thought as this following them, like a spectre, through life,—gliding by them during the business of the day,—glaring upon them in the repose of the night,—what strength or what spirits would these wretched men have to go on snatching those things, the end of which they knew to be death?

And yet, look back at the world from which you have now for a few moments escaped, and to which you will soon, in a few moments, return; and recollect,—how many do you imagine have ever stopped short in the middle of their career, and for even one day have looked round for salvation;—who have stepped aside out of the world as it was sweeping along, and have returned to seek for the solitary spot where the treasures of mercy and immortality were concealed? Nay, rather, how many do you recollect, who were following every object of human pursuit except this one—that is worth them all? Recollect how many of them would look at you as a strange man, who had taken up wild and fanciful notions, if you were to ask them a plain question, that shall be put to them at the day of judgment,—"Did you seek *first* the kingdom of God, and his righteousness?" Truly, if they seek a kingdom of Heaven, it cannot be that of which our Saviour speaks, for "that is a hidden treasure;" truly, if they find a kingdom of Heaven, it must be a new one of their own discovery,—they must stumble upon it in the highway, and meet it in the markets; but let them not look for that which he has promised, for, alas! it lies not in the wide gate, and the broad way; for, if we believe him, *they* lead to destruction. And if you will trust for salvation to your generous Redeemer, who paid himself, body and blood, for you, rather than to the hollow-hearted world, that would wring the last pittance from your dying grasp before it was cold, you must retire from the broad and beaten track where the world is driving along in pursuit of all its vanities, and seek for the treasure that God has buried; and, as you approach the spot, be sure to put your shoes from off your feet, for "the place where you stand is holy ground:" you must leave earth and earthly things behind you, for, remember, you are looking for the kingdom of Heaven.

Observe the reason why the treasure is hidden. Is it that your Almighty Father is unwilling that you should attain it? Is it that he takes pleasure in your destruction? Or is it that he apprehends his riches may be expended, his beneficence impoverished, his store of mercies exhausted? Is he too unmindful of you to save you? "Behold, he makes his sun to rise on the just and the unjust." No: but if we observe the circumstances under which this very parable was delivered, we shall learn why salvation is hidden from us: it was related, amongst many other parables, to a vast multitude that covered the sea-shore. The subjects of which these parables treated were the most awful upon which the human mind and the human heart can be exercised:—the laws, the judgments, the dispensations of God: the duty of man in this state; his lot in that which is to come. Yet from this multitude the kingdom of God was hid; they understood not what he spake; though "they had eyes, they saw not; though they had ears, they heard not; and their hearts were hardened." The great truths of religion were sounding around them on every side—and they attended not; for they looked for an earthly prince, who should bring them riches, power, and dominion; they looked for the kingdom of this world—they looked not for the kingdom of heaven; and therefore was that treasure hid from them, because they understood not its value; they did not feel it to be a *treasure*. No: God will not "cast his pearls before swine." But come to him with a profound sense of the value of an immortal soul; come to him with humble anxiety to learn where your treasure is buried, and he will not be wanting to you. If you lack wisdom, ask him ; for " he giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not." Take your Bible on the one side, and your heart on the other, and weigh them well together. Look in the one at the holiness of God ; look in the other at the corruption and insignificance of man ; then prostrate yourself before your Father, and beseech him to shew you the way of salvation,—and he will not be wanting. There will be angels with you at midnight, who will descend upon you while you are studying his will, and tell you that " for you is born a Saviour." He will command his star to rise for you in the East, and it shall stand over the place where your treasure lies. There go, and ye shall find that " which cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the onyx, or the sapphire ; no mention shall be made of corals or of pearls ; and the topaz of Ethiopia cannot equal it." Take care how you undervalue this salvation ; for *remember*, and *remember again*, that the reason why this treasure is hidden from any man is,—because he does not feel its value. If the kingdom of Heaven be hid from you ; if Christ's atonement be not yours ; if he be still buried, and be not risen for you ; the reason is because you do not know its value ; for, to them that believe, " Christ crucified is the power of God and the wisdom of God."

How then are we to know and feel its value ? The first thing is evidently this ; to know and feel what sin is, in all its awful enormity : for is it not evident, that we cannot estimate and embrace salvation unless we are profoundly sensible of the danger from which we are saved ? Consult your own common-sense. Is it not folly to say, that you believe in Jesus Christ, and hope to be saved by his blood from your sins, when you are not fully sensible of the guilt of those sins, and the punishment they would draw down upon your head ? Be assured God will not save those who do not deeply feel, from the very bottom of their hearts, their want of a Saviour. If you do not feel it, save yourself; but if you think that too bold an undertaking, then away to your own heart, and know what it is to have offended Almighty God, and to have called for nothing less than the blood of Christ to purify it! Consider only the things you have done; consider all your direct and deliberate transgressions of the Law of God, against which your own conscience exclaimed loudly, but in vain: consider all these things that you have left undone which you ought to have done, all your *silent omissions*;—sins, many of which stole by you softly, without noise, or alarm to your conscience, because you did not keep it alive and vigilant to your immortal concerns;—awful and treacherous sins! because they gather as you count them, so that you know not how many are behind: but, above all, consider that sin, which is the fountain of all other sin, the disposition of mind from which they flow,—the habitual forgetfulness of God; the everlasting and uninterrupted transgression of the great Law of God to man,—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength." Then, when you have weighed those sins and fallen down prostrate under the weight of them before your gracious Redeemer, smiting your breast and saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" then will you be able to understand the value of that treasure which God has bestowed, and then indeed will you feel the reason why it is buried and hidden from the rabble who are running headlong after riches, and pleasures, and honours,—because they do not feel their want of it.

But though a sense of sin, a broken and contrite heart, is the first and indispensable requisite to forming a just estimate of our redemption, and, therefore, to our taking the full advantage of it; blessed be God! it is not the only one.

There is a second requisite behind: and what is it? The words before us will disclose: "Which treasure when a man hath found, for joy thereof he goeth, and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field." The first, the necessary, the bitter requisite, is grief; grief for those sins that nailed the Son of God to the cross, and pierced his side. But the second is joy; joy that man cannot give, and man cannot take away. Now observe that this joy depends for its very existence upon the sorrow that precedes it, and is in proportion to its extent: for to say that we shall rejoice at a salvation from those sins which caused us no sorrow or no alarm, would be truly absurd: and here can we see how a Christian's sorrow and a Christian's joy go hand in hand; and as "there is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine who need no repentance;" so is there more joy in the breast of that sinner over his own repentance, than will ever exist in the breast of those who fancy they need none. Let this convince us how poor, how cold, how hardened are our hearts! for how few of us can really remember to have rejoiced over the salvation which Christ has wrought for him, with half the delight which he has felt at some earthly success, some temporal advantage. Recollect, there will be an hour of your life—the last—when the sweetest music that ever reached your ear would be the voice that would whisper, with an authority from God, that "yours was the kingdom of heaven." It would make the blood thrill freely again through the frame from which it was just ebbing and subsiding: it would make the faint lips colour, and utter a gasp of thankfulness, that appeared to have been locked in everlasting silence; it would make the eyes open with a gleam of joy, that appeared to have been closed for ever. Have you felt any thing like this?

But beware how you *mistake* that joy which may indicate that you have found that treasure. Behold! you will know it by its fruits; for he who felt that joy "went and sold all that he had, and bought that field." He made no bargain: he did not say, this much of the world will I keep, and thus much will I resign; he did not say, I will keep my covetousness, but I will resign my sensuality ; he did not say, I will retain my drunkenness, but will surrender my malice and revenge : but he comes humbly and devotedly, and flings down his vices, his passions, and his prejudices, before the throne of Almighty God, and says, "Take all, take every thing, take what thou wilt, and give me that which contains my salvation!"

It is true, men will laugh at his improvidence and simplicity: and when they see him cheerfully relinquishing the riches they so desperately pursue, and the pleasures of which they are so fondly enamoured, they will exclaim, What a foolish bargain has this man made in giving such a fine price for that barren field! —but what will he care, when he knows what it contains? Morning and evening will he retire to the solitary spot, and beseech his good Father to put a holy guard over the place, that no evil may come near, to rob him of his hope and his happiness: and in the day will he watch, lest he should be plundered by that enemy, who knows its value well, for he once enjoyed it, and has lost it for ever.

Yet do not conceive that he will remain in listless retirement and indolent meditation; for in that treasure he will find the armour of righteousness, in which he will array himself on the right hand and on the left;—from that treasure will he take the helmet of salvation and place it firmly upon his head;—from that will he gird himself with the sword of the Spirit, and his feet shall be shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace:—and at the time when men are fretting themselves about their hollow pleasures,—forgetting perhaps that such a being ever existed,—or remembering him only in order to ridicule the silly sacrifice that the poor man had made,—he will come out suddenly amongst them, all richly and gorgeously apparelled, to run his race of faith, and hope, and charity, in the eyes of all mankind; so that men shall look at each other aghast, and shall say, as they did of him who is the author and giver of all these gifts,—"Is not this the son of a man like ourselves ?" Whence hath this man all these things ? But they cannot long mistake whence it proceeds :—when such a light shines before men, they cannot but say, "Truly this is God's work !" and many may be led to look for that treasure, which they see can produce such glorious riches.

SERMON V.

MATTHEW, x. 28

Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

If an inhabitant of some distant part of the universe, —some angel that had never visited the earth, had been told that there was a world in which such an invitation had been neglected and despised, he would surely say: "The inhabitants of that world must be a very happy people;—there can be but few among them that labour and are heavy laden;—no doubt they must be strangers to poverty, sorrow, and misfortune;—the pestilence cannot come nigh their dwellings, neither does death ever knock at their doors;—and, of course, they must be unacquainted with sin, and all the miseries that are its everlasting companions."

If such were our case, we might let our Bibles moulder into dust, and "refuse to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely;"—even of him who says, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." So that the first thing we are naturally led to consider in this, as in every other invitation, is the kind of persons to whom it is addressed: for if we do not find that we correspond to the description, it would be a waste of time to expend any further consideration upon the subject.

It is addressed to those that labour and are heavy laden: so are all the promises of the Gospel. They are all made in language of the fondest, the kindest, the most affectionate consolation. It is language that could not be understood, that would be utterly unmeaning, if addressed to those who were perfectly at ease in their feelings, and had no weight upon their minds. To him that is at ease in his possessions, the Gospel speaks in a solemn and hollow voice: "Thou fool, this night thy soul may be required of thee, and then, whose shall all those things be?" But to those whose hearts are disquieted within them, it speaks in a tone of the softest tenderness, and the most enchanting compassion.

How is the office of our Redeemer described, first by the prophet, and afterwards by himself? "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted,—to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;—to comfort all that mourn;—to give unto them beauty for ashes,—the oil of joy, for mourning,—the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Now this is what our Saviour came to perform; it is the formal description of his office; and you perceive he is sent to the broken-hearted,—to the captives,—to them that are bound,—to them that mourn,—to them that are in the spirit of heaviness. At one time, he is beautifully represented as speaking "a word in season to him that is weary;" at another, he is described as "the Sun of Righteousness, rising with *healing* on his wings." He opened his ministry with blessings "on the poor in Spirit;" with blessings "on them that mourn." He answered the accusations of the proud men who were at ease in their possessions, and who felt not heavy laden, that he "came not to those that were *whole*, but to those that were sick;" and then he points to the humble publican who came heavy-laden to the house of God, so that he could not lift up his eyes unto heaven, under his burden,—and that man found rest unto his soul. And when that Redeemer was about to depart,—that Redeemer, whose office it was to bind up the broken-hearted, to comfort them that mourn, to give rest to the heavy-laden,—what did he promise? "Another *Comforter*, that should abide with us for ever." Such is the strain of the Gospel from beginning to end. It is the ministry of consolation, that therefore, from its very nature, speaks only to them that need to be consoled.

The Gospel is "a word in season to him that is weary;" therefore it speaks only to him that is weary, to him that is seeking rest and finding none; and to him it brings relief, refreshment, and repose. It finds you a bruised reed,—it props and supports you. It finds you weeping,—and it wipes away all tears from your eyes. It finds you fearful, cheerless, disquieted,—and it gives you courage, hope, and tranquillity. There is a wilderness before her, and the garden of Eden behind; before her is lamentation, and mourning, and woe; behind her, come thanksgiving and the voice of melody.

Thus is the Gospel an invitation to those that are heavy-laden; and it is the business of every man to ask himself solemnly the question—"Is he one of those who are invited?" If you be one of those who labour and are heavy-laden,—come now, come freely, and you shall find rest unto your souls! (We shall presently consider how you are to come, so as to accept this invitation.)

But if you are not heavy-laden, ask yourself the cause. Is it because you have already accepted this invitation, and have already found rest unto your soul? If this be the case, "good luck have thou with thine honour! ride on, because of the word of truth, of meekness, and of righteousness!"

But is your mind at ease? is there no weight upon your spirits? You are, perhaps, at rest; but it may not be the rest that Christ has promised. Then this invitation is not to you; it is to the heavy-laden: the Gospel has no promises for you; for its promises are those of comfort and consolation. If you are contented with this fearful ease, "sleep on, and take your rest!" perhaps you will not awake until the sound of the last trumpet. But if this is too terrible a resolution, then rouse yourself this instant. But you may say, "How am I to become one of those who are here invited? Am I to go wandering over the world in search of some burden that may qualify me to accept this invitation? Am I to invent some new kind of grief for myself,—to strike out some unnatural kind of uneasiness? Where is this heavy burden? where is this sorrow, without which I cannot come to him?"—"Behold it is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart." It is in thy *mouth*:—there is scarcely a day of our lives that we do not utter or hear some complaint against mankind, and the world, and the inconstancy of human affairs. Where will you turn yourself without meeting a man to salute you with a murmur? to tell you that something has gone wrong with him—that something is not as it should be? Where will you find a man that has not some thorn in his side? The world is full of these cowardly and despicable complaints;—and no one dreams of a neglected Saviour, that stands ready to give you rest from them all. Really and truly, do you mean to say that, when you are asked at the day of judgment why you did not come to him who offered rest to the heavy-laden, you will be able to answer with sincerity—"I was too happy to come to him; I felt no burden." But it would not be in thy mouth, if it were not also in thy heart.

Consider the words: they are set in opposition to the words "yoke and burden," a few verses below; where Christ offers *his* yoke to those that *labour*, and *his* burden to those that are *heavy-laden:* so that the words imply *bondage* and *toil.* It means:—Come to me, all ye that labour under any galling yoke, and all ye that are laden with any heavy burdens, and I will give you rest.

First: are you one who are in the service of any sin against which you know that the wrath of God is registered? Are you in bondage to any of your lusts or appetites, and labouring under its yoke, so that it turns and drives you, like one of your own cattle, wherever it pleases, so that it does what it likes with you, and says,—" Go, and you go; do this, and you do it?" and do you afterwards feel the heavy burden *of your own contempt*, and of a *guilty conscience*,—a burden that makes you feel you have degraded yourself to the rank of a brute, that can be turned with a bit and a bridle, —a burden that weighs you down and prevents you from looking up to Heaven like a man, lest you see wrath written against you, and fiery indignation? Or are you one who are in the service of the world, fretting yourself under a yoke of toils, and cares, and watchings, and long calculations; and have you felt the burden of many a bitter disappointment; and, at all events, the weight upon your mind, that an hour will come when you will be called away from all the things upon which you have set your affections; when you will find that you have made your treasure upon earth, and will have to leave your heart with it behind you? Or are you one who has been trying to *earn* your own way to Heaven—toiling to make up with Heaven a long account of debtor and creditor; and have you discovered that you have all this time been heaping an insupportable burden upon your back; that the law is spiritual, but that you are carnal, sold under sin?

Just consider how the apostle discovered this burden in himself. " I know that in me, that is, *in my flesh*, dwelleth no good thing; for, *to will*, is present with me; but how *to perform* that which is good, I find not. I find a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me." "I delight in the law of God after the inward man, but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members." Then he exclaims, " O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" He felt the burden hanging heavy upon his soul: during all this time he had been engaged, as it were, in putting it into the balances, and weighing it; and he found it so awfully oppressive, that he cries out, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this burden of sin?"

And do you feel nothing like this in your own heart? Do you find no law of God, and no law of sin? A law of God, setting before you what he loves; and a law of sin, leading you to *say* and *do* what he hates? Nay, how often have you yourself admitted that your conscience is an awful burden, by your attempts to shake it off; to get rid of its load, to invent some contrivance for lessening its weight; leaning your burden against a shattered wall, which one day or other will give way, and your burden bear you down to the ground. How often are you fond of throwing in false weights, for the purpose of deceiving yourself as to the real state of your conscience.

But there is one remarkable consideration that is fully sufficient of itself to convince us that we have a load, and a very heavy one, hanging upon our hearts and our consciences: it is simply this,—our unwillingness to examine them. There is not one of us who does not feel it to be a loathsome, a disgusting, a most painful, and a most humiliating task. Only observe with what eagerness we avoid it; how many excuses we make in order that we may escape an acquaintance with our own hearts and an inquiry into our own consciences. Now this is a positive proof that we know full well the inquiry would turn against us. It is the testimony of our hearts against themselves at the very outset. Why should you be afraid of examining yourself, if you did not know well that you would find a heavy burden within? Just consider what a delightful occupation would self-examination become if we had any reason to suppose that our hearts would make a favourable report? Every man loves to hear his own praises, if he believes them to be true. O if we had any idea that our own heart would praise us, there would not be a more delightful task upon earth than that of examining ourselves. How eagerly should we steal away to our closets and our Bibles if we thought that we should come away satisfied with ourselves, approving ourselves, assured that all was safe within! How happy should you be in weighing your heart if you thought you should find it really a light and an easy one! How happy should you feel in looking at it over and over, and again and again, if you thought you should find it good, and pure, and holy! What a luxury would it be to start a new virtue at every step of our inquiry, to indulge in the contemplation of our own goodness, and the applause of our own consciences; and what a beautiful thing would the Bible appear to us if we thought that at every page we turned we read our own salvation! O then, what must be the real state of the case, when we would study any thing rather than the book of God, and would plunge into any society rather than the company of our own hearts! Is it not a proof that, in the one, we know we should find the evidence of our guilt; and, in the other, the registry of our condemnation? This plain and simple fact, that we would do any thing rather than examine our own hearts, is a sufficient evidence of the corruption of our nature;—we are afraid to look at it; a sufficient proof of the heavy burden within;—we are afraid to weigh it.

So that you perceive, that when God invites only those that labour and are heavy-laden, he does not call upon you to invent any new kind of burden or sorrow for yourself, but merely to know and feel your real state. Nothing can be fairer: he just requires that you should be fully sensible of the state in which you are, before he condescends to save you from it; that you should feel your burden, before he condescends to remove it. Just conceive what a mockery it would be to talk to a man of comforting him for sorrows that he never felt, and of relieving him from a burden that he never endured! This is plain common-sense: may our common-sense never rise to testify against us at the day of judgment!

Nay more, our *very pleasures* are a burden to us—for how many of them are the causes of pain, of sorrow, of remorse! Upon how many of them do we look back with disgust, after the enjoyment of them has ceased! And then, last of all, are they not bounded by death? This is the gulf in which they are all swallowed up. So that the more of these pleasures we shall have enjoyed, the more we shall have set our affections upon them; the greater will be our unwillingness to part with them; the greater will be the burden we have been heaping upon our death-beds.

We have now considered to whom this invitation is made: it is to those that labour and are heavy-laden. Who is there that does not feel he is included in the invitation? The next thing to be considered is, how it is to be accepted?—"Come unto me." Though all these promises are made to those who are heavy-laden, it is that they may come: if they come not, all is lost!

It is plain, then, that the first step in coming to him must be a full and perfect reliance upon his *power* and his *willingness* to give you rest: and who can doubt his *power—his* power, who is the Son of God? who first gained the victory over the grave himself, to shew that death should have no dominion over those whom he protected!

And who can doubt his willingness to save? Who, that looks for one moment at the cross, can dare to doubt it? O! if *we* were but half as willing to be saved as *he* is to save us, which of us would not depart this day redeemed? Only observe how he who makes the promises, *beseeches*, *entreats*, *implores* you to come to him. O! if we were half as earnest in our prayers to *him* as *he* is in *his* prayers to *us*, which of us would not this day find rest unto his soul?

But though perfect is the first step that leads to this rest,—recollect, it is *but* the *first;* it must be immediately followed up by others. For the next verse immediately proceeds: "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart."* Now, to take a person's yoke upon you is to become his servant: so that the meaning is, you must take me for your master, and learn of me. You must be willing to take off that heavy burden, the yoke of sin, the yoke of the world, and allow him to put *his* in its place. You must fling down at his feet your pride, your drunkenness, your impurity, your avarice, your worldly mindedness. You will make no bargains with him for keeping one sin, and letting another go: this would be mere traffic; not taking him for your master: it would be endeavouring to serve two masters.

The only way of being sure that you are coming to Christ is,—are you coming *all* to him? Are you keeping any sin to yourself? Are you keeping your *favourite* sin? This is the shortest and the only sure trial. If you are not surrendering that, be assured you are attempting to serve two masters,—Christ and that favourite sin, whatever it may be. The only way of trying yourself is this:—Do you allow Christ to obtain a mastery over all your vices? Do you make him the fountain of all your virtues? Do you avoid all evil for his sake? And, above all, is he the bright example that you follow? Do you take some poor human standard of excellence, and put that in the place of Christ? Or do you look to him, not only for salvation, but for example? Is his lowly and meek humility, his pure and holy conversation, his active and benevolent charity, his mild and gentle patience, his fervent and constant piety, his spirit of mercy and forgiveness,—are these your pattern of perfection to which you seek to be conformed?

Now the last thing to be considered is, the rest which he bestows;—in what does it consist, and how does he bestow it? The two following verses contain a full explanation: "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me." You perceive it is in the *exchange of yokes and burdens* that this rest consists;—in taking off the uneasy yoke and the heavy burden, and taking in its place Christ's easy yoke and light burden : "Take *my* yoke."

Now, what is Christ's yoke ? "He that loveth me keepeth my commandments :" and we are told by the same apostle, "His commandment is not grievous ;" and *the reason* is, because we keep his commandments from a *principle of love.* It is not that we wear his yoke and take his burden in order, like a hireling or a slave, to earn our own rest and salvation, but it is the free service of warm, and earnest, and humble gratitude ; a service of love that, after doing all, makes us willing to exclaim, "We are unprofitable servants !" It is because we serve one who is meek and lowly of heart, anxious to teach us by the influence of his Spirit how to find his yoke easy and his burden light ; how to find it delightful to do the will of his Father which is in Heaven, and thus to resemble our divine Master ; so that, instead of being *servants* and *slaves*, we become the *friends* and the *brethren* of our Master, and find his service perfect freedom : our obedience is not the *means* of our *procuring* our rest, but is the *rest itself.*

The blessed Saviour always administers to those who come to him, with heart and soul, both the means of fulfilling his will and of finding it sweet, easy, and delightful. He teaches us and enables us to do it from humble love and earnest gratitude ; to look to him for fresh supplies of spiritual strength ; and, whenever we are weary and faint by the way, to turn aside to him, where he stands by the fountain of living waters and gives freely to all that are athirst ; and then with fresh strength we raise our light burden, and go on our way rejoicing. It is true men choose to consider Christ as a hard task-master, and his blessed service as gloomy and severe : but to these men there are two very short answers : first, that it is only to those that labour and are heavy-laden that this is addressed,—to those who feel an insupportable load upon their souls and their consciences ; and to them the exchange is indeed delightful: but if these men feel themselves perfectly at their ease, if they are happy in their present state,—they are very welcome to take their own ease. Secondly, that the service of Christ always proceeds from a motive of earnest and humble gratitude, or it is no service at all. It is not so many *separate* and *detached* acts of service; but it comes warm and entire from a holy and sacred affection that makes it a service of perfect freedom.

SERMON VI.

MATTHEW, xi. 12.

They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.

WE may remember that this was the answer of Christ to the Pharisees when they reproached him with admitting sinners into his society; and it would, therefore, at first appear that they did not conceive they were sinners themselves when they ventured to bring such an accusation against him. And yet this seems hardly possible: blind and self-righteous as they were, we can scarcely imagine that any man could obtain such a victory over his conscience, or bring the art of self-deception to such perfection, as to fancy that he had never sinned!

Now to us it must appear one of the strangest things in the world how any man could entertain the least doubt upon the subject. If a man were to tell us that he was not a sinner, we would consider it a sign—not of innocence, but of derangement. God knows! many a man seems to pass through life as if he were walking in his sleep; and sin and righteousness appear nearly alike to him: he seldom opens his eyes to see things as they really are; but still it is impossible to suppose that he does not often encounter a shock that bewilders and alarms him, and stumble upon some sin that rouses him to a sense of guilt. Really it seems inconceivable that any man possesses the art of self-deception to so ruinous a degree. Our Saviour's answer may lead to the true state of the case : " They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—They did not perceive that sin was a *disease.* They knew, indeed, that they had been guilty of several gentle offences, a sin now and then ; but they had not learned that it was a disorder seated in their very constitution. This seems to have been the fatal error of the Pharisees ; the tremendous mistake that blinded their eyes, so that they saw not, and stopped their ears, that they heard not. The fact is, if they had regarded the soul as they did the body,—if they had but reasoned in the one case as in the other, it is astonishing what new and alarming views would have arisen upon the minds of these men, and how many of them we should have found taking the lowest seat with him who ate and drank with publicans and sinners, and gathering up the crumbs that fell from the table !

If any one of us were now suddenly informed by a physician that a deadly malady was at this instant preying upon his vitals, that his blood was poisoned, and his health undermined, and his constitution falling asunder,—he would, doubtless, return to his house in no very comfortable state of mind ; he would throw himself upon his bed, and feed upon the gloomy thoughts of approaching dissolution ; would begin, perhaps, to make his will, and call his friends about him to apprise them that he was soon to bid them farewell ; and if he felt a joint ache, and his pulse begin to beat faster or slower, or if he looked in the glass and saw his cheek turning pale, and his lip becoming livid, and his eye growing dim,—he would say ; Alas ! he told me nothing but the truth ! and this is that fearful disease that is to bring me to my grave ! And then how would all the little symptoms be noted and remembered ; how would the nature and the seat of the disease be studied and examined ; and if a physician were to drop a hint that the disorder was within the reach of his skill, or if there was a whisper through the family that something could be done, and that hope was not yet to be renounced—the very news would be a kind of health to you, and your faded and pallid countenance would brighten with anticipated freshness and renovation!—Now, if a man were really convinced that such a disease as this had taken possession of his eternal soul, what can we suppose would be his sensations! If a distant hint, if an indistinct murmur were breathed that there was something wrong about it;—an eternal thing with something wrong about it! to think that that living spirit within us, by which we can hold communion with the unseen world and the Father of Spirits, and which is destined to wander through eternity, is indisposed and out of order!—what alarm, what jealousy of inquiry should it excite? what earnest investigation of symptoms; what anxious search into the nature of the complaint and the possibility of a cure? And yet it is astonishing with what perfect composure a man not only can hear the voice of Almighty God warning him, but can acknowledge that there is no health in him, and yet scarcely think it a subject worth his inquiry!

Really it is pitiable and melancholy to hear with what accuracy a sick man will describe all the marks and features of his disorder; how every passing pain, every change, every symptom, and every fluctuation of health and strength is treasured up, and amplified, and discussed. What a physician does the sick man become in his own case!—nay, with what seeming pleasure does he dwell upon every circumstance! with what fond and longing eloquence he can expatiate upon his pangs and his sufferings, as if he loved them because they are his own! But if you inquire into the health of his eternal soul, its sicknesses, its symptoms, its peculiar constitution, its signs of life and death; all dumb, all languid, all flat and unprofitable! Before we go farther; is not this a sufficient proof that all is wrong,—that the spirit within him has been left to take care of itself, while the heap of dust to which it is attached has excited such an interest that every grain of it seems to have been weighed and counted? O that it would force itself upon our senses, and burst itself upon our notice! O that this mysterious stranger within us could appear to us in some palpable shape, that we might inspect, and handle, and examine it;—that we might be able to feel the beating of its pulse, and watch the changes of its complexion;—that we might know when it looked pale, and sickly, and death-like, and when it wore the fresh and rosy hue of health!—But it hides itself from my view,—it muffles itself from my observation; and though I can amuse myself with looking at the perishable body in which it is contained through a microscope, and studying its very infirmities with a fond and melancholy delight, I do not feel a sufficient interest in the immortal and unseen spirit within to follow it into its hiding-places, and pursue it into its recesses. If we went no farther, this is enough to prove that there is some fatal disease within—that we do not seem to care for the inquiry.

But, in the next place, when the body is concerned we seldom find that we mistake a *symptom* for the disease. Only observe with what scrutinising ingenuity a man will penetrate into the hiding-places in his constitution to discover the root and ground of some disorder that has shewn itself in some external sign!—And should not the blind Pharisees have known, even of themselves, that it is from within,—"out of the hearts of men proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, deceit, lasciviousness;" that all these evil things come from within, and "it is out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." These, sins as they are, these,—against which the great God has registered his wrath, and for all which we shall be brought into judgment,—these are, after all, signs and symptoms of something worse within. Our evil words and our evil deeds are only overflowings of the soul, and do not shew the depth of the fountain from which they proceed. It has, indeed, its ebbs and its flows, like those diseases that shew themselves at some periods more than at others; but we should make a sad error if we mistook the *signs* of a complaint for the complaint itself. It is often by a slight variation of the pulse,—a pain, trifling in itself, a change in the habit or aspect, that would hardly be observed unless narrowly examined and inspected, that a physician detects a malady which is making serious and frightful inroads upon the constitution.

We may at once convince ourselves of this by imagining ourselves thrown into a thousand situations in which we have seen others involved, and from which we have been preserved we know not how; and in which sins, that have only shewn themselves by faint and transient flashes, would have burst into a blaze, and have raged with the fury of a conflagration. Awful and tremendous truth! that our sins, while they are the *signs*, are not the *measures* of the sin within; and while they are terrible proofs that it exists, still leave us to discover its height and its depth, its length and breadth;—they may graduate its *tides* and *fluctuations*, but they leave its depths unfathomed, and its shores unexplored. But if some powerful conjuncture of attractions should operate, we know not what tempests are lurking in its bosom, and ready to burst forth. Then, as there are different kinds of *bodily*, so there are of *spiritual* disorders. You will see some of an ardent and fiery constitution, whose complaint will shew itself by violent signs that cannot be mistaken; and they prove that sin and death are rioting within them, and withering their eternal health, by an ostentation of their depravity, by drunkenness or debauchery, or by blasphemy, riot, or revenge. These men have the signs of a raging fever, and they often proceed to that degree of derangement and delirium that they actually forget the difference between health and sickness, and fancy that all is safe at the moment they have attained the height of their disorder!

But there are others of a milder temperament, where the signs are more silent and more treacherous; where the eye is bright and the countenance is florid, and the frame receives no shock, and the nerves remain composed, and the spirits tranquil ;—and yet death is feeding upon the vitals! These are the men whose walk in life is generally decent and respectable; but the heart and the affections are fixed on perishable objects;—whose care, whose hopes, and whose dear delight, are things visible, that shall pass away ;—souls that feed on ashes, and declare their kindred with the worm that perisheth by feeding upon perishable food,—whose minds represent the tombs to which they are approaching,—whited sepulchres, that indeed are beautiful outward, but if you look within, you find nothing but death! These persons seem to descend into the grave with a fatal gentleness that causes no shock, to awake them ; they waste away by a lingering consumption, and feel not that they are dwindling, and dwindling, into ruin; and they know not that " where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also ;" and that, therefore, if it be not set upon God, and Heaven, and immortal things, thy eternal soul is wasting into destruction, and the worms are underneath thee, and cover thee!

There are numberless varieties of spiritual complaints; perhaps equal in number to those of the body, which are most emphatically called in Scripture, " the plagues of men's hearts."

But now observe the various excuses we attempt to make, the thousand ways in which we endeavour to deceive ourselves with respect to the disease of the eternal soul within us ; and then observe how vain—how silly would these appear if they were applied to the body. How often will a man make the excuse that he was born with the seeds of this corruption, and plead this as a reason for cherishing and encouraging it, or at least for neglecting it and allowing it to work its own way? Now what should we think of a man who attempted to quiet our fears, when we were labouring under a cruel bodily complaint, by telling us that it is in the family, and we inherit it from our ancestors? Did it ever save any man's life yet?

But again; there are men who will mix in that society, and advance with the utmost security into those situations, where impurity, sensuality, and a worldly and carnal frame of mind are encouraged, and where affections are more and more set upon earthly pleasures and earthly enjoyments,—and yet they will declare that no evil consequences can arise, and that they felt no spiritual disadvantage from the indulgence.

Now what should we think of a man who should tell us, if an infectious complaint were raging around us, that we might venture securely into the midst of the contagion, and frequent those houses where it prevailed? and who should tell us, that if we did not actually feel the infection, or the poison, while it was mixing with our blood and entering into our veins, we might consider ourselves safe, and conclude that the effect might not afterwards break forth and carry us into our graves?

And yet it is thus that we often attempt to deceive ourselves both with respect to the *existence*, the *nature*, the *danger*, and the *effects* of our spiritual diseases; although any man that reasoned, thought, and acted in the same way, with respect to the *body*, would be considered to have forfeited his claim to the attribute of reason, and to have renounced his common sense. And then, when one thinks what may be the *death of an eternal spirit*,—what new, what fearful, what unknown miseries it has to undergo! what it must be to moulder and waste through all eternity! we cannot dwell upon it—it is too much!

But there is a gracious Physician, who comes to bind up the broken-hearted;—the good Samaritan, that stands by the way-side, to pour wine and oil into our wounds, to minister to our sicknesses, and to heal our infirmities. All those who feel the cruel breach that sin has made in their health, and who are sensible that they cannot recover themselves, may come to him—and he will assuredly relieve them.

Now, when an *earthly* physician is called in, what is the first thing required of the patient? A perfect reliance upon the skill and the good-will of the physician. What should we think of that patient who felt a disease rioting in his vitals, and should begin to analyse the medicines that were administered, and to demand an account of the particular mode in which they were to effect his cure? Should not the physician be obliged to give him all the information he himself possessed before he could explain it? And is it much that the Lord Jesus Christ should demand from us that faith which we must necessarily place in a human being, or be content to lie down and perish?

Just consider how many silly expedients a sick man will try where there is the most distant hope of recovery; and then say, whether you will not trust the all-powerful, the all-wise, the all-gracious Being, who bore all the sicknesses and infirmities of your bodily nature —all for your sake, and submitted to the agonies of death to deliver you from hopeless ruin?

Be assured that, if you really feel the burden of your disease, you will not hesitate a moment. Come to him with earnest, humble prayer—with a heart at once penetrated with a sense of its corruptions and a love of the Divine Being who offers to pardon and to purify—and assuredly he will not refuse; for he tells us specially—that he came not for those that are whole, but those that are sick; and this he himself explains in the following verse:—"I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." But here he also shews us the nature of the cure; he came to call them to repentance, to a change of mind.

It must be, of course, by some change in the inner man that a radical disease must be exterminated from the constitution. It seems as if it were actually out of the nature of things that it should be otherwise. When the good and benevolent Being vouchsafed to entreat his wayward and rebellious people to deliver their own soul, he says, "Make you a new heart; for why will you die, O house of Israel?" as if death were the sure and inevitable consequence of their old state, from which it was inconsistent with the natural course of things that they could be saved except by making a new heart and a right spirit within them. But this *he* is willing to do if we come earnestly and humbly to look for it; for he declares,—"I will give my Holy Spirit to them that ask it;" and, "he that spared not his own Son, how shall he not also, with him, freely give us all things!"

But we must allow him to choose his own way. It is generally by producing new habits and tempers of mind —new desires and affections, which gain strength by degrees, that he effects our cure. We have seen but few *bodily* cures effected by any sudden or instantaneous power; and they were generally most subject to relapse.

The good and benign Physician consults our weakness and our nature at the very time that he undertakes to overcome them. How is the cure to be conducted, from its weak beginning, to health and maturity? Now, how would an earthly physician answer this question, proposed with respect to a *bodily* complaint? He would say, "by exercise." Just so the new principle implanted within us,—the heavenly tempers and exalted affections,—the delight in God and things invisible, that is the dawn of health to the sick man, is to be cherished and invigorated by a constant converse with holy things, and a constant energy in the performance of every duty. Consider how the great Physician was employed, when he was upbraided by the haughty Pharisee, and when he declared that he was engaged in the very work of healing those who are spiritually sick, and calling sinners to repentance: he was eating and drinking with the sinners; he was engaged in familiar, yet holy conversation with them; and what though he is now far above, out of the range of mortal sight; though he is not now employed in working those bodily cures which were faint representations of the renovation of a ruined soul; although he now no longer walks in our streets, letting his blessed shadow fall upon our infirmities as he passes along,—yet his Word and his Spirit are still with us—the Spirit which he sent as his substitute, which is to aid and invigorate our prayers; and the Word that is a substitute for that divine conversation, by which he spoke health to the sinner's soul, while he sat at meat with them. And that Word is wonderfully adapted to all varieties of constitutions, and the several degrees of spiritual health they may have attained; for "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

SERMON VII.

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1 CORINTHIANS, vi. 20.

Ye are bought with a price.

THE use that St. Paul makes of these words is as remarkable as the words themselves. Some time after he had left the Corinthians, he was informed that many of them, while they still professed to be Christians, had fallen away from the purity of the Gospel which he had preached. They no longer trembled, when the man was gone who used to reason among them "of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." They relapsed into former habits with an appetite that seemed to have been sharpened and increased by the self-denial to which they had for a time submitted; and the evil spirit, which had gone out for a season, said, "I will return to my house whence I came out ; and he took other spirits more wicked than himself, and went in, and dwelt there : and the last state of many of those men was worse than the first." St. Paul remarks, that many vices, such as extortions, strife, envy, and revenge, were gaining fearful ground upon them : many of them indulged in gluttony, in drunkenness, in debauchery, in adultery, to an extent that had been before unknown. They prostituted their bodies to intemperance, and their immortal souls to covetousness, malignity, and corruption.

This was cruel and bitter intelligence to such a man as Paul,—one, whose heart and soul were wrapped up in the success of his ministry,—who seemed to rejoice with the joy of ten thousand angels over one sinner that repented, and mourned like one heart-broken if one soul, that appeared to have been won from sin, had fallen away from its immortality. He accordingly writes to them a letter, the most solemn and the most tender that can well be conceived, in language at once the most dignified and affectionate; and he here brings down the great argument of the Gospel upon them with all its weight.

Perhaps we shall understand it better if we first consider those which are generally used in such cases.

If a prudent man of the world, who had little respect for religion, but a high sense of what is called morality, had been sent to preach to these men, what arguments do we conceive he would have employed? He would probably have said: "The excesses in which you indulge will ruin your health, will shorten your days, will rack your body with pain and disease, will enfeeble your understanding, rendering it poor, unsteady, and effeminate, unable to follow any regular, manly, and honourable occupation in life; you will lose both your own respect, and the respect of the world; and if you cherish ill-will, malice, and envy, it will destroy your peace of mind, and keep you at variance with your fellow-creatures, with whom you should live in friendship and tranquillity." And he would say very right: these arguments are in general very true; but, alas! they are seldom found to avail; and when they do, suppose the object gained, their hearts relieved, their lives lengthened, their success in the pursuit of affluence secured, their reputation standing fair in the eye of all the world; there is yet something behind; there is a death, and there is a judgment; and have they looked to them? have they prepared for them? Verily they have had their reward,—the reward they looked for,—health, wealth, long life, and reputation. What claim have they to any thing farther?

But suppose a man who possesses a higher sense of religion, but who forgets to look for it in his Bible,—who recollects that there is to be a state of rewards and punishments, but who forgets that it is only through a blessed Mediator that we can hope for escape from the one, and for the attainment of the other,—suppose such a one sent to reform these profligates, what might he say? He would probably say, 'The course in which you are proceeding is offensive to Almighty God, and will draw down his everlasting vengeance and indignation upon your heads; but, change your course, and reform, and you will then deserve his forgiveness, his favour, and his blessing.' Alas! this argument would, it is to be feared, have less chance of succeeding than the former; for while it places the objects to be attained at a greater distance, it leaves their attainment much more uncertain; for, in the first place, how could they know whether the God of holiness would pardon past enormities for the sake of future obedience? Suppose they had lived a life of righteousness to the very moment of which we are speaking, would they not be *obliged* to continue it to the end? How then can they know whether future obedience may atone for past transgressions?

But, in the next place, suppose all past sins cancelled, to what are they to look forward? One might say, 'I know not what *kind* of righteousness or what *degree* of righteousness God requires. If he requires a life of unsinning obedience, I am lost for ever; if not, I know not what vices I must give up, or what I may still keep without forfeiting his favour. I have no reason to say where he will draw the line: if he can endure sin at all, without punishing it, he may pardon me in my present state, without any change whatever.'

But what was the argument of Paul, the Christian apostle, the minister of the Gospel? "Ye are not your own: ye are bought with a price." You are bought and sold, body and soul: you are no longer your own property. Now the conclusion that he immediately draws, is, " Therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." I do not call upon you to renounce your evil ways, because you think it may conduce to your own health and convenience—to your own satisfaction and gratification here—to your success in life, and to the establishment of a fair reputation ; I should then acknowledge you to be your own property, to belong to yourselves : nor do I summon you to repentance because you are able to atone for your past transgressions, and to make your own peace with God ; this would look as if I still acknowledged you to belong to yourselves, and to be your own property, and that you could make a bargain with Heaven,—that you could buy off a vice with a virtue and a sin by some fit of obedience : but I challenge you as the property of Jesus Christ, which he has purchased to himself for ever and ever, that you surrender yourself into his service, and glorify him as your Master, your Saviour, and your Redeemer.

This is the argument of God himself to every one amongst us, to turn from the sins of his own heart and his own life ; and it should be as omnipotent as the God from whom it proceeds :—" Ye are bought with a price." From what are we bought ? From these very sins, and the punishment they would draw down upon our souls. Here is every motive that can actuate a rational being : here there is no doubt of the dreadful aspect which our sins wear in the sight of the Supreme Being ; for they required a terrible price to release us from them—nothing less than *the blood of God ;* and here is no doubt of love and mercy and forgiveness—for the price is paid. O then, as you would not disappoint the good and gracious being in all that he has done for you ; as you would not wish that that price were paid for you in vain, acknowledge yourself his purchased servant, and glorify him in the body and in the spirit that he has bought ! You must become his property. But you will say, ' Behold, are not all things his ? Are not heaven and earth, the sea, and all their inhabitants,—the firmament, the vast expanse of the universe, and all that it contains, *his* property?' Yes: they are indeed all his:—but there was one loved and favoured being among them all, whom he called *peculiarly* his own. In our Father's house there were indeed many *hired servants;* but among all his creatures there was *one Son;* for he said, "Let us make man in our own image:" and he formed him for a representative of himself. He was the property of God, as a child is the property of his father. His thoughts belonged to God; for there was not one which he wished to conceal from him: they loved to dwell upon the glorious attributes of his Father, and admire the wonders of his power and of his goodness. No foul and corrupt desires, no sordid wishes interrupted the purity and brightness of his soul; no angry, envious, or revengeful passion disturbed its deep and beautiful tranquillity. The spirit of man was then clearness and sunshine; not a storm to ruffle, not a cloud to obscure it; and it was transparent to the eye of Him in whose sight the sins that seem but specks and atoms to our view appear enlarged to a fearful size. The language of his lips belonged to God; for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh:" and then the heart abounded with all good and holy thoughts, and therefore no foul or bitter language issued from such a fountain, but it overflowed at his lips in praise or thanksgiving. The *deeds* of his hands and the course of his life belonged to God; for his body was the servant of his soul, and was the glorious instrument by which he carried the wishes of a good and benevolent heart into execution. "In his law did he exercise himself day and night," and he "glorified God in his body and his spirit." If he was in subjection to *God,* he was yet in bondage to *no other being in the universe;* and His yoke was easy, and His burden light.

What need is there to dwell upon the miserable change? Which of us sees any thing like his own character in that which we have been considering?

Or which of us, after reflecting for a moment upon what man was, and ought to be, can look upon himself, without smiting upon his breast, and saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Who is the Lord and Master of our body and our spirit, and whom do we glorify with them? Whom do we follow and obey, and whose will have we most frequently and generally consulted in our conduct through life? To whom do our *thoughts* belong? Upon what objects do they delight to repose, and how many of them would you wish to conceal from the pure and everlasting gaze of your Creator? How often would you wish that his eye had been closed upon you, and that he could not read the secret movements of your heart? Are they not often such as you would be ashamed to disclose even to a poor mortal like yourself? And yet there will be a day when they will be made known, when the secrets of all hearts will be revealed.

To whom does your *conversation* belong? Upon what subjects do you most delight to speak? Does the name of God occur only to be blasphemed; or, if it ever rudely intrudes into your conversation, is it not banished like an unwelcome visiter that interrupts your enjoyments? How often would you wish Heaven deaf to your voice, and that the ears of the Almighty were closed to the words of your mouth? And yet there will be a day when every wanton, blasphemous, and unholy and uncharitable expression will be read aloud: "For every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment."

To whom do your *actions* belong? Of all that you have done, and of all your pursuits in life, how many have you done or undertaken for the purpose of glorifying Almighty God; and how many to glorify yourself, your own pride, your own covetousness, your own vanity, your own malice, your own sensuality, and the opinion of the world? And yet, "for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

Ask yourselves solemnly the question, whom have you served? Have we not sought to do *our* own will, and not the will of *him who made us?* The consequence is, that instead of being free, we have fallen into bondage to our own passions and lusts, and have been the sport of every temptation of the world, and the victim of that dreadful being who is the author and promoter of all sin and all misery. When we broke the bonds that united us to our Creator, every gust of passion, every whisper of the world, and every suggestion of the devil, obtained dominion over us; and what is the consequence?—"Know ye not, that to whom ye render yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey? Whether of sin, unto death; or of obedience, unto righteousness?" If the Lord of your soul, and the master whom you serve, whom you have chiefly and most frequently consulted, be not God, recollect the wages of such obedience is death; and which of us has not been in such bondage to corruption, and has not earned and purchased to himself the awful reward? But, blessed for ever be that God who still looked for the sons that he had lost, for the flock that had wandered, and who paid the ransom that once more set us free to our salvation, we have been bought with agony and bloody sweat; with tears and groans; with writhings of the body, and woundings of the spirit; with the torture of the cross, and the life of God; amidst darkness and fearful signs, and the rending of the rocks, and the bursting of the tombs. All that the frame and the spirit of man could endure, was suffered for us; and all that the love and mercy of God could give, was lavished upon our salvation.

Such is the value that God has set upon our heads; such is the price by which he purchases us back, and makes us his own sons and his family for ever: and it is therefore that he calls upon us to glorify him in that body and that spirit, which he has thus made his own by all the claims both of creation and redemption. For, as St. Paul in another place explains it, If Christ died for us, then were we all dead; and he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him who died for them, and rose again."

If you reject this sacrifice, then no price has been paid for you, or it has been paid in vain; you do not acknowledge it; you must save yourself, without hoping that one single drop of your Redeemer's blood shall fall upon your soul, to render it fit to stand before the holiness of God. If your heart sinks, and your soul shudders at such a thought, then recollect, that if Christ died for you, then were you dead,—dead in trespasses and sins,—in bondage to corruption, and the servant of those masters whose wages is death; and recollect that the very purpose for which he died, and without which you disappoint the glorious salvation that he has wrought for you, is, "that henceforth you should not live unto yourselves, but unto him who died for you and rose again." We must die with him if we hope to live with him; we must enter into his service, and become his disciples by glorifying him in the body and the spirit, which he has redeemed; and then can we look with pure and lowly hope for the forgiveness of our past wanderings, and of the numberless transgressions of which we are guilty, even after we have surrendered ourselves to his good guidance: then can we look for support in the thousand falterings which we shall make in our journey, when we faintly attempt to tread in his gracious and sainted footsteps.

He has purchased your *thoughts;* for he has offered to make you the temple of his Holy Spirit, who will purify you from sin, and fill you with righteousness and true holiness, and who will give you strength in all your trials, and consolation under all the cares of the world, the infirmities of your nature, and the sinkings of your hearts.

He has purchased the *words of your mouth;* for he has given you an example that ye should follow him, "who when he was reviled, reviled not again, and in whose mouth was found no guile;" and who out of the good treasure of his heart, brought forth good things.

He has purchased *your bodies;* those sinful bodies, which were once the masters of our souls, by whose means we often become the servants of corruption and sensuality: those members, which were before the instruments of unrighteousness unto sin, are now made the instruments of righteousness unto God; and, by the help and power of that spirit which he always gives to those that humbly ask him, we shall be able to wield these stubborn and rebellious members, the former instruments of sin and corruption, in the living service of our Redeemer. It is as if we had stormed the camp of the enemy,—had seized his weapons and his armour, and had turned them against himself.

Choose, then, which master you will serve—Mammon or God. Choose, then, which wages you will receive—Death or Immortality: and recollect that you can no more serve both these, than you can receive the *wages* of both; and that the service of God and of Mammon are as inconsistent as the death and immortality that are their natural consequences. Think, before you decide, which master loves you most; think which would sacrifice most for you.—Think what price the cold and ungenerous world would give to redeem you from a single pang of body or mind; and think with what kind and devoted prodigality your blessed Redeemer paid down *himself*—his body, and his meek and holy spirit, for your everlasting welfare.

Finally: it may be useful to reflect that the happiness of the next world will consist in glorifying God in our body, and in our spirit, and in enjoying the delights of his everlasting presence. We can conceive no other; so that it might be well, even on this account alone, to cultivate a disposition that is to constitute our happiness to all eternity: for even if our wild hopes of attaining heaven without glorifying him upon earth were fulfilled,—after all, what would it come to? The last trumpet would summon us to glorify him in our body and in our spirit for ever and ever!

SERMON VIII.

Colossians, iii. 3.

Set your affections on things above; not on things on the earth.

To go to heaven when we die seems to be the grand wish that we form to ourselves whenever we happen to fall into a serious mood of thinking, or begin to grow melancholy at the prospect of death. To go to heaven, —and then it would appear that nothing more was wanting to complete our happiness.

And yet there is one very simple question, that is quite surprising we so seldom think of asking; and that is,—" What kind of place we should find it if we went there?" That heaven is a scene of unbounded happiness and everlasting delight there is no doubt whatever; but should *we* find it so, is quite another question. We know that a deaf man might be surrounded with the sweetest music and the most enchanting harmony, and to him it would be all dead silence; and a beautiful portrait or a lovely landscape would be nothing but darkness to a blind man's eye.

But to come still nearer to the point; we know that the same company that would be enjoyed by a man of one description would be actually insupportable to another; and that there are many situations in which one man would find himself perfectly happy, that would make another utterly miserable. Now, to decide the question at once, only conceive for a moment that every man was allowed to choose for himself in this particular, and that heaven was to be just what every man pleases; and what would be the result? Only look back upon your life, and observe the scenes in which you felt yourself most at home—the things in which your soul has most delighted—where your heart was most interested and engaged; and that would be your heaven. Fix your eye upon those scenes of your keenest enjoyment—mark them well, dwell upon the circumstances by which they were characterised,—and you have the kind of heaven that you would choose. "Where your treasure is, there would your heart be also."

With some men heaven would be—what we will not dare to name: we must draw a curtain over it;—we might mistake it for a scene that bears another name. With others, it would be the sumptuous board and the splendid establishment. With others, it would be the reward of ambition, and the shout of popular applause. With others, a round of the amusements that fill up the vacancies of human life. And, in general, it would probably be just such a place as this earth,—only with a certain number of comforts and advantages superadded, and a certain number of dangers and inconveniences removed.

Now, is it not probable that to such men as these, heaven would be a state either of languor or of misery? Heaven is not a theatre, that shifts the scene to suit itself to every foolish fancy and every silly humour of the spectators. It has, indeed, its fulness of joy and its pleasures for evermore: but the question is, have we the power and the relish to enjoy them? We will suppose, for a moment, that our hope of going to heaven is, some way or other, fulfilled, and that (God knows how) we have passed the fearful account that we shall have to render,—of sins committed, of duties neglected, of blessings abused, of time squandered away. We will suppose that we have found our way into that heaven that is the object of our hopes :—what have we to promise ourselves? We know at least what we shall *not* find there; we know that "naked as we came into this world, naked shall we go out of it;" that the body which held *us* and the earth together is laid in the dust from which it was taken ; the bond that united us to this lower world is snapped, and the channel through which we communicated with it withdrawn; and this busy stage, upon which our affections have been running to and fro, seeking rest and finding none, is at once concealed from our view, and becomes to us a dead blank. Alas! alas! what object shall we fasten upon to fill up the dreary vacancy which was once occupied by our busy pursuits and our dear pleasures upon earth? For the gold and the silver are gone, and the pipe, and the viol, and the tabret, have died away in silence. What shall we seize upon to employ our minds, or to interest our hearts, or to excite our desires, or to fill up our conversation? Alas! where is the buying and the selling, the bustle of business, or the enthusiasm of enterprise, that supplied us at once with our cares and our hopes? Where is the flowing goblet, and the wild and wanton merriment that used to set the table in a roar? Alas! alas! what shall we do for the delightful trifles by which we contrived, while we were upon the earth, to get rid of time, and forget that it was rolling over our heads? What shall we do for those wild pursuits by which we made ourselves mad for a time, and hunted eternity out of our minds? What shall we do for conversation; upon what subjects shall we converse? And then—to go on in this way for ever! and for ever! and for ever! We cannot sit thus dreaming through eternity. If this be Heaven, would to God he had left us still upon our beloved earth! Wherefore have ye brought us out of Egypt, where we ate and drank and were merry, and have left us here to perish in the wilderness? Better would it have been for us to have still our interchanges of hope and fear, of pleasure and pain, of repose and fatigue, of joy and sorrow, than to endure this dismal serenity,—than to say in the morning, " would to God it were evening; and in the evening, would to God it were morning."

Such is what we shall *not* find in heaven. But what *is* it that is there? What vast fund of unexampled enjoyments, what crowd of fresh delights? What is there to interest our affections and to fill our thoughts? "*Even He that filleth all things;*" the only Being that can satisfy our immortal spirit; "whom to know is life eternal," for "this is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." All the blessings and delights of heaven are described as flowing from him. "In thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore." To see his face; to rejoice in the light of his countenance; to awake and behold his glory,—are the strongest and loveliest ideas of happiness that even the language of inspiration, and "lips touched with fire," have been able to convey. "I beseech thee," said the prophet of old, "shew me thy glory." "If thy presence go not up with me, carry me not up out of this wilderness. I will stay here in the desert with thee: for what is the land flowing with milk and honey without thee?" But the everlasting employment of the blessed spirits is praise, and adorations, and hallelujahs:—they are for ever before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple, and they rest not day and night, saying, " Holy! holy! holy!"

Now it may be well to ask ourselves soberly the question—how much of our present happiness consists in this which we find is to be the happiness of heaven to all eternity? Really, does it suit our ideas of happiness? Is it the happiness that we have been enjoying for our past life? As God liveth! have we been most happy when he was *nearest* to us, or *farthest* from us? Have we most enjoyed ourselves when he was *most* in our thoughts, or *least* in our thoughts? Really, are our greatest pleasures those with which God has *least* to do?—and does it appear strange to us that there should be such a luxury in knowing *God?* Perhaps there are some to whom it conveys a very dead and very cheerless idea. To know God! to be engaged in celebrating his praises to all eternity! How long could we endure such a *labour* upon earth? Alas! alas! how heavy and monotonous would it appear! and what a release would it be to our spirits to launch again from the austerity of his society into the gay varieties of life! Then what becomes of your hopes of Heaven? Must it not miserably disappoint you? What would become of you, a forlorn and bewildered stranger, among the saints that rest not day and night, saying, Holy! holy! holy! What would you do?—how would you dispose of yourself after the first glow of adoration had subsided, and the first swell of the anthem had died away upon your ears? Their joys would be lost to you: for it is no stupid and senseless worship in which they are engaged; no idle clamour, or servile adulation. But they sing with the Spirit, and they sing with the understanding: they know wherefore they praise him; it is because they are becoming more and more acquainted with him who only is inexhaustible. Every other subject of thought would be drained by eternity; but him, boundless and unfathomable, they learn, and study, and adore for ever and ever!

It is no heartless inquiry into abstract science; no cold and merely intellectual disquisition; but the pure and glorious delight of a celestial spirit observing Infinite Wisdom carrying into effect the designs of Infinite Benevolence; the thrill of admiration that arises from being allowed to contemplate the source from which love and goodness are for ever issuing in all directions.

They see and pursue him in the works of nature, and are permitted to discover his glory in the heavens, and his handy-work in the firmament. They are finding out, by his permission, secret after secret in the vast scheme of the universe; and are taught how he guides the sun in his course, and ordains her journey for the moon; for what purpose he made the stars, and how he upholds them aloft, and makes them his servants ; and thousands of mysteries, of which *we* never dream, are they discovering in his works ; and at every discovery they fall down and cry—" Holy ! holy ! holy !"

But more especially do they study him in his work of Grace and Redemption ; (" for these are things which angels desire to look into ;") they remember that he forsook his throne and left his glory to look for a guilty and outcast world, that had wilfully plunged into darkness ; they remember that he took upon him our vile and loathsome nature, bearing our sins and carrying our infirmities ; they remember that " he was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief ; that he was wounded for our sins, and bruised for our iniquities," and tasted the bitterness of death for our sakes : they see him afterwards ascending up on high, and leading captivity captive, and bestowing gifts on man ; and behold him seated at the right hand of the Father, and making intercession for the transgressors ; and all this for beings who had deserted his pleasant pastures—who had flung away his rod and his staff, and leaned upon broken reeds ; and (what is most astonishing,) had actually lost their taste and relish for immortal things ; and yet talk of hoping to go to heaven, without waiting to inquire what heaven is, or what it means. This work of mercy do the blessed inhabitants of heaven study for ever and ever : for it is inexhaustible as the works of creation itself. New beauties and fresh glories are discovered at every view. Effects, which perhaps never occurred to the human imagination, may be developed from time to time ; and at every new discovery of love the whole heavenly host brighten with immortal gratitude, and lay down their golden crowns before the throne, saying ; " Holy ! holy ! holy !"

But this devotion to the one great source of happiness only serves to bind them to each other in ties that are delightful and everlasting : stronger than all the confederacies of sin ; stronger than the affections of parent and child, brother and sister, husband and wife, are the affections of these immortal spirits to each other.

It is true they all turn their faces towards the throne; but their love and their regards all meet in him who sitteth upon it. Jealousy and envy, malice and revenge, are far away, chained down in the lake that burns for ever. Truth, clear truth, that needs no concealment, shews them each other's hearts; and there they find Eternal Love written in living characters by the finger of God.

Delightful beyond all the pleasures of the earth is the sweet counsel that these blessed beings take with each other, and the converse in which they indulge: it always binds them closer than before; for the subject is still—the one good God; the good and great Redeemer, who brought them together and still holds them in eternal union. Is this the heaven you hoped for? Do you find yourself capable of that happiness in which it consists?

SERMON IX.

Luke, ix. 23.

And he said to them all: If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.

These are fearful words! It is true, they contain an invitation: it is true, they are written by the mildest, the gentlest, and the most gracious being that ever moved upon the earth; who loved us more than we have ever loved each other, or ourselves; and they invite us to follow him, who leads the way to all that is good, and pure, and holy, and delightful: but they speak of self-denial, and suffering, and mortification. There is not a single human passion to which they condescend to appeal;—not one of our vices, our frailties, our prejudices, or our infirmities, not one even of the kind and generous affections of our nature, which they deign to conciliate or solicit for their support; for in the same breath it is declared—Whosoever loveth father, or mother, or sister, or wife, or his own life, more than me or the gospel, is not worthy of me."

These are fearful words: they need only be uttered in order to prove how we disobey them. If, instead of reading them in this place and on this day, when our minds have attained something of a serious and solemn cast from the service in which we have just been engaged, we were to meet them in the course of our daily occupation; if they were to cross us in the midst of active life, while we were pursuing some of the dearest objects of our desires,—they would sound something like the toll of a death-bell in our ears, and lead us to ask ourselves this simple question,—Am I now following my Redeemer, or am I following my own imaginations?

And yet there was a time when it was obeyed by thousands and ten thousands: there were men who rejoiced to bear their cross; to many he had only to say, "Come, follow me," and they followed him: many of them rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name; "they were troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not destroyed; always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus—" they "gloried in the cross of Christ, by which the world was crucified to them and they to the world." For three hundred years they sustained their faith, and followed the steps of their Redeemer through oppressions, torments, and persecutions that exhausted the malice and ingenuity of man;—in which the fury with which their enemies pursued them, and the miseries to which they were exposed for their faith, could only be equalled by the devotion and fortitude with which they were sustained. Patiently and cheerfully did they bear their cross: it was not long since their Redeemer himself had suffered; his footsteps from Jerusalem to Calvary were yet fresh upon the earth; and it was not forgotten how he said, "The servant is not greater than his Lord." Those were days of affliction: but when milder times succeeded, and when the violence of persecution had subsided, Christians began to forget that they had still to bear their cross: they began to fancy that there was a different gospel for the persecuted follower of Christ, and him who is left at ease in his possessions. We must have persuaded ourselves that there is something very different between the gospel of those days of glorious and devoted suffering and the gospel of these later times, when scarce one holy thought or one pure affection of the heart rises to our Redeemer; when the weight of the cross is hardly felt, and scarcely one guilty passion is overcome, one sinful desire repressed, for the sake of him who said, " Whoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."

And yet let us be assured that, however times and seasons may change, the everlasting gospel is still the same. God is always to be worshipped in spirit; for " God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." All the laws of the gospel are therefore spiritual, and are consequently unchangeable; for however customs, and manners, and circumstances may alter,—however the way in which we are to carry our obedience into effect may be influenced by difference of situation, the fountain in the heart, from which all our actions are to proceed, must be the same,—the obedience of the soul of man to his God must be the same. The disposition of the Christian is the same through all eternity: and the same spirit that led the martyrs to the stake is to conduct us through the struggles of sinful nature and the temptations of a guilty world.

Our Saviour foresaw that in prosperity we should be tempted to forget this, and for that very reason he seems to have added the word " *daily*," in the passage before us,—to remind us that it is not so much by separate acts, and mere outward sufferings, that he expected us to bear our cross, as by the constant disposition of our hearts and the common tenor of our lives: and for the same reason he takes care to explain the expression, "*bearing the cross*," not so much by enduring persecution, or being willing to give up our lives in his service, as by denying ourselves *daily*.

Can we be at a loss to understand this? We have only to compare ourselves with him whom we are to follow, in order to perceive how much we must deny ourselves, and that, every hour of our lives, we have to cast down imaginations and high things that exalt themselves against the knowledge of Christ: I do not even say, look at your *wilful* and *deliberate* sins;—stop in the midst of any earthly pursuit in which you are engaged,—look into your heart,—see what passions, what dispositions are there. Then look at the blessed Jesus; —look at his purity,—look at his devotion, whose meat and drink it was to do the will of his Father which is in heaven,—his exalted love to God,—his universal love for every human being, for friend and for enemy, —a love which nailed him to the cross, from which he dropped the prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;" and then shall we understand what it is to deny ourselves daily,—daily to bear our cross, though we had never any other enemy to persecute us but the sin within our own hearts. One moment's comparison between ourselves and him whom we are here commanded to follow, will shew us that we must crucify the guilty nature within us,—that we must bring every guilty passion into subjection to a higher principle,—that we must teach our earthly affections, even the most innocent, to move like slaves only at the permission of the spirit of holiness residing within us.

Therefore let us beware of the fatal excuses which we hear every day of our lives:—"If we act up to the nature that God has given us, shall we not do well? God cannot have given us these passions without intending that they should be gratified. Why do you therefore tell us that they are to be daily mortified and overcome, and only indulged under the government of such a holy feeling, that, even then, they are only half enjoyed?" The plain and decisive answer is this,—it is not the nature which God has given you. Alas! supposing, for an instant, that this corrupt and sinful nature is that which God originally gave,—what will it teach us? Ask the labourer, who denies himself the repose which famished and exhausted nature seems eagerly and almost irresistibly to demand, and who struggles through the burning day of unremitting fatigue, why he defrauds nature of every moment of rest and recreation which he can wring from her; and he will tell you, that self-denial is the common lot of man;

that when the earth was given for sustenance to man, God said, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread all the days of thy life." Now what human nature *can* do, shall it not do for its God? If we find ourselves in the company of another, even of our dearest and most confidential friend, there is a degree of self-denial and restraint under which we lay our behaviour—a restraint which we shew in his presence: now the respect which we feel and the restraint to which we subject ourselves in the presence of a *human being*, shall we not shew in the presence of "the God who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity," who watches every thought of our souls, and who counts the beatings of our hearts?

At different periods of our lives we break the kindest and dearest ties by which nature can bind us to a fellow-creature: we leave friends, and home, and all the associations of infancy and youth, for the purpose of bettering our fortunes; and enter into new society as if into a new world, and undergo as it were a second birth into new scenes; sometimes traverse the globe in search of gain, or in the hope of a brief establishment in life before we die; and what can we do for these miserable objects, shall we not do for God and for salvation? Shall we be surprised when we hear him say, "Whoso loveth father or mother, or sister or wife, yea, or his own life, more than me, is not worthy of me."

Our exertions for immortal happiness, and the self-denial necessary to accomplish it, should in fact be as much greater than that we now are willing to exercise, as immortality exceeds the objects which we now pursue. Alas! we shall have to deny ourselves daily as long as our nature is such as it is. This is not the nature which God gave us. The nature which God gave us was holy, pure, and an image of himself; the nature under which we now labour is sensual, corrupt, and so far from meriting the blessings of another world, that it has lost even a relish for its enjoyments. Our affections are all earthly: we have no love to spare to our

God; for to love the God of holiness we must become holy, as he is holy. It is therefore that we are commanded to *deny our nature daily*. It would sound strange if an angel were commanded to deny himself daily. Deny what? *His* pleasure consists in the everlasting consciousness that he is in the presence of God, "at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore." His pleasure consists in exploring and admiring the perfections of God—his power, his wisdom, his unfathomable goodness; in holding humble communion with his Creator, and paying him devoted and everlasting adoration. Would it not sound strange if he was commanded *to deny* himself these? But look to man! Alas! the difference between his pleasures and those we have been describing will make us feel in our hearts the necessity of "denying ourselves," and will shew us the full meaning of the precept. With which of all among us exists that feeling of love to God, and of delight in his presence, which is all in all with the angel? With which of us is it the natural feeling of the heart? And yet it should be the predominant principle, or it is nothing. It would seem absurd to state that God should be any thing but the first and ruling object of our affections,—that he should be subordinate to any other. Accordingly we find that the most tremendous denunciations are registered against those "who forget God:" and as that love of God,—that delight in his presence,—that worship of his perfections, which the angel enjoys, is not the natural or governing feeling and sentiment of our souls, how fatally would this difference shew us (even if Scripture were silent upon the subject in every other passage but that before us) the justice and necessity of that precept,—that "we must deny ourselves;" that we must contradict our nature, and make it move in daily and perpetual subordination to a grander principle.

But, alas! when we look behind, when we look before, what consolation is there from the past, what hope is there from the future? From the past it is that we have now ascertained our danger; and a moment's communion with our hearts will shew us how helpless of themselves, how ineffectual and insufficient they are, without some new vital energy to assist their weak endeavours, to work out the great spiritual change, without which heaven and its happiness cannot be comprehended, much less attained. But the Redeemer says, "Take up your cross and follow me." Here is indeed consolation and pardon for the past; hope and immortality for the future. As the ruins of that pure nature which God had endowed us with, and the express declaration and entire tenor of Scripture, prove that a great change has taken place in the human race—a moral corruption, that has broken the image which God has made for himself, and has given a shock to a part of his creation which he once pronounced to be "very good;" it appears absolutely necessary that some great change,—some moral convulsion,—some shock equal to the first, should take place in order to restore the derangement that was thus produced. God himself descended to bring his own work back to its purity. By the suffering on that cross he did what we could never have done for ourselves: he made atonement for our guilty desertion of God; he became a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice for the sins of our degenerate species; and, through that suffering and the merits of his blood, he procured for us an assisting Spirit, that is to keep pace with the weak exertions of our hearts, and help to overcome within us the dominion of sins, from the punishment of which we shall thus be acquitted through his mediation.

Of this great salvation the leading condition is, Faith in that Redeemer,—a full reliance upon him and his merits, which only can procure us pardon and immortality: and nothing can teach us to understand the nature of that faith, by which only we are saved, better than the very passage before us:—"Take up your cross and follow me." It makes Christ, and Christ alone, the object that we are to keep constantly, unremittingly in view, as all we can depend upon for hope, and blessing, and salvation; but it shews that in order to this, we must follow him, we must tread in his steps, we must imitate his example. In fact, faith (that word upon which so many stumble) includes in its signification what we all perfectly well understand by a word very like it, *fidelity*;—the fidelity of a servant to his master, of a disciple to his teacher. We look to him for every thing; for hope, for example, and for strength. For hope—to his atonement, through which only we must look for every spiritual blessing which our Heavenly Father bestows; for example—to his life of purity, and holiness, and charity; for strength—to his Holy Spirit, without which our feeble struggles against the guilty nature within us would be all useless and unavailing.

Thus the text before us shews us, as it were, in a beautiful picture, the connexion between faith and its practical effects upon our lives and our feelings. It represents us following Christ humbly, yet indefatigably, under the burden of the cross; keeping him in view as the only ground of our hope and our reliance; and, in order to keep in sight, we must toil on in our journey, bearing the cross, treading the path he has gone before us. The moment we cease to tread in his footsteps,—the moment we halt in the way in which he has preceded,—he has got out of sight, and our faith and practice fail at the same instant.

SERMON X.

MATTHEW, xi. 30.

My yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

IT is almost always by comparison that we judge of the ease or the hardship of our situation. You will generally find, that any man who complains of the severity of his lot, compares it either with some happier state that he had himself formerly enjoyed, or with the more prosperous circumstances of those by whom he is surrounded; at least you would think him entitled to very little pity, if he continued to murmur and repine when his situation was neither worse than what it was before, nor worse than that of most of his neighbours.

If you should attempt to reconcile him to his situation, what would be the most natural method of proceeding? By comparison: by shewing him how much worse it *might* have been. Now this is the best way of estimating the ease of the Christian yoke, and of weighing the burden that our Redeemer lays upon our shoulders; and thus shall we soon discover how gracious are those commandments which we think it hard to fulfil; how indulgent are those laws which we often neglect and despise: then, when we have compared them with other yokes and other burdens, shall we learn how easy is that yoke to which we often refuse to submit; how light that burden which we often fling with impatience to the ground.

Let us first look *abroad* for matter of comparison. The greater part of the world have never yet been visited by the Gospel of Christ ; have never yet heard the message of love and salvation. Now it may be curious to observe what are the *religious* yokes and burdens which these people have imposed upon themselves ; that is, in other words, what are the religious duties by which they hope to become objects of the Divine favour, and partakers of the blessings he bestows,—to turn away his anger, to purchase his favour, to escape his vengeance, and conciliate his mercy. Perhaps it would be impossible to invent a new kind of bodily torture which many among these wretched people have not willingly undergone for these objects. All those who are anxious to render themselves acceptable in the sight of God actually devote themselves to misery, and go in search of some new kind of suffering, by which they think they can become more worthy of his approbation. It would be a kind of punishment to us even to hear some of them described. Death, in its ordinary shape, appears much too easy, and would be a relief to their sufferings ; but they contrive to lengthen out its agonies, so that many of them are dying for half their lives in lingering torments, in which they conceive the Supreme Being takes peculiar delight. Sometimes these miserable men offer their children, their relations, or their friends, as a sacrifice to appease his fury ; and at other times they fly from the company of men, and all the comforts of society, to devote themselves to the service of the Almighty in caverns and wildernesses. Now observe, this arises from no command of God,—no revelation from heaven ; it is the sentence of man upon himself—the yoke and the burden that he has laid upon his own shoulders.

Suppose God had said to us—" Wear the yoke which you find your fellow-creatures have voluntarily chosen. I will allow you to attain eternal life through these sufferings. Go, be your own torturer—bring your children to my altar, and honour me with their blood ; and banish yourself from the company of your fellow-creatures for ever, and you shall be an inheritor of my kingdom ;"—which of us could complain ? Measure these sufferings and miseries, great as they are, with life everlasting—with the glories of God's presence, and the unseen riches of a future world, and you would say, Lord, here I give thee my body, which thou requirest to be burnt—here it is, ready for the agony ; and here are the children whose blood thou requirest of my hands, and here am I, prepared to fly from the fellowship of my brothers, and hide my head in the woods and the wilds from the sight of human kind,—yet still I feel it is only through the voluntary bounty of thy goodness and thy mercy that even all this can be made to avail, and it will still be the effect of thy loving kindness if even thus I become an inheritor of thy kingdom.

Such then is the yoke and the burden of our neighbours, and such is what our yoke and our burden *might* have been.

It is now time to look to what *it is*. Where are now our stripes,—our agonies,—the writhings of our body and the woundings of our flesh ? where is the lingering death which we are to endure, and the visitation of the wrath of God upon our souls ? "*He* was wounded for our transgressions : the chastisement of our peace was laid on him." There was a beloved Son, whose blood was shed for our sakes ;—but the lamb was not taken from our flock, nor the child from our bosom : there was one who left his home on high for this wilderness beneath, and has left us in our cheerful homes, and our peaceful habitations : *his* yoke was indeed severe, and *his* burden was heavy, for it was *our* toil that he endured, and *our* burden that he bore. "Surely, he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows !" and he has borne and carried them away.

There is not a single pain of body or mind that we are called upon to endure because *it is* pain,—or for the *sake* of the *suffering* itself. There is indeed self-denial and mortification. But it seems to be a law that cannot be broken—that where there is sin there must be pain ; as long as there is sin alive within, there will still be the struggle and the battle. But, even here, he is still with us; for, "I am with you, even to the end of the world;" and his holy and powerful Spirit is ever ready to sustain us.

Now look at the imaginary god of the Indians, watching with a kind of savage delight the agonies of its votaries; and then look at your Redeemer, bearing away all the sufferings to which you were devoted, and assisting you in the conflict that you have yet to undergo! He was verily and indeed crucified for our sakes, and his body nailed to the tree; but when he turns to us, he lays the cross gently upon our shoulders, and when he commands us to be crucified with him, he asks for no torments, no blood, but that we should "Render our bodies a *living sacrifice*, holy and acceptable, which is our reasonable service;" that we should offer them as temples for his Holy Spirit, that we may glorify him in our body and in our spirit. He left the bosom of his Father to become your atonement; but when he speaks to you, he tells you to live still in the midst of your family, to tell them how good the Lord is, to teach them his judgments and his statutes, to shew them the path of life, and to lead the way, to educate a family for heaven, that your "Sons may be as the young plants about the house of your God, and your daughters as the polished corners of the temple." The earth was to him a desert and a wilderness; he was a stranger and a pilgrim, "that had not where to lay his head:" but when he speaks to you, so far from commanding you to desert your common brethren and fellow-creatures, he has united you to them by a bond as strong as that which holds the world together; for he has said, "As I have loved you, so love one another; and, by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples." To perpetuate this divine benevolence, he has ordained that the day which he has chosen for himself should be a day of *common* assembling among those that love him, that they may shew how they love one another. He has pronounced a blessing upon Christian fellowship,—"Where two or three are gathered together, I am in the midst of them ;" and the sacrament that he left as a memorial of himself, he left, at the same time, as a memorial of Christian brotherhood and affection.

Such is *our* yoke and *our* burden! Let him, who has thought it too hard and too heavy to bear, be prepared to state it boldly when he shall appear side by side with the poor and mistaken Indian before the throne of God at the day of judgment. The poor heathen may come forward with his wounded limbs and weltering body, saying, 'I thought thee an austere master, delighting in the miseries of thy creatures, and I have accordingly brought thee the torn remnants of a body which I have tortured in thy service.' And the Christian will come forward, and say, 'I knew that thou didst die to save me from such sufferings and torments, and that thou only commandest me to keep my body in temperance, soberness, and chastity, and I thought it too hard for me ; and I have accordingly brought thee the refuse and sweepings of a body that has been corrupted and brutalised in the service of profligacy and drunkenness,—even the body which thou didst declare should be the temple of thy Holy Spirit.' The poor Indian will, perhaps, shew his hands, reeking with the blood of his children, saying, 'I thought this was the sacrifice with which God was well pleased : and you, *the Christian*, will come forward with blood upon thy hands also, 'I knew that thou gavest thy Son for my sacrifice, and commandest me to lead my offspring in the way of everlasting life ;' but the command 'was too hard for me, to teach them thy statutes and to set them my humble example : I have let them go the broad way to destruction, and their blood is upon my hand—and my heart—and my head.' The Indian will come forward, and say, 'Behold, I am come from the wood, the desert, and the wilderness, where I fled from the cheerful society of my fellow-mortals because I thought it was pleasing in thy sight.' And the Christian will come forward, and say, 'Behold, I come from my comfortable home and the communion of my brethren, which thou hast graciously permitted me to enjoy; but I thought it too hard to give them a share of those blessings which thou hast bestowed upon me; I thought it too hard to give them a portion of my time, my trouble, my fortune, or my interest; I thought it too hard to keep my tongue from cursing and reviling, my heart from hatred, and my hand from violence and revenge.' What will be the answer of the Judge to the poor Indian none can presume to say. That he was sadly mistaken in the means of salvation, and that what he had done could never purchase him everlasting life, is beyond a doubt; but yet, the Judge may say, "Come unto me, thou heavy-laden, and I will give thee the rest which thou couldst not purchase for thyself." But, to the Christian, Thou, who hadst my easy yoke, and my light burden; thou, for whom all was already purchased."——Thank God! it is not yet pronounced: —begone! and fly for thy life!

We have now compared the Christian yoke with that of others,—we have looked abroad for comparison. We have next to look at home, and compare it with those yokes which the Christian yoke displaces,—those yokes which are flung off when this is assumed.

There is the yoke of pride:—and who has not felt its weight? There is scarcely a day of our lives in which our pride is not hurt. Sometimes we meet with direct affront; at other times, we do not think we are treated with the respect we deserve; at other times, we find that people do not entertain the opinion of us which we would wish them to hold; but, above all, how often do we find ourselves lowered in our own opinion; and then the yoke of pride becomes more uneasy by our endeavours to regain our own good opinion, and to hide the real state of the case from our conscience.

But the Christian's yoke is humility; its very nature depends upon humility: for no one has submitted to the service of Christ, or become his disciple, until fully sensible of his own unworthiness, and, consequently, of his want of the merits of a Redeemer. Thus has the

Christian become acquainted with the plague of his own heart,—his sin has been often before him; and, however deeply he may lament its guilt, he has lost that blind and haughty self-sufficiency that makes him uneasy at the neglect of others, or afraid to stand the scrutiny of self-examination.

There is the yoke of debauchery and sensuality: that galling yoke, which even those who wear it cannot bear to think upon; and, therefore, they still continue to plunge into drunkenness and profligacy lest they should have time to think on their lost and disgraceful situation. Those miserable men, when the carousal and the debauch are over, then begin to feel the weight and the wretchedness of the yoke that they are bearing. They then feel what it is to load their bodies with pain and disease, and their everlasting souls with every foul and sinful thought; to have brutalised their nature, or to have sunk it, by intoxication, into a state of which brutes seem incapable; and they then feel the weight of their yoke, when this indulgence has put them into such a state of madness and insensibility that they may commit a crime which will be the yoke and the burden of their consciences for the rest of their lives. Is it necessary to compare the Christian yoke with this? We will not disgrace it by naming it in the same breath.

Then there is the yoke of covetousness: and who does not know all the cares, all the watchings, all the restless days and sleepless nights,—and, after all, the endless disappointments that the most prosperous and successful will have to encounter through life? And then the fearful anticipation of that day, when a man shall find that all these things are as if they had never been!

The Christian, indeed, has his fears and his tremblings,—his watchings and his prayers; and he has to bear his burden through the strait gate along a narrow way. But richer than all that misers ever dreamed of, or fancied, is the treasure over which he watches; and its attainment is as much more certain, as its value is more lasting and more glorious: "Seek, and ye shall find," sounds sweetly in his memory, and hope already represents the heaven to which he is approaching; and the love of Christ, and the power of his spirit, and the conviction that the Lord is on his side, and that "He is able to keep that which is committed to him," will make his cares and his watchings more delightful than the rich man's repose.

O ye sinners! who have set your hearts upon the world and its vanities, and who say that the Lord is a hard task-master; and who think that the spiritual delights of his service, even upon this miserable earth, are all vain imaginations,—if you do not believe that the Lord will fulfil his promise upon earth, do you mean to say that you believe he will fulfil his promises in heaven? Do you pretend that you trust in Christ for acceptance in another world when you doubt his good promise in this? Do you mean to say, that you believe that he is able and willing to raise your vile body at the last day, and that he is not able and willing to support you under any spiritual sacrifice that you may make for his sake—that he is not able to change and purify your old heart? Do you really believe the one without the other?

But the grand difference between the Christian and the man of the world is, that the burden of the one is gathering as he proceeds, while that of the other is becoming lighter and more easy: the man of carnal mind and worldly affections clings more and more to his beloved earth, and new cares thicken around his death-bed;—his burden is collecting as he advances, and when he comes to the edge of the grave it bears him down to the bottom like a mill-stone. But the Blessed Spirit, by gradually elevating the Christian's tempers and desires, makes obedience become more easy and delightful, until he mounts into the presence of God, where he finds it "a service of perfect freedom."

SERMON XI.*

Preached at St. Werburgh's Church, for the Parochial School of St. Audeon, 27th June, 1818.

ROMANS, V. (part of the 12th Verse.)

By one man sin entered into the world.

IT is a gloomy thought, that we were once better than we are : many a generous spirit has had life embittered by such a recollection ; and a similar feeling is naturally excited when we consider that we are degraded beings in the scale of creation, and that we have lost the attitude which we were intended to maintain among the works of God.

It is indeed easily said, with a sigh, that we are all fallen beings,—and it is easily forgotten again. But when this humiliating truth has once taken possession of the mind ; when it ceases to be a mere verbal admission, and becomes a living and habitual principle, it is surprising what a powerful ascendency, and what a purifying influence it exercises over the heart and the faculties ; how it quenches the fiery and restless spirit within us ; how it subdues much of what is bold and daring in the disposition ; how it hangs like a dead weight upon many a haughty and aspiring thought ; how it crushes many a proud and ambitious purpose in the dust !—and it is well that it should be so. It is no great proof of courage to carry a higher spirit in the sight of God while we are moving through life, than we expect to sustain when we are stretched faint and powerless upon our death-beds ; or to tread with a firmer step and a loftier port upon the face of the earth, than when we are advancing to the throne of God at the day of judgment.

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* This was one of the author's earliest Sermons : it has been transcribed for the press from several detached fragments of paper, and it is supposed that parts of it have been lost, which accounts for some apparent incoherency in the plan. However, imperfect as it is, it may not appear unworthy of a place in this Collection, as a specimen of the author's first addresses from the pulpit.—EDITOR.

But if a sense of our degeneracy represses all the proud and rebellious principles of our nature, it is calculated to draw forth in a peculiar manner all that is humble, and kind, and amiable, and affectionate ;—it teaches us to look upon others with a pity inspired by our own experience ;—it calls upon us loudly to make common cause against the misfortunes of our common situation ; for it is a grand principle insinuated into our nature by the Deity, that we are more intimately linked together by a sense of common danger than by a state of common security. Humility is the true source of Christian benevolence ; humility, that reads its own lot in that of a fellow-creature,—that reminds us " that all have sinned," and that therefore we are all strangers and pilgrims on the earth. It does not, like the benevolence of the world, seat you upon an eminence, from which, like some superior being, you may fling a scanty and occasional pittance to the wretches whom you see struggling beneath ; but it places you with them, side by side, toiling onward the same way, only better furnished for the journey, and called on by the voice of God and all the charities of the human heart to reach forth your hand to your weaker and more helpless fellow-travellers.

The fall of man, and the consequent deterioration of our nature, has been ridiculed by many of the enemies of Christianity as fabulous and unphilosophical; but it should be recollected, that we cannot indulge a single hope of ever rising to a higher state of being, without admitting an equal probability, in the nature of things, that we have fallen from it: we must give up our hopes of a more spiritualised and glorious existence, and condemn the human race to utter annihilation, upon the same principle on which we deny the possibility of our corruption and degeneracy; and if we attentively observe the features of the nature to which we belong, we shall perceive a struggle between different principles, and a discordance of feeling in the same person at different periods, that we often unconsciously regard as the conflict of two contending natures.

We have, indeed, but a slight account of the state from which we fell: perhaps it would have been useless to have described it more circumstantially—we might not be capable of understanding it. The prophet seems to have exhausted description when he tells us, that we were "*made in the image of God;*" so that, if we wish to ascertain what we were, it would seem we must look to the Deity himself. This would be a bold task, even though we undertook it for the purpose of humbling ourselves to the dust. But there is one circumstance related which helps us to understand in what consists our humiliation:—when Adam had sinned, he shrunk from the voice of God. The presence of that gracious Being, who was identified with every blessing that he enjoyed, was before gratefully and gladly encountered: the thought of God was *above him*, and *enveloped* him, and he could throw his heart open, fearlessly, before him, and shew him his own image. But now, how many of the thoughts of our heart would be put to flight by one glance of God into our souls! how many of our pleasures would vanish before the idea of his presence! We know too well what an enemy to many of our favourite pursuits is the God "who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity;" and when we hear his voice, we attempt to shut ourselves from his view by excluding him from our thoughts, as if, under the shelter of such a subterfuge as this, we could elude either his scrutiny or his vengeance ; and if nothing occurred to seize our attention by surprise, or force our minds upon the consideration, perhaps the first thing that would awaken us to a just sense of our situation would be the *sound of the last trumpet !*

But sometimes we have strange misgivings. In the depth of the night, when we are left to darkness, to silence, and ourselves, the utter stillness, and the blank void that surround us sometimes bring a powerful sense of God's presence along with them,—and the more we attempt to escape it, the more palpably it seems to gather around us in the obscurity. Some way or other, man can never be totally alone ; the very absence of every other being, and of every other object of sense or thought, appears almost necessarily and irresistibly to suggest the presence of God. Then, when we seem to feel ourselves, as it were, under the immediate *pressure* of the Almighty, the thought will occur, " Was he not equally present this day and every moment of my life ? and yet how little have I been influenced in my heart, conversation, and conduct, by the sense that his eye was everlastingly open upon me, as it is at this instant !"

In the fire and vigour of active life, man devotes all his energies, faculties, and exertions to the attainment of some favourite object, and pursues it, as if it were immortality itself, with a fond and desperate idolatry. The fatal remark, that all he seeks is " vanity," intrudes into his conversation, or suggests itself in his schemes. He gives it the usual tribute that is paid to most moral truths—a sign of acknowledgment, then hurries on, snatching his joys, and struggling through his difficulties, until a blow is struck ! His hope, upon which he built his happiness, is shivered ; he stands aghast, like one startled from a dream, and the common and monotonous truth, that all he seeks is " vanity," comes upon him, like something strange and oracular, with a painful and bewildering novelty, arising from the consciousness that it had long been sounding in his mind and echoing in his fancy, but had never before reverberated to his heart. Then, at length, when he has no other object to which he can turn either for pursuit or relief, for activity or repose, he thinks of turning himself to his God; and the thought will occur, 'If I had served my God as I have pursued this earthly object, he would not have deserted me:' the thought will occur, 'If God had offered me immortal happiness, such as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, merely if it were then the first object of my desires,—to me it had been lost! My affections never ascended into heaven, they went wandering to and fro upon the earth, seeking rest and finding none.' We then learn the nature of sin,—we learn that we have forsaken God, and that we have not only lost immortality, but even a relish for its enjoyments.

The *very pleasures* we are capable of enjoying exhibit something ruinous in their nature. In the course of our lives we find that evil is not only perpetually interchanging with good, but that it is actually necessary to its very existence. If we attentively observe our pleasures, we shall find that many of them partake of its nature; and if it is often an interruption to our enjoyments, it is still oftener, perhaps always, either their chief cause, or one of their necessary ingredients.—Our passion for *variety* is an evident proof of this: we are so far from having a lively idea of smooth and uninterrupted happiness, that the most luxuriant description soon becomes languid and uninteresting; while the mournful, the terrible, the abrupt, possess a strange and mysterious attraction, which seldom loses its influence over our minds. Our greatest pleasures are often only escapes from pain;—often grow in proportion to it, are often heightened by contrast; and many can reflect with pleasure upon the bitterest grief, in recollecting the sweetness of the consolation by which it was followed. Such is the incomprehensible nature to which we belong! We are perpetually flying from evil, and meeting it at every turn in the shape of good;—pursuing good, and finding it evil in disguise;—talking of happiness, without well knowing what it means.

In such a state as this, when we knew not whither we were tending, and while no light was thrown across the grave into another world, it is natural to suppose that we felt comparatively little in each other's fate.—Yet, even in a more hopeless state than this, does our great poet represent the fallen angels consoling each other in their melancholy destiny, for whom no gospel ever sounded, and no Saviour ever bled, to cheer them into exertion, and to consecrate their communion. But to *us* has he come: and if he had never said, "As I have loved you, so love one another;" if he had never said, "What you give unto these little ones is given unto me;" would not the sense of your common fall animate you to assist them to a common renovation?

And let it not be forgotten, that the charity of a Christian and of a man of the world are far asunder. The charity of the man of the world is bestowed as the gift of some superior being to a creature of a lower order; the charity of the Christian is the self-devotion of Paul for his brethren of the same great family.

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Perhaps we were destined to have risen into the rank of angels; perhaps we were destined to have become ministering spirits to such beings as ourselves.

And if there were then any guilty world which had rebelled against its Creator, and which he had flung from him, in his wrath, among the refuse of creation; and if it contained sin, and misery, and death, robberies, murders, adulteries; if its inhabitants had forgotten their God, as if he had never existed, and rivetted their affections upon the few perishable blessings that were not yet taken away; if, at the same time, there still remained some fragments of a grander nature,—

some scanty gleams of a brighter intellect,—some faint and transitory glowings of purer and holier affections,—some few traits of resemblance to that happy nature which we enjoyed; it might have been one of our permitted occupations to visit, at certain intervals, this ruined people. Then might we have enjoyed that light and easy charity which we must not now dare to arrogate to ourselves,—the condescending benevolence of superior beings to their fallen and degraded inferiors. If, while we were wandering through the universe and exploring the infinity of God, the sound of sorrow and despair were to reach us from some distant and passing world, we might turn aside, for a moment, out of our course, and drop the consolation, without looking into the misery that we relieved. We might make our visits as we pleased, and ease a grief or share a joy, as either was presented to our view; and if their Creator again looked graciously upon that abandoned race, and sent a Saviour to bring them back within reach of his goodness, we might come down softly upon the shepherds of that people, as they were keeping watch over their flocks by night, with good tidings of great joy, or bear the spirits of the redeemed from a world of restlessness into their everlasting repose. But this is not the charity for such beings as we are, either to receive or give. *Our* salvation was not effected by such happy beings as these:—it was by one who was "a man of sorrow, and acquainted with grief."

It is a cruel mockery of our nature to represent Christian charity with all the decorations of a heathen goddess, and arrayed in the fond and romantic ornaments that charm and invite the imagination. Alas! Christian charity has no wings to bear her through a purer and loftier atmosphere, while she showers down blessings upon the multitude beneath: she does not drop the sheaf into the poor man's bosom, or the garland upon his cottage, while she passes in her car of triumph over his head. But sometimes she is found in the most loathsome of human habitations, and in contact with wretches, from whose guilt or whose misery the moral sense recoils, and at which the refinement of education shudders in disgust: sometimes her figure is scarcely discernible while she struggles her lonely and weary way through the crowd of poverty, impurity, and sin: she may be seen turning into the dark and comfortless hovel, and speaking the blessed gospel of God, over the dying embers of a winter's fire, to the shivering, perhaps hardened beings that surround it: at other times, she stands over the damp and squalid bed, where the frame is racked with suffering and disease, where perhaps conscience is doing her angry work, or is lying, still more fearfully, asleep. It is folly to attempt to reconcile this to the Christian's mind by painting her with the graces and the virtues in her train. Alas! even the blessed beings that are then perhaps actually around him,—the constituted authorities of heaven, that minister to a Christian's imagination, and upon which his fancy is permitted to repose,—even these often appear to forsake him; the guardian-angel seems to stand far aloof above the cabin that is the scene of pollution and depravity; the waving of golden pinions is but dimly seen through the soiled and shattered lattice; the song of cherubim and seraphim is only heard faintly, aloft and at a distance, through broken intervals, between the shrieks of bodily pains, or the groans of mental agony! But the Christian recollects that there was one gracious Being who went before him, and who left an invigorating spirit behind him, whose office was to support those whom all the world had forsaken.

* * * *

Suppose it were suddenly revealed to any one among you, that he, and he alone of all that walk upon the face of this earth, was destined to receive the benefit of his Redeemer's atonement, and that all the rest of mankind was lost—and lost *to all eternity;* it is hard to say what would be the first sensation excited in that man's mind by the intelligence. It is indeed probable it would be joy—to think that all his fears respecting his eternal destiny were now no more; that all the forebodings of the mind and misgivings of the heart—all the solemn stir which we feel rising within us whenever we look forward to a dark futurity,—to feel that all these had now subsided for ever,—to know that he shall stand in the everlasting sunshine of the love of God! It is perhaps impossible that all this should not call forth an immediate feeling of delight: but if you wish the sensation to continue, you must go to the wilderness; you must beware how you come within sight of a human being, or within sound of a human voice; you must recollect that you are now *alone* upon the earth; or, if you want society, you had better look for it among the beasts of the field than among the ruined species to which you belong; unless indeed the Almighty, in pity to your desolation, should send his angels before the appointed time, that you might learn to forget in their society the outcast objects of your former sympathies. But to go abroad into human society,—to walk amongst beings who are now no longer your fellow-creatures,—to feel the charity of your common nature rising in your heart, and to have to crush it within you like a sin,—to reach forth your hand to perform one of the common kindnesses of humanity, and to find it withered by the recollection, that however you may mitigate a present pang, the everlasting pang is irreversible; to turn away in despair from these children whom you have now come to bless and to save (we hope and trust both here and for ever)!—perhaps it would be too much for you; at all events, it would be hard to state a degree of exertion within the utmost range of human energy, or a degree of pain within the farthest limit of human endurance, to which you would not submit, that you might have one companion on your lonely way from this world to the mansions of happiness. But suppose, at that moment, that the angel who brought the first intelligence returns to tell you that there are beings upon this earth who may yet be saved,—that he was before mistaken, no matter how,—perhaps he was your guardian angel, and darted from the throne of grace with the intelligence of your salvation without waiting to hear the fate of the rest of mankind,—no matter how, but he comes to tell you that there are beings upon the earth who are within the reach of your Redeemer's love, and of your own,—that some of them are now before you, and their everlasting destiny is placed in your hands; then, what would first occur to your mind? —privations, dangers, difficulties? No: but you would say, Lord, what shall I do? shall I traverse earth and sea, through misery and torment, that of those whom thou hast given me I may not lose one?

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We are not indeed called to perform duties to such an awful extent, but we are called upon to perform several duties of the same description. It may be yours to move amongst your fellow-citizens, diffusing a Christian's charity and a Christian's example through many a circle of society; to heal many a broken heart; to cheer many a wounded spirit; at least you will not forsake *these children*:—that indeed should be your light and delightful duty. On the mature and the aged, many a gift falls dead and unvalued—many a seed is sown that never springs into harvest. But here, where youth is flexible and genial (and the decency in which they now stand before you proves how the seed is cultivated,) every grain that you sow may bring forth an hundred-fold, bearing fruit to everlasting life.

SERMON XII.

1 Corinthians, xiii. 12 and 13.

Now we see through a glass darkly ; but then, face to face: now I know in part, but then shall I know, even as also I am known. And now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity,—these three ; but the greatest of these is Charity.

It must sometimes appear very extraordinary, that God has not thought fit to give us more information respecting the pains and pleasures of the world to which we are fast approaching. We know, indeed, that there are the torments of hell and the delights of heaven ;—that there are sufferings, compared with which, all the misery that we can undergo upon the earth would appear rest and tranquillity ; and that there is a fulness of joy that would make all earthly happiness seem " vanity and vexation of spirit."

This " we see in a glass darkly :" but when we attempt to explore those glorious mansions of unextinguishable happiness, or those awful regions of hopeless misery, or to discover of what particular kind are those sufferings and those enjoyments,—our search is stopped. We find that, in a great measure, " clouds and darkness rest upon them," and that we shall not well comprehend their nature, until the day when we shall be wrapped in the flames that shall never be quenched, or mantled in the glories that shall shine as the firmament, for ever and ever.

It is very natural that our curiosity should feel mortified at the disapponitment; but, besides, we cannot help conceiving that if we were better acquainted with these punishments and these enjoyments, we should be more powerfully restrained from sin and more vigorously excited to obedience. We cannot help thinking, that if the miserable man who is storing up " wrath for himself against the day of vengeance,"—in drunkenness and debauchery, in an unholy conversation, in an old heart, unchanged and unsanctified,—only knew what were the particular agonies that awaited him in the world to come, he could not proceed in his course of misery and perdition ; and if the Bible contained a history of the dismal abode to which he is approaching, with a minute and circumstantial account of all its chambers of horrors, and this wretched man were to study before-hand the sufferings into which he was plunged,—it seems to our frail conceptions impossible, that he would not cast himself upon his knees, and smite upon his breast, saying, " God be merciful to me a sinner !" And, on the other hand, we cannot help fancying that if the glories of everlasting felicity were more distinctly revealed to the humble and contrite, who are bearing their cross and following their Redeemer, they would encounter temptation with greater vigour and resolution, when the crown that was purchased for them was hanging distinctly in view, and they had a clearer and more lively representation of the immortality to which they were advancing.

But the fact seems to be, that in our present state we are not capable of more than is already revealed. The great probability is, that these pains and these pleasures can never be understood except by actual experience,—except by being actually suffered, or actually enjoyed. This seems to be intimated by the apostle in the verse immediately preceding those before us :— " When I was a child I spake as a child, I thought as a child ; but when I became a man, I put away childish things." He describes our state in this life as one of infancy or childhood, in which our language, and our notions of things, must be suited to our childish capacities. Now we know, or we ought to know, what a privilege it is to receive an education that cultivates and informs our minds,— that enables us to read the word of God, and to understand as much of his will as has been revealed. In fact, what would we take in exchange? And yet we know how fruitless it would be, when we were first commencing to instruct a child in spelling, if we should endeavour to excite it to diligence by descanting on the miseries of ignorance, or enlarging on the advantages of education, and all the pleasures that it afforded,—or by attempting to disclose the treasures that the word of God contains. We should see clearly that such things were beyond its capacity ; and that, before it could comprehend all these pleasures and advantages, it must understand them nearly as well as we ourselves.

So it is with us, in some degree, in this mortal state. We are mere children, and incapable of adequately comprehending the things that belong to a more advanced condition of existence. But all of which we are capable our blessed Father has given. Let us return to the example with which the apostle has supplied us.

When you found yourself unable to make your child comprehend, before it could read, the advantages and peculiar blessings of a good and religious education, by what means would you induce it to submit to your commands ? You would first endeavour to supply it with an implicit confidence both in your wisdom and your good-will : you would endeavour to make it feel, that though it could not perceive the use of what you were teaching, you were certainly working for its good : you would shew it by your kindness and your love,—by all the sacrifices you were willing to make for its comfort and welfare, that you could have nothing but its happiness in view ; and thus its confidence in your wisdom, your good-will, and affection, would stand instead of an actual knowledge of the advantages to be derived from the instructions you were conveying,—advantages which, we have already seen, it could not yet comprehend.

And thus does our Father deal with us. We are poor, ignorant, and helpless children, who do not understand either all the miseries of sin, or all the glories of a noble and more exalted state. Such knowledge is too wonderful for us; we cannot attain unto it. But the gracious Lord, in place of this knowledge, has given us *Faith*,—a ground of trust and confidence in him, that may induce us to learn his law, and to submit ourselves, our souls and bodies, to his good government. What proofs has he not given us of his wisdom, his good-will, and his affection? We need mention but one. We need not even speak of all the noble faculties with which he has endowed us, all the gifts that he has showered upon our unworthy heads—health, strength, home, and friends,—comforts and blessings that cannot be counted. We need mention but one,—"He that spared not his own Son, but gave him for us, how shall he not with him, freely give us all things?" This is the great ground of a Christian's faith,—that for us blind, childish, corrupt, and guilty sinners (so far from *deserving*—incapable even of *understanding* the enjoyments of a future and holy state) he gave his own Son! What earthly parent is entitled to this confidence? O if we had waited for such a proof of the kindness of an earthly father before we had submitted ourselves to his guidance, we should have been now naked, dark, and wandering savages. One would have thought that we might have given our gracious Father credit for his good intentions; but, though we knew God, we glorified him not as God. It was not enough; for though the "ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib," we went after our own lusts and imaginations, we would not *believe* what we did not understand,—the miseries of the guilty, and the joys of the righteous. We would not believe them, so as to purify our hearts and change our lives and conversations. Yet he would win our confidence,—he would engage our affections,—he would make us regard him as a Father, and obey him as a Father, and "he spared not his own Son." And thus as the earthly father, instead of vainly attempting to describe to his child all the blessings and pleasures of good habits and a religious education, would inspire him with a trust in his good intentions,—so God, when nothing else could save us, delivered up his own Son; and thus convinces us what good things he has in store for them that love him, that we might be willing to forsake our own ways—the ways of ruin and misery, and submit to be taught, to be educated, to be directed by him; and therefore does he declare, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

Thus faith abideth instead of knowledge, and is to produce the same effect. It is instead of the *knowledge* of the miseries of hell and the glories of heaven: for what must we believe them to be, if it cost the blood of the Son of God to deliver us from the one, and to purchase for us the other?

But this is not all. When your child had been led to repose his confidence in your good intentions, and had accordingly submitted his will to yours, and consented to be taught, controlled, and directed by your instructions and commands,—as he advanced and improved you would attempt to give him some distant idea of the good and glorious effects of the discipline to which he was submitting: as his mind became more enlarged, you would find him better able to comprehend the happy consequences. You would soon release him from the bare necessity of taking your word that you were working for his good. He would soon learn to guess, from the progress he had already made, the noble advantages that were to follow: he would see them, but still, through a glass, darkly: and thus hope would be added to faith.

Thus does our Father educate those who have first submitted themselves, soul and body, to his government, with implicit and unbounded faith that he will work all for their good. To those who thus with humble faith renounce their own ways, and say, "Not my will, but thine be done," he soon causes a light to spring; he gives them a hope,—a hope of the particular kind of good things which he has in reserve for them. Thus saith St. John: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know, that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Here is the hope of the Christian, that he shall be made like the Saviour; that he shall see him and shall always enjoy his presence: and St. Paul tells us, that "we are come to the heavenly Jerusalem,—to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born whose names are written in heaven, and to the spirits of just men made perfect." This is the Christian's hope,—that he shall be like the Saviour,—that he shall enjoy the everlasting presence of God, and the society of angels, and of just men made perfect. He has his eye raised above the earth, and fixed upon objects far above mortal vision, but not out of the sight that God has quickened and enlightened: and, in comparison with the glories that shall be revealed, earthly pleasures dwindle and melt down into nothing.

Thus abideth hope instead of knowledge. Like the patriarch in days of old, who said, "I beseech thee, shew me thy glory;" who was told, "thou canst not see my face, and live: but thou shalt stand upon a rock (and that rock was Christ,) and it shall come to pass, when my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and I will cover thee with mine hand while I pass by, and will take away mine hand, and thou shalt see my skirts, but my face shall not be seen:"—thus are we in a cleft of a rock, and his hand covers us, and we see the dim light of his skirts as he passes by; but our flesh rests in hope that we shall one day see his face.

But this is not all. When your child has made some considerable progress, and, resting on faith and animated by hope, has acquired larger faculties and greater knowledge, and has actually employed that knowledge in an active life, and used it for its proper purposes,—then you can say to him, 'Now you need not merely rely upon *my word*;' now you need not even feed upon hope; but now feel and know of your own experience the beauty and delight of the discipline to which you have submitted.

And thus does our Father deal with us in a future world. Faith and hope will be no more; they will both have done their duty, and we shall bid them farewell for ever. we shall then see the things that we believed, and enjoy the things that are hoped. But charity or love *never* faileth, for love will live and increase to all eternity. In love, we have actual and present experience of the future joys of the presence of God. Now we believe, not because of thy saying,—but we have known and tasted it ourselves. We are expressly told that God is love: he is not only boundless in love, but it seems to be almost his very essence. It does not say, love to this one, or to that one, but—*love*.

It is love that delights in God,—in communion with him,—in meditation upon his attributes and his dispensations, in the imitation of his perfections; "that suffereth long and is kind; that envieth not, vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the *truth*." Thus, through love, shall we indeed bear the living stamp of Almighty God upon our hearts; and heaven will be already begun in our souls. Thus shall we learn something of the glories that are to come, —something that shall be at once both a pledge and foretaste. And thus also shall the wicked, and the worldly, and the carnal man, obtain a foretaste of the horror of hell,—and of the cup that he is to drain. If, instead of a faith, that throws him upon the Lord Jesus Christ, he has a trust in himself, and in his worldly possessions, for happiness ; if, instead of a hope that raises his eye to heaven, his thoughts go downward to the dust upon which he treads, and his heart is the abode of carnal, and worldly, and malignant passions and desires, —this man can form some conception of the fearful region of misery. He can conceive the opposite of that love which constitutes the happiness of the blessed spirits above : he can conceive a scene of everlasting selfishness and suspicion ; of multitudes of evil beings, without one link of affection to unite them ; but the everlasting scowl of hatred is upon their brows, and the curse upon their lips. This may be a faint anticipation of those terrible scenes.

We are here, then, in a state of education for heaven ; and we may now form some conception of the desperate infatuation of those men who leave this mighty work for the listlessness of old age, or the agonies of a dying bed ! It should be nothing less than the business of an education,—an education that begins with *a faith,* that can only rise from a deep sense of our own unworthiness and danger, and that our sins need the blood of the Son of God ;—that proceeds to *a hope,* which raises the eye and the heart from earth to heaven, and changes all our views ; and then proceeds *to charity,* which stamps upon us the image of the pure and holy God.

SERMON XIII.

Ecclesiastes, viii. 11.

Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil.

If we had seen one of our neighbours struck dead by a flash of lightning, just after he had been committing one of our favourite sins, it is to be supposed it would make a serious impression upon our minds. If we afterwards beheld two or three more of our acquaintances blotted out of life in the same way, and for the same reason, we should probably begin to bring the case a little more home to ourselves. If there were afterwards another, and another, and another; and we were in the habit of seeing God's wrath executed every day, the moment it was provoked, it is surprising what a change we should presently observe among all the careless and bold-faced sinners of society: drunkards shrinking from the flowing bowl, as if it were filled with poison; fornicators and adulterers rushing from the threshold of the house of sin and debauchery, as they would from the flames of hell; liars, swearers, and blasphemers setting their finger upon their lips, lest they should perish before the evil word was fully pronounced; thieves, misers, and extortioners, flinging away their darling profits, lest they should be struck dead as they touched them.

Then too, when men should see sentence executed speedily against evil works, they could not think of the sin without thinking of the punishment along with it. How cautious should we find them of venturing too near sin, even in their tempers and conversation : we should see a man turn pale whenever an evil thought or an evil wish came into his mind, for how could he tell but that the thunderbolt would fall at that moment, if he ventured to indulge it ? Then should we see men watching and praying, that they might not fall into temptation, who never knew what it was to pray before ; and, it is probable, that those who were witnessing the wrath of God coming down every day upon the heads of sinners, in fire and brimstone, would be so sensible of their danger and their weakness, that they would renounce all trust in their own powers and their own righteousness, and seek for his glorious strength, who is able to shelter us from the storm and the tempest, and to give us the victory over sin, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and to make us " more than conquerors, through him who loved us, and gave himself for us."

It seems to be very plain, that something like this would be the case if God were to interfere every day to execute sentence upon evil works. Now mark the difference : only observe with what perfect ease men can bring themselves to indulge in sin, as a matter of common and ordinary occurrence, as naturally as they partake of their sleep or their meals : and they go into the way of temptation, and approach the brink and the borders of sin, and say, there is no danger !

Now what can be the reason of this astonishing difference ? For every man seems to think that he would refrain from sin if he knew that at that instant he should stand the consequences. What can be the reason of this difference ? Is it that men have calmly made up their minds, after enjoying the pleasures of sin for a season, to resign themselves quietly and contentedly to the " Worm that never dieth, and the flame that is never quenched ?" This can hardly be the reason : it must be something else—and what is it ? The Psalmist has informed us in few words : " The wicked hath said in his heart, Thou wilt not require it." He does not believe that God will fulfil what he has declared;—he does not say so with his *outward lips*, but he says it *in his heart.* With his outward lips he says,—It is all very true, the sentence is gone forth; he is a God that will by no means clear the guilty: the soul that sinneth, it shall die: and "cursed is every one that continueth not in the law." It is also true, that "God is not a man, that he should lie, nor the son of man, that he should repent; hath he said, and shall he not do it?" It would be rather a bold thing for a man to say, in the face of all this, that God would not require it. One would think we might take God's word for more than this; and yet so it is, that a man, because he does not *see* sentence executed against an evil work, either in the case of others or in his own, because he does not hear and see God's justice every day in thunder and lightning, begins to think that God only wants to frighten him by such sentences. There is a *chance* that God may not be in earnest: and upon this chance he plunges in, body and soul.

It may be well to spend a little time in considering this case. Now, before we go a step further, one simple question might decide the business. What do you think does that man deserve, who ventures his eternal soul upon *any chance?* Make the chance as great and as plausible as you please: suppose, if you like, that God had never passed regular sentence upon sin; had never published and registered his wrath, and that there was only a confused murmur through mankind, a light whisper now and then stirring in the world, that there was sentence to be executed against the soul of every man that doeth evil,—that there was a hell of torment for the unrighteous and ungodly: suppose a man had only a night's dream to such an effect: let us be ourselves the judges,—what would that man deserve who ventured his eternal soul upon *such a chance?* Would not any man, who held it so cheap as to let it take its *chance* (be that *chance* great or small,) have already sold and forfeited it? The mere fact, that he allows any thing like *chance* in such a concern, is enough to turn the *chance* into *certainty—certainty of punishment.*

But, in the next place, let us consider for a little what is the *chance* that any sinner *now* sets up against the sentence pronounced by the God of Truth. It is,—that sentence is not executed speedily;—that he has sinned, and no thunder-bolt has fallen, no blow was struck;—that he has seen his neighbours sin, and that then too no thunderbolt has fallen, and no blow was struck. Now let us examine this chance for a moment, and we shall be surprised to find that, even leaving all the threats and denunciations of Scripture out of the account, and taking the world as we see it and as we have read its history, there is new proof that sentence will be executed in the end. Now, to perceive this, observe that in many cases sentence *has been* executed against "evil works."

Look to the flood: "When God saw that the wickedness of man was great upon the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually, he said, I will destroy man, whom I have created, from the face of the earth, both man and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them;" and accordingly the flood came down upon the world of the ungodly.

Then look to Sodom and Gomorrah: "Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah was great, and their sin very grievous, therefore the Lord rained down brimstone and fire out of heaven." Look next to Korah, Dathan, and Abiram: "Behold, they rebelled against the Lord, and against Moses and Aaron his servants, and and the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed them up, all that appertained to them."

Look next to the sentence upon the blasphemer: "The son of an Israelitish woman, in a quarrel with one of the men of Israel, blasphemed the Lord and cursed; and they put him in ward, that the mind of the Lord might be shewed them; and the Lord spake unto

Moses, saying, Bring forth him that hath cursed, without the camp, and let all that heard him lay their hands upon his head, and let all the congregation stone him; and they brought forth him that had cursed, and stoned him with stones."

Look next to the man who broke the Sabbath: "And the Lord said unto Moses, the man shall surely be put to death; all the congregation shall stone him with stones without the camp; and they stoned him that he died."

Look next to the fornicators, "of which there fell in one day three and twenty thousand;" cut off in their iniquities; their numbers could not save them. Look, in fact, at the whole Jewish dispensation, where the Almighty often made bare his arm, and executed sentence speedily.

But look next to the Christian dispensation, and behold the guilty pair standing before the Apostles: "And though they came with their right hands full of gifts, yet they came with a lie upon their lips; and the moment it was uttered, they fell down and gave up the ghost." And turn your eyes next to Herod, arrayed in royal apparel, sitting upon his throne, and making an oration to the people; and hark! the people are shouting, and saying, "It is the voice of a God!"—and while they are shouting, the angel of the Lord had smote him.

Look next to your own observation and experience; and there alone you will find sufficient proof that, in many cases, sentence upon evil works has been executed speedily. The course of nature, and the constitution of society, have been so ordained by the wisdom and the justice of the Almighty, that the crime often brings the punishment along with it. The strong arm of the law often seizes the malefactor while his crime is still fresh upon him, and consigns him at once to death and infamy.

Then, in the next place, God often makes drunkards and profligates their own executioners; murdering their own bodies,—wasting and withering them with surfeit and disease, and making their days few and evil; sick of life, and afraid of death, and crawling into their graves before their time. Others execute sentence upon themselves, by wasting their substance in riotous living, until they become the guests and companions of the swine, and men begin to pity and despise them. And sometimes the sons become the executioners of their fathers,—and men propagate sin from generation to generation, and see their own vices improved and multiplied in their own children, who return them back their own iniquities, with interest, into their bosom, and "bring down their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

And in every man's breast there is an executioner—that he generally contrives to set asleep; but sometimes there comes a shock that rouses it from its slumber, and then it begins to lash him and sting him, and smite him upon the heart; so that we may perceive that in many instances (more perhaps than we at first supposed) sentence is executed speedily.

Now we are prepared to consider the chance upon which the sinner relies when he sins, and says in his heart, "Thou wilt not require it." The chance is this: I know that sentence is gone forth against every evil work, and that it is pronounced by the God of the Truth; but I have sinned—often sinned, and so have my neighbours, and the earth did not open her jaws, neither did fire and brimstone come down from heaven, nor did I feel any bad effect arising from it, and therefore I have a *chance* that God will not execute sentence at all.

Now look at this chance. We have just seen that sentence is in many cases executed, yet, strange as it may appear, this very *imperfection* seems to be the strongest possible proof that, in the next world, vengeance will be fulfilled to the uttermost. For observe, if we found that every man in this life received just what he deserved, and every evil work always brought swift punishment along with it, what should we naturally conclude? There is no future punishment in store: I see nothing wanting, every man has already received the due reward of his works; every thing is already complete, and, therefore, there is nothing to be done in the next world.

Or if, on the other hand, there were no punishment visited upon sin at all in this world, we might be inclined to say, 'Tush! God hath forgotten:' he never interferes amongst us; we have no proof of his hatred of sin, or of his determination to punish it; he is gone away far from us, and has left us to follow our own wills and imaginations. So that if sentence were either *perfectly* executed upon the earth, or *not executed at all*, we might have some reason for saying, that there was *a chance* of none in a future world. But now it is *imperfectly* executed; just *so much done*, as to say, 'You are watched,—my eye is upon you: I neither slumber nor sleep; and my vengeance slumbereth not.' And yet, at the same time, there is *so little done*, that a man has to look into eternity for the accomplishment.

These occasional visitations of God's wrath,—these sentences that sinners are often obliged to execute upon themselves–these judgments that sometimes fall and burst among us, come *often enough* to tell us, that there is punishment; but *so seldom*, as to prove that it is yet to come. They seem to be rather given as *evidences*, than as *fulfilments* of the wrath of God; rather as a *sign*, than a *part;* just as earthquakes and volcanic eruptions only serve to show us what fires are burning and labouring in the bowels of the earth. The flames of hell seem to break out sometimes before their time among men in earthly judgments,—to warn them of judgments to come.

This is the sinner's *chance*,—that, even if that Bible which speaks to him terrible things were a falsehood, the very course of nature and the current of human affairs furnish the strongest possible proof of—judgment to come. "Out of thine own mouth wilt thou be condemned;"—thine own excuse will be thy condemnation. And which of us has not made this excuse?

Which of us has not often said, in his heart, "Thou wilt not require it;" and sinned in the face of the sentence registered against all iniquity,—in the face of the sentence registered against fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence, and covetousness, which is idolatry,—against anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication,—in the face of the sentence registered against all those that forget God? But you will say,—Surely God is a merciful God! Are we not told that he is full of mercies and loving kindnesses, that his mercy rejoiceth against judgment, that he has sworn, as he liveth, "that he hath no pleasure in the death of the sinner?" True: his mercy is indeed boundless and astonishing; amazing, beyond what "eye hath seen, or ear heard, or hath entered into the heart of man to conceive." But how has that mercy been shewn? By visiting sentence to the very uttermost. He did not fling us his mercy indolently from his throne; but he executed sentence to the very uttermost upon his only begotten Son. His mercy does not consist in extinguishing his justice, but in executing it upon the head of the Son in whom he was well-pleased. Awful mercy! terrible forgiveness! mercy that we must not dare to trifle with.

Let us be ourselves the judges: if any man makes this mercy an argument for sin, what new punishment, what fresh torments, how many times must the furnace be heated for that man,—for him who dares to say, because the Lord Jesus has died for me, I will follow my iniquities!—for him who would thus make Christ the minister of sin! That blessed mercy—that glorious manifestation of infinite love, was always used in Scripture as an argument for repentance, for holiness, and for all good; but any man that curses God's blessing, by turning it into an argument for continuing in sin,—how is *he* described in Scripture? He is "The enemy of the Cross of Christ;" and "He crucifies the Son of God afresh, and puts him to an open shame!" It had been "good for that man that he had never been born."

Every hour of sin that you add to your life, under this dispensation, is gathering over your head—in judgment. The *goodness* of God, in not cutting you off with your sins still green and fresh, is turning every day into wrath. For what says the apostle? "Despisest thou the riches of his goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering, not knowing that the *goodness* of God leadeth thee to *repentance*;" but, after thy *hardness* and impenitent heart "Treasurest up wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God?" Here you see two things: first, that the *goodness* of God, in bearing with you thus long, in not blotting you out from the face of the earth while you were engaged in the last sin that you committed, was leading you to *repentance:* it cannot lead to *mercy* but through *repentance:* secondly, you see that every time you neglected and refused, "you have been treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath." There is a treasury of vengeance in heaven: and day by day, and hour by hour, you have been casting in your mite. When will your cup be full? Perhaps at this moment it may be overflowing; perhaps the plain, simple warning that you hear this day may be the last that the Lord God will ever vouchsafe to your soul. This at least is certain,—that the next time you return to your sin it will be in deliberate defiance of the wrath of the Almighty. Who shall say, whether you will be allowed to make the trial a second time? Probably your cup may then be full—and he may strike you dead upon the spot. Or if not, he may let you live as a monument of his vengeance; and as Pharaoh was allowed to live, after he had resisted all the means of grace, that the Lord might openly manifest his power and his justice upon him, God may prolong your life only that men may see a sinner gasping without hope upon his death-bed,—and, as they look upon the horrors of your dying countenance, they may smite their breasts and say, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

SERMON XIV.

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1 John, iv. 10.

Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.

If God had waited until we loved him before he loved us, we should not have been assembled here this day to read the history of his mercies, and to humble ourselves before him, in astonishment at the multitude of his loving kindnesses. If God had waited until *we* loved *him*, before *he* loved *us*, we should never have known what it was to come together on a Sabbath morning, to talk of mercy and salvation, and the holy charity that binds us to God and to each other: we should be now bowing our heads before the works of our hands, and the inventions of our own imaginations: perhaps, at this instant, we should be met together to perform our impure and bloody ceremonies to the powers of darkness: the house which is now the Lord's tabernacle, and the place where his honour dwelleth, might be the temple in which we adored the God of intemperance and sensuality, or made our offerings to the wicked spirit that delighteth in war, violence, and revenge; or we might be flocking to the table of our evil god—not to eat the bread of life, or to drink from the fountains of the living water, but to sound his praises in festivals of drunkenness, riot, and indecency; or we should be kneeling at his altar—not to offer the sacrifice of a broken and a contrite heart, but to worship him with the knife, and with the blood of our fellow-creatures; and, perhaps, we should now be preparing the children that we loved as our own souls, to pass through the fire of sacrifice that was kindled in his honour, that we might satisfy his fury and avert his indignation.

It is true, the very mention of these things may now shock our feelings, and we may fancy, if we please, that no possible conjuncture of circumstances could have reduced us to such crimes and enormities: but such was the state of the world at the time that the Son of God came down upon the earth,—and we shall not find it very easy to prove, either that we are a superior race of beings to the men of those days, or that the natural progress of society has caused the difference between them and ourselves.

The men of those days were our superiors in many of the arts of civilised life, and it was then four thousand years since the creation of the world. The world had time enough to have learned how to love God, if it could have loved him: but "When they knew God, they glorified him not as God; and their foolish heart was darkened." They had suffered the *knowledge* of God to be blotted out of their *minds*, and of course the *love* of God had disappeared from their *hearts*. Their religion only had shewed itself in their festivals,—in drunkenness, impurity, and blood: in the common course of their lives he was forgotten; and, by the terrible ceremonies by which they attempted to appease his wrath, or conciliate his good-will, they proved that they regarded him as their enemy. So that if God had only allowed men to go on in the way which they had chosen for themselves, if he had not turned to them before they turned to him, we should have been now sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, sinning on to our ruin, without a thought upon the God whom we were offending.

But, indeed, it is not necessary to look back to past ages in order to make this gloomy discovery. If a man looks into his own heart but for one moment, he may soon perceive that if God had loved us it cannot be because we have first loved him.

Among all the natural passions and affections of the human heart, where is the love of God to be found? We love parent and child,—we love friends and country,—we love riches and honour,—we love sin in all its shapes, and we embrace it with all our souls; these affections take their root in our nature, they grow wild in our hearts, and scarcely require cultivation. But, instead of finding religion growing *naturally* within, only observe with what care and watching and anxiety it must be cherished, and refreshed, and preserved; and if once neglected, yea, but for a little, how soon it begins to wither and decay! Any of the other affections of our heart it would be almost impossible to get rid of; but to acquire and cultivate a spirit of religion, is the slow and patient work of earnest watchfulness and persevering humility. Where is the man amongst us who would venture to put up to God such a prayer as this,—Regard me as I have regarded you; treat me as I have treated you? For how have we regarded him? how have we treated him? Really, do we look upon him more as a friend or as an enemy? How often do we wish that he was far away, and that his eye was not open upon our hearts, and that he did not hear the words of our lips, or witness the deeds of our lives? How often would it have been a relief to us to think that he was not everlastingly present amongst us? Does not our conscience often bear testimony that we love the things he hates, by the effort we make to forget and to banish him whenever we wish to give way to our sinful propensities, or to indulge in pride, covetousness, drunkenness, sensuality, or revenge? Is it not a confession that he is at war with those things that we love, and that he who loves sin cannot love God? So true is the word of God, which says, " He that loveth me keepeth my commandments."

It is too plain, that if God had cared as little for us as we cared for God we should have been long since outcast, forsaken, and forgotten : but " herein is love, not that we loved him, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." And thus it is stated by St. Paul : " God commended his love to us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us :" and again, " When we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son." In these passages we perceive that it means the same thing to be a *sinner*—to be the *enemy* of God—and *not to love* him ; and yet for these sinners, for these his enemies, he sent his own Son to be the propitiation for their sins.

Herein is love ! The apostle seems to pronounce upon this as if there was no other love in all the world besides,—as if every thing like love was swallowed up in this boundless profusion of mercies. It is extraordinary with what cold and composed feelings we can read and think of this extraordinary sacrifice. It is no doubt impossible to comprehend its full extent ; perhaps it is the employment of blessed spirits, for ages and ages to come—aye, or for all eternity, to make new discoveries in the love of God and the death of the Redeemer. Grander knowledge,—new blessings,—fresh features, from this wonderful sacrifice, may be shewing themselves to the spirits of just men made perfect at every moment, world without end. They are " things which the angels desire to look into."

But God has given us, perhaps, the fullest idea of it that we are capable of conceiving, when he tells us that he was *his Son—his only Son.* It is as if he desired every one of us to go to his own heart, and find out who is the being upon the earth that is dearest to its affections,—husband, wife, or only child ; the person whom we regarded with the fondest love and the most unbounded delight ; the person in whom your whole soul seems to be wrapped up,—in whom you almost live, and move, and have your being ; and to imagine this object of your hopes and affections dashed from a state of happiness, and flung helpless into the midst of enemies and persecutors; become "despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;" and at length brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and then descending into the grave with torture, insult, and infamy. God himself seems to teach us to regard it in this point of view, for he said unto Abraham, "Take now thy son,—thine *only* son, Isaac, whom thou lovest." He repeats it, as if for the purpose of cutting the father's heart, and giving it a new stab at every word of fondness. "Take now *thy son,—thine only son, Isaac whom thou lovest,* and offer him for a burnt-offering upon one of the mountains that I will tell thee of." Abraham rose up, and took Isaac his son, and went into the place of which God had told him. Then, on the way, a conversation occurs, in which every word that the son speaks is calculated to make the father's heart bleed freshly. It would be an insult to tell a father what were Abraham's feelings when he bound his son, and took the knife in his hand. At that moment, however, the angel of the Lord called out of heaven, and bade him stay his hand. But when the Son of God bore his cross to the spot of agony and shame, and was laid bleeding upon the altar, no guardian angel descended to relieve his sufferings; and when he cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" the whole host of heaven stood still: no voice of consolation was heard, and no minister of mercy descended to save his *Son,*—his *only Son,* whom he loved.

Such is the idea that God has given us of his love; but still it is imperfect, for it seems as if every thing relating to God was infinite. His *power* is infinite; and we should judge but poorly of its greatness if we measured it by human power. In like manner *his wisdom* is infinite: and we should never be able to conceive its extent by comparing it with the greatest wisdom of man. So also may we conclude of his *love.* The sufferings of Christ appear to contain something in them indescribable to the human imagination, and unfathomable to human discovery. His mysterious agony in the garden, the weight of our sins upon his soul, and the fearful exclamation, " My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!" convey an idea of suffering, that we neither do nor can comprehend. Such is the love of God manifested upon the cross,—the love of God manifest in the flesh!

But, we may say, where was the necessity of all this vast profusion of suffering,—this expenditure of means, —this astonishing machinery of redemption? Could not God have forgiven us at a word? Now, only consider what idea it is we form of God, when we imagine that forgiveness is so very easy a matter. We conceive him to be an arbitrary and capricious Being, who can make laws and break them at random, and fling his pardon to his creatures carelessly from his throne. Is this a worthy idea of him " who cannot lie, and who cannot repent?" Recollect that mercy, with us, means the reversing of a law, the changing of an established order of things: our very idea of mercy implies an imperfection in the *law*, in the *decision* upon the law, or in the *execution* of the law. If human laws were perfect, or human judges infallible, where would be the room for mercy? It was a question reserved for the wisdom of Almighty God alone, to prove how justice and mercy could be reconciled; to hold forth forgiveness to the offender without violating, relaxing, or suspending that law, which is " holy, and just, and good." Accordingly, we find that, upon the cross, the violation of that law was visited to the uttermost; that " he bore our sins, and carried our iniquities,"—that " the chastisement of our peace was upon him:" and thus we are told, in the passage before us, that " the love of God was manifested in sending his Son *to be the propitiation* for our sins: and again, " God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself."

It is a terrible truth, which men would do well to recollect more than they do, that the same cross shews God's hatred for sin as well as his love for the sinner;

the same cross shews that he cannot forgive iniquity, and yet that he was willing to visit it upon his own Son for our sakes: it shews us his wrath and his love, and the one appears to be the measure of the other. We have been this day endeavouring to fathom his love,—and have found it impossible; and yet the very immensity of that love seems to consist in averting wrath, that is equally boundless and inconceivable. Alas! alas! we deceive ourselves strangely by fancying that it is an easy thing for God to forgive sin. Consider well what it is that makes it such an easy thing for you to *commit* sin; and you will find that it is because you fancy it an easy thing for God to *forgive* it.

The great and fearful question with every man amongst us is, "Has the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed him from all sin?" or, shall he himself abide the awful consequences in the eternal world? For, as surely as God is true, one or other of these must be the case. The word of God supplies us with the means of judgment,—"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." It seems to be founded upon a principle plain and obvious to any man's common sense,—if we need no change, we need no mercy.

He now stands at the door and knocks, and invites you to acknowledge yourselves his at his table, and if we come with but half the good-will with which he invites, and waits to receive us, we are blessed and happy beings! Let us beware how we turn our back upon it; or how we take it unworthily. We must come to that table, forsaking our sins, which were so hateful in the sight of heaven that they crucified the Son of God, and forsaking all claims upon the ground of our own imperfect righteousness. Let us "make mention of his name only;" and may we so share the fellowship of his sufferings that we may know the power of his resurrection! Amen.

SERMON XV.

1 Corinthians, x. 13.

There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.

Perhaps nothing can exceed the efforts of God to enable us to overcome temptation, except our own endeavours to disappoint them. There would be something amusing, if it were not too terrible to amuse us, in observing the riches of our resources, and the curious variety of expedients which we have invented for trifling with temptation; forgetting, that to trifle with temptation is to trifle with God.

Some of us plunge into it *headlong*,—with a sort of heedless and frantic desperation, never stopping to look to the right hand or to the left, even for the shadow of an excuse; shutting our eyes as we hurry on, and imagining there is no danger, because we do not see it; flying so rapidly from one temptation to another, that there is no time for thought or reflection between; until at last we arrive, full speed, at the brink of the grave! There is no stopping then; the force with which we arrived hurries us onward of its own accord; and we are hurled to the bottom, with the weight of all the sins we have committed bearing us down with greater fury.

There are others amongst us, who first, without any consideration, comply with the temptation, and then stop to look about them for the excuse: they first commit the sin, not well knowing at the time what defence they can make, but trusting to chance, or to their own ingenuity, for finding one afterwards.

There are others, more cautious and circumspect, who first look round for an excuse; but the moment they see any thing that bears any resemblance to one, they are perfectly satisfied. They dare not look that way again, lest a second thought should undeceive them: it is an excuse as it stands,—but another glance, or one moment's closer inspection, might shew them that all was false and hollow; and, rather than be thus undeceived, they take it at the first view, and surrender to the temptation, hoping that, because they had deceived their own hearts, they have deceived One "that is greater than their hearts." However, it may be well to study them a little more attentively, as one day or other we shall have to look them in the face.

All the excuses which we are in the habit of making appear to be reducible to two classes; and, what is very remarkable, they contradict each other. One of these dangerous apologies is, that many of our particular temptations are, in their very nature, different from those of other men. We often persuade ourselves that we are placed in circumstances totally different from those in which other human beings are involved; and often fancy that nature has given us passions and propensities from which the generality of mankind are entirely free, or by which they are much less powerfully actuated. Hence we flatter ourselves that our situation is so original, and the temptations to which we are exposed so unlike those which human nature is generally called upon to encounter, that the transgression into which it leads us is something new—that it stands distinct and alone; and we can scarcely bring ourselves to think that God will class it with the ordinary violations of his law, or sentence it to the same condemnation. Thus we often go on, imagining that many of our transgressions are exceptions to those of the generality of men, and that we have made out a new case for ourselves in the annals of sin, to plead before the throne of God.

This is one of our excuses; but what is the other? The common frailty of our nature; the plea that all men do the same; that our sins are such as the bulk of mankind commit; and that we only gratify the passions of human nature, or its common weaknesses, in complying with such temptations. Now, would it not be enough to shew the emptiness and silliness of these apologies,—to consider, that there is not a single sin that we could not justify by such means? If the temptation seems to *be peculiar to us*—not such as human nature is in general subject to, the first will serve. If it be one to which the generality of mankind are exposed, the second comes to our relief: so that we are certain that if the one fails the other will succeed. One would imagine that this would be enough. But the passage before us meets them both. As to the *first excuse*, that there are certain temptations peculiar to ourselves, and which we do not share in common with our fellow-creatures, it says, "There hath no temptation taken you, but such as is *common* to man." But, even leaving Scripture out of the question, what reason have we to suppose that we are an exception to the general laws of human nature? Should we not rather conclude, that men who partake of the same nature as ourselves may be subject to the very same temptations? We are all inclined to conceal "the sins which most easily beset us:" therefore, without our observation, others may be exposed to those very trials which we conceive exclusively our own, and may, at that instant, be making the very same excuse. There is no doubt that men differ very much in their character and constitution, and the ingredients of human nature are variously mixed in different beings. The ruling propensity in one man may be avarice; in another, "evil concupiscence" and debauchery; in another, gluttony and drunkenness; in another, ambition;

in another, the predominant passion may be, a fondness for mischief, for riot, and blood ; while another may be governed by a sottish indolence, or a wild inconstancy. But, as the apostle declares (after enumerating the gifts of the Holy Spirit to different men) that " all these worketh one and the self-same spirit"—the spirit of righteousness,—so may it be said of these passions, all these worketh the one and the self-same spirit—the spirit of sinful human nature. They are the common elements of our nature, only differently mixed ; but it is generally in defence of the chief and ruling passion that we urge the first excuse, which we mentioned above : and thus every man would yield to the passion to which he was most attached, and would embrace the sin he most loved. Every man would thus have chosen one part of the law which he might break—that part which he was always *most inclined* to break ; and, therefore, the very part which he was bound to be most watchful in observing. There chiefly, and because it is our ruling passion, and that which exalts itself most against the love of God, lies our perilous and fiery trial, where our greatest resistance should be exerted.

There remains now only the second excuse—the frailty of human nature ; the common tendency to sin which we all feel. Alas ! this indeed is true : but it is equally true, that there is " a God of purer eyes than to behold iniquity ;" a God which has said, " The soul that sinneth, it shall die ;" a God whom, without holiness, no man shall behold, Yet, even with the sense of this present to our minds and our hearts, how totally unable do we feel ourselves to make that great and continued exertion—to effect that complete revolution in heart, in conversation, and in practice, which shall qualify us to stand before the holiness of God ! How totally unable do we feel ourselves to make any advance, even under the consciousness that we are bound by *his* command ; bound by our own consciences,—our own hopes and fears ; bound by the thoughts of death and life ; bound by the prospect of misery or immortality, to lay all our earthly affections at his feet, and consecrate our very beings to his service! How feebly do we attempt to struggle through the throng and crowd of temptations that beset and besiege us on every side, and that stand between us and our God! The passage before us, in reply to our first excuse, declared that there hath no temptation taken us that is not common to man; but what says it to our second,—the frailty of our unfortunate nature? "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able." Here, with our warning is our great consolation. It is not merely that God will assist us, but that he will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. It is uttered in all the majesty of conscious omnipotence. "I will not *suffer* you to be tempted above that ye are able." It is as if he had promised to work a miracle rather than allow us to be overpowered; it is as if he would shake the powers of heaven and earth rather than that his promise should not be performed; that he would check the course of nature, that he would stop the sun in his career, if he were found to bring us into dangers out of which there was no escape; that he would arrest the profligate current of human affairs; that he would say to the tide of temptations, if it were pouring in too boldly upon us, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no further."

But let us fully understand the meaning and the nature of this glorious promise. We may observe then, in the first place, it is not a promise of grace which excuses us from resisting temptation, but of grace, by which we are enabled to overcome it. So that while, by the blood of Christ, and by that alone, we are saved, and while no human being shall be able to say, he has earned salvation unto himself, we are ten times, and ten times more, bound to wage war with the world, the flesh, and the devil, as the unworthy sinners whom Christ has redeemed, than as the presumptuous Pharisee, who proudly counts over his works and his alms as the price of his salvation. For we are endowed with new motives and new strength to resist it which he, "trusting in himself," never could experience. In fact, God does every thing for us, short of what is inconsistent with his own nature, which revolts at all impurity and sin. For our sakes, he sends his Son on earth, to a life of sorrow and persecution, and to a death of agony and shame, in order to redeem us from the punishment of sin: he sends his Holy Spirit, to purify us from its corruption: he utters prophecy to warn us: he works miracles to convince us: every thing, in fact, that is not incompatible with the fixed principle of his nature; "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord."

The second thing to be observed in this promise, is the inseparable connexion of divine grace with human exertion. He does not say that he will not suffer us to be *overcome*, but that "He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able." Here we see the genuine operation of the grace of God. Human exertion without it is hopeless, powerless, ineffectual. Dependent upon our own exertion alone, we should be tempted above that we are able. On the other hand, the grace of God is given in vain, unless we embrace it humbly, unless we hold it fast in our hearts, unless we wield it in our hands. It does not actually vanquish the temptation; but it clothes us for the battle in the armour of righteousness. Therefore, with watching and praying, and with fear and trembling, let us await the approach of every temptation that we see bearing down upon our souls. Inspired by the animating assurance, "That God is faithful, and will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able;" and with the awful sense that God is on our side, and that we must not dare to desert his standard when he promises us victory, let us advance to fight the good fight of faith. But let us march with slow and thoughtful steps, and an humble and resigned confidence, to meet the attack of sin and death, under the shadow of his holiness, who would often have gathered us under his protecting wing, and we would not. Thus will this poor worm, who once crawled along the earth, yielding, with a faint heart and a trembling conscience, to every sin that assailed him, "become more than conqueror through him that loved him."

APPENDIX.

It may be a matter of surprise to some readers that Mr. W—— had not exercised his poetical talents upon religious subjects: but the fact was, that he seemed to shrink from such themes as too lofty for his genius—too pure and too awful for what he humbly thought his insufficient powers. The standard of excellence which his imagination had raised was so high, that no effort of his own could give him satisfaction.

He had sometimes entertained the idea that religious subjects might be profitably introduced in songs adapted to national music, which might thus be made a vehicle of popular instruction: how much he felt the delicacy and difficulty of such a task, will appear from the judicious observations contained in a letter to a pious friend who had sent him some verses written with that view.

"MY DEAR ——,

* * * "The poems upon which you desire my opinion seem to be the production of a truly spiritual mind—a mind deeply exercised in experimental religion, which sees every object through a pure and holy medium, and turns every thing it contemplates into devotion. But their very excellence in this respect seems, in the present instance, to constitute their leading defect. Their object, if I understand it aright, is to make popular music a channel by which religious feeling may be diffused through society, and thus, at the same time, to redeem the national music from the profaneness and licentiousness to which it has been prostituted. As to the first object: the natural language of a spiritual man, which would remind one of the like spirit of much of his internal experience, would be not only uninteresting, but absolutely unintelligible to the generality of mankind. He speaks of hopes and fears, of pleasures and pains, which they could only comprehend by having previously felt them.

You remember that it is said of the 'new song that was sung before the throne,' that no man could learn that song, save those that were redeemed from the earth: and therefore it often happens, that those who best understand that music, are more intelligible to heavenly than earthly beings: they are often better understood by angels than by men. The high degree of spirituality which they have attained often renders it not only painful, but impossible, to accommodate themselves to the ordinary feelings of mankind. They cannot stoop, even though it be to conquer. To the world, their effusions are in an unknown language. In fact, they often take for granted the very work to be done; they pre-suppose that communion of feeling and unity of spirit between themselves and the world which it is their primary object to *produce;* and when they do not produce this effect, they may even do mischief; for the spontaneous language of a religious mind is, generally speaking, revolting to the great mass of society: they shrink from it as they do from the Bible.

Just consider all the caution, the judgment, and the skill, requisite in order to introduce religion profitably into general conversation, and then you may conceive what will be the fate of a song—to which a man has recourse for amusement, and which he expects will appeal to his feelings—when he finds it employed on a subject to which he has not learnt to attach any idea of pleasure, and which speaks to feelings he never experienced. It is on this account I conceive that a song intended to make religion popular should not be *entirely* of a religious cast; that it should take in as wide a range as any other song, should appeal to every passion and feeling of our nature not in itself sinful,—should employ all the scenery, the imagery, and circumstance of the songs of this world, while religion should be *indirectly* introduced, or delicately insinuated. I think we shall come to the same conclusion if we consider the reformation of the national music as the primary object. The predominant feelings excited and expressed by our national airs, however exquisitely delightful, are manifestly *human;* and it is evident that in order to do them justice we must follow the prevailing tone. The *strain* and *ground-work* of the words can hardly be spiritual; but a gleam of religion might be every now and then tastefully admitted, with the happiest effect. But indeed it appears so difficult, that in the whole range of poetry there does not occur to me, at present, an instance in which it has been successfully executed. The only piece* which I now recollect as at all exemplifying my meaning is Cowper's 'Alexander Selkirk,' beginning, 'I am monarch of all I survey,' which I believe has never been set to music. It is not *professedly* religious; nay, the situation, the sentiments, and the feelings, are such as the commonest reader can at once conceive to be his own. It needs neither a spiritual man, nor a poet, nor a man of taste or of education, to enter into immediate sympathy with him: it is not until the fourth stanza (after he has taken possession of his reader) that he introduces a religious sentiment; to which, however, he had been gradually ascending; and even then accompanies and recommends it with what may, perhaps, be called the *romantic* and *picturesque* of religion, 'the sound of the church-going bell,' &c. He then appears to desert the subject altogether, and only returns to it (as it were) *accidentally*—but with what beauty and effect! in the last four lines.

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* The author probably would have also instanced the beautiful Scotch ballad "I'm wearing awa', John," if it had occurred to his memory.—EDITOR.

I am really struck with consternation at finding that I have been writing a review rather than giving an opinion, and must not dare to add another word, but to beg you will believe me

Yours, &c.
C. W."

It may not be uninteresting to give the following specimens of his early poetical powers upon scriptural subjects, which he displayed when a school-boy.

JESUS RAISING LAZARUS.

Silent and sad, deep gazing on the clay,
Where Laz'rus breathless, cold, and lifeless lay,
The Saviour stood: he dropp'd a heavenly tear,
The dew of pity from a soul sincere:
He heav'd a groan!—though large his cup of woe,
Yet still for others' grief his sorrows flow;
He knew what pains must pierce a sister's heart,
When death had sped his sharpest, deadliest dart,
And seized a brother's life. Around they stand,
Sisters and friends, a weeping, mournful band:—
His prayer he raises to the blest abode,
And mercy bears it to the throne of God:
"Lord! thou hast always made thy Son thy care,
Ne'er has my soul in vain preferr'd its prayer;
Hear now, O Father! this thy flock relieve,—

Dry thou their tears, and teach them to believe
Thy power the sinking wretch from death can save,
And burst the iron fetters of the grave :—
Awake ! arise !" The healing words he spoke,
And death's deep slumbers in a moment broke :
Fate hears astonish'd,—trembles at the word,
And nature yields, o'ercome by nature's Lord.
Light peeps with glimmering rays into his eyes ;
With lingering paces misty darkness flies ;
The pulse slow vibrates through the languid frame,
The frozen blood renews the vital flame ;
His body soon its wonted strength regains,
And life returning rushes to his veins.—
They look ! they start ! they look !—'tis he, 'tis he !
They see him,—and yet scarce believe they see !
On Him—on Him they turn their thankful eyes,
From whom such wond'rous benefits arise :
On him they look, who, God and Man combin'd,
Join'd mortal feelings with a heavenly mind :
On Him their warm collected blessings pour'd ;
As Man, they loved him—and as God, ador'd.

PRIZE POEM.

ON THE DEATH OF ABEL.

In youthful dignity and lovely grace,
With heaven itself reflected on his face,
In purity and innocence array'd,
The perfect work of God was Abel made.
To him the fleecy charge his sire consign'd :
An angel's figure with an angel's mind,
In him his father ev'ry blessing view'd,
And thought the joys of Paradise renew'd.
But stern and gloomy was the soul of Cain ;
A brother's virtue was the source of pain ;
Malice and hate their secret wounds impart,
And envy's vulture gnaws upon his heart :
With discontented hand he turn'd the soil,
And inly grieving, murmur'd o'er his toil.

Each with his off'ring to the Almighty came,
Their altars raised, and fed the sacred flame.
Scarce could the pitying Abel bear to bind
A lamb, the picture of his Master's mind;
Which to the pile with tender hand he drew,
And wept, as he the bleating victim slew.
Around, with fond regard the zephyr play'd,
Nor dared disturb th' oblation Abel made.
The gracious flames accepted, upward flew,
The Lord received them,—for his heart was true.
His first-reap'd fruits indignant Cain prepares,—
But vain his sacrifice and vain his prayers,—
For all were hollow: God and nature frown'd,
The wind dispersed them, and the Lord disown'd.
He looks behind—what flames around him rise?
"O hell! 'tis Abel's, Abel's sacrifice!
Curst, hated sight! another look would tear
My soul with rage, would plunge me in despair!
Still must each wish that Abel breathes be heard;
Still must I see his suit to mine preferr'd!
Still must this darling of creation share
His parents' dearest love, his Maker's care;
But Cain is doom'd his sullen hate to vent—
Is doom'd his woes in silence to lament:—
Why should the sound of Abel sound more dear,
More sweet than Cain's unto my father's ear?
Each look, that once on me with pleasure glow'd,
Each kiss, each smile, on Abel is bestow'd.
He loves me, views me with sincere delight;
Yet, yet I hate him, yet I loathe his sight!
But why detest him? why do I return
Hate for his love,—his warm affection spurn?
Ah! vain each effort, vain persuasion's art,
While rancour's sting is fest'ring in my heart!"
At this ill-fated moment when his rage
Nor love could bind, nor reason could assuage,
Young Abel came; he mark'd his sullen woe,
Nor in the brother could discern the foe.
As down his cheeks the gen'rous sorrow ran,
He gazed with fondness, and at length began:

"Why low'rs that storm beneath thy clouded eye?
Why would'st thou thus thy Abel's presence fly?
Turn thee, my brother! view me laid thus low,
And smooth the threat'ning terrors of thy brow.
Have I offended? is my fault so great,
That truth and friendship cannot change thy hate?
Then tell me, Cain, O tell me all thy care;
O cease thy grief, or let thy Abel share."
No tears prevail: his passions stronger rise;
Increasing fury flashes from his eyes;
At once, each fiend around his heartstrings twines,—
At once, all hell within his soul combines,
"Ah serpent!"—At the word he fiercely sprung,
Caught th' accursed weapon, brandish'd, swung,
And smote! the stroke descended on his brow;
The suppliant victim sunk beneath the blow:
The streaming blood distain'd his locks with gore—
Those beauteous tresses, that were gold before:
Nor could his lips a deep-drawn sigh restrain,
Not for himself he sigh'd—he sigh'd for Cain:
His dying eyes a look of pity cast,
And beam'd forgiveness, ere they closed their last.
The murd'rer view'd him with a vacant stare,—
Each thought was anguish, and each look despair.
"Abel, awake! arise!" he trembling cried;
"Abel, my brother!"—but no voice replied.
At ev'ry call more madly wild he grew,
Paler than he, whom late in rage he slew.
In frighful silence o'er the corse he stood,
And chain'd in terror, wonder'd at the blood.
"Awake! yet oh! no voice, no smile, no breath!
O God, support me! O should this be death!
O thought most dreadful! how my blood congeals!
How ev'ry vein increasing horror feels!
How faint his visage, and how droops his head!
O God, he's gone!—and I have done the deed!"
Pierced with the thought, the fatal spot he flies,
And, plunged in darkness, seeks a vain disguise.
Eve, hapless Eve! 'twas thine these woes to see,
To weep thy own, thy children's misery!

She, all unconscious, with her husband stray'd
To meet her sons beneath their fav'rite shade :
To them the choicest fruits of all her store,
Delightful task ! a pleasing load she bore.
While with maternal love she look'd around—
Lo ! Abel, breathless, welt'ring on the ground !
She shrieked his name—'twas all that she could say,
Then sunk, and lifeless as her Abel lay.
Not long the trance could all her senses seal,
She woke too soon returning woe to feel.
Those lips, that once gave rapture to her breast,
Now cold in death, the afflicted mother press'd.
Fix'd in the silent agony of woe,
The father stood, nor comfort could bestow.
Weep, wretched father ! hopeless mother, weep !
A long, long slumber Abel 's doom'd to sleep !
Wrapt in the tangling horrors of the wood,
The murd'rer sought to fly himself and God.
Night closed her welcome shades around his head,
But angry conscience lash'd him as he fled.
" Here stretch thy limbs, thou wretch ! O may this blast
Bear death, and may this moment be thy last !
May blackest night eternal hold her reign ;
And may the sun forget to light the plain !
Ye shades, surround me ! darkness hide my sin !
'Tis dark without, but darker still within.
O Abel ! O my brother ! could not all
Thy love for me preserve thee from thy fall !
Why did not Heaven avert that deadly blow,
That dreadful, hated wound, that laid thee low !
O I'm in hell ! each breath, each blast alarms,
And ev'ry madd'ning demon is in arms :
The voice of God, the curse of Heav'n I hear ;
The name of murder'd Abel strikes my ear,
Rolls in the thunder, rustles in the trees,
And Abel ! Abel ! murmurs in the breeze.
Still fancy scares me with his dying groan,
And clothes each scene in horrors not its own.
Curst be that day, the harbinger of woes,
When first my mother felt a mother's throes ;
When sweetly smiling on my infant face,

She blest the firstling of a future race.
O Death! thou hidden, thou mysterious bane!
Can all thy terrors equal living pain?—
Yet still there lies a world beyond the grave,
From whence no death, no subterfuge can save.
Thou, God of Vengeance! these my suff'rings see,—
To all the God of Mercy, but to me!
O soothe the tortures of my guilty state,—
Great is thy vengeance, but thy mercy great.
My brother! thou canst see how deep I grieve;
Look down, thou injured angel, and forgive!
Far hence a wretched fugitive, I roam,
The earth my bed, the wilderness my home.
Far hence I stray from these delightful seats,
To solitary tracts, and drear retreats.
Yet ah! the very beasts will shun my sight,
Will fly my bloody footsteps with affright.
No brother they, no faithful friend have slain,
Detested only for that crime is Cain.
Had I but lull'd each fury of my soul,
Had held each rebel passion in control,
To nature and to God had faithful proved,
And loved a brother as a brother loved,—
Then had I sunk into a grave of rest,
And Cain had breath'd his last on Abel's breast!"

The following juvenile exercises (composed amidst the hurry of public examinations, and within the short time allowed on such occasions) were thought to give fair promise of future excellence in Latin versification. Some of the best verses which he wrote have been lost; and he never applied himself afterwards to the cultivation of his talents in that way.

GRÆCIA CAPTA FERUM VICTOREM CEPIT.

Intenta bellis, et rudis artium,
Victrix juventus ingruit Atticæ,
  Sedesque doctrinæ dicatas,
    Imperio subigit superbo:

Sed non Camœnas ; hæ placido domant,
Hæ sæva cultu pectora molliunt,
  Gratasque Romanum vaganti
    Ingenio injiciunt habenas :
Victas Athenas en juvenum cohors,
Victas Athenas Ausonium petit
  Examen ; in campos Pelasgos
    Roma ferox Latiumque fluxit.
Hinc mutuatur gymnasio forum
Torrentis æstus eloquii, et gravis
  Demosthenis gustavit acer
    Rhetoricum Cicero fluentum.
Rapta sonori Mæonidis tuba,
Dignos magistro dat numeros Maro ;
  Audaxque clangorem strepentem
    Increpat, attonitusque cantat.
Chordam in Latinas Æolicam lyras
Modumque Flaccus transtulit aureum, et
  Mel dulce libavit, Poetæ
    Aonii labiis caducum.

PRINCIPIIS OBSTA.

Surge ! nec turpis teneat Voluptas ;
Arma, quæ Virtus dedit, atque Numen,
Indue, ad pugnam citus ; ecce præsens
      Advenit hostis.
Advenit dirum Vitium, ille primo
Prælio tantum superandus hostis ;
Conseras pugnam, cadat atque summo
      Limine victus.
Viperæ sævam genitura prolem
Ova conculca ; nisi sic latentes
Comprimas pestes, breviter tremenda
      Pullulat Hydra.
Ergo vincendum Vitium juventa est :
Herculis vivas memor, et tenella
Strangulet, cunis etiam, ingruentes
      Dextra dracones.

IRA FUROR BREVIS EST.

Quare supremum dat gemitum Clytus ?
Senexque cara miles obit manu ?
  Quis pectus invadit fidele
    Ni Furiis agitatus ipsis ?
Furore felix ! cui scelus et nefas
Postquam patrasset non Ratio redit !
  Non mentis ultoris flagella
    Sentiet, et rabie fruetur.
Ast Ira præceps—perfidior Furor,
Mentes ut ægras impulit in scelus,
  Relinquit, accedunt querelæ,
    Conscia mens, lachrymæque inanes.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

It is curious to observe what sources superstition used to furnish to imagination, and what civilization has supplied for them. This may be aptly illustrated by the circumstance of eclipses. These formerly excited a real and present terror in barbarous minds, and gave a wild and violent impulse to their imaginations. Civilization has dried up this fountain for the fancy, but has supplied the knowledge of that glorious system of the universe, which though it does not so imperiously demand consideration, yet, when considered, displays a much more magnificent and extensive field for imagination, which thus seems to have even gained by its alliance with truth.

Imagination seems almost necessary to truth and reason, and often first suggests what reason afterwards proves ; and afterwards seems necessary (at least with such limited beings as we are) to admire its results.

Truth and reason, when rightly considered, by developing the works of the Deity, are, in other words, developing the sublime and beautiful, which are also the objects of imagination.

There is a degree of alliance between truth and imagery. We look for a degree of probability in the wildest fits of fancy ; and require, at least, apparent harmony and coherence, and a consistency with human nature.

Imagination it is which sustains hope, joy, &c. Shall we then part with it in heaven? It appears to be a partial exertion of a more general faculty—a love of the sublime and beautiful; so that this our lovely earthly companion, with whom we have wandered over mountain and wild, and by whose side we have reposed in glen and valley,—this our wayward and romantic guardian may rise when we rise, and become glorified with us in heaven.

Men who accustom themselves to take comprehensive views of practical subjects, often forget the application to themselves as individuals, in considering the effect upon the aggregate of mankind, or upon collective bodies. Thus men, who with a view to raise the character, and justly appreciate the good effects of Christianity, employ themselves much in considering its influence upon society, are sometimes ignorant of its doctrines, and uninfluenced by its precepts One reason is, that in considering the aggregate of mankind the individual is kept out of view; another, that many of the effects upon society are merely temporal, and all come short of those which it produces upon any one individual upon whom it is practically influential; another, is the pride that naturally accompanies the mind which is possessed of those comprehensive powers.

It might be at once one of the most certain and the most agreeable methods of decomposing and developing the ingredients of human nature, to take some of those passages of undoubted and transcendent excellence which are supplied by poetry, oratory, and polite literature in general, and by altering one or two of the less prominent words or expressions, perhaps a mere particle, into one apparently synonymous, to observe the change of feeling produced by change of phrase, and pursue it to its source. This would be a species of metaphysical analysis, in which, from real though delicate and unobtrusive data, we might, by cautious reasoning, arrive at abstract principles. For if a change of feeling is produced, if we feel a disappointment at any alteration, however slight, the pleasure or pain is as real, though not as intense, as the most extravagant joy or the most violent agony. Thus we should detect many a pleasure (as we often do) only by its loss; and, what is still more important, would be guided, in the progress of reasoning, to its principles, and prevented from indulging in fanciful and extravagant speculation, by having two feelings to compare or contrast—the pleasure with its disappointment. This might lead to a knowledge of the principles of our nature; to an acquaintance with the delicacy of language and style; to a radical improvement of taste, and to a perception of the more retiring, but, perhaps, the more exalted beauties of literature.

It was the greatest compliment ever passed upon one of the greatest statesmen the world ever saw, "that he ruled the wilderness of *free* minds." Shall we then deny to the Creator an excellence that we admire in one of his creatures?

The question between (I believe) Voltaire and Rosseau, "Whether the savage or the civilized state were preferable?" is one of the greatest arguments for the utter depravation of our species. The mere naked fact, that such a question had arisen among rational beings--Whether they should continue in a state allied to the brute, or exert the very faculties which constituted them a species? is enough; we need go no farther.

THE FOLLOWING WERE FOUND AMONGST SOME OF HIS JUVENILE PAPERS.

Successful ambition is like the rainbow which spans the sky, and is gazed at by all who behold it with admiration: it is composed of the rays of the sun, together with the approaching rain and the advancing cloud. Alas! and does not ambition span the earth with a momentary grasp, and is it not composed of the beams of glory, which are transient, and the deluge of rain and devastation, and the cloud of misfortunes, which are permanent? For the rainbow fades and dies away in an instant, and the rays of its glory depart with it; but the rain and cloud existed while it existed, and survived when the rainbow and its beams had vanished. Thus does the man of ambition derive his glory from causing ruin: the ruin is contemporary with the glory, and outlives it. His dear beam fades as he sinks into the grave, but he bequeaths the storm to his fellow-creatures.

Irish music often gives us the idea of a mournful retrospect upon past gaiety, which cannot help catching a little of the spirit of that very gaiety which it is lamenting.

There appear to be two species of eloquence; one arising from a clear and intense perception of truth, the other from a rich and powerful imagination.

The sentiment comes at once from the lips of the orator, with language at the moment of its birth, like Minerva in panoply from the brow of Jove.

The milk of human nature appears under as many different modifications in the dispositions of men, as the substance, to which it is compared, undergoes in the dairy. In some men of a perpetual and impregnable good humour, it has all the oiliness and consistency of butter; in those of a liberal and generous disposition, it has all the richness of cream; in men of a sickly habit of mind, it has all the mawkish insipidity of whey; and in a large portion of the community, it possesses all the sourness of buttermilk.

Solitude and Society may be illustrated by a lake and river. In the one, indeed, we can view the heavens more calmly and distinctly; but we can also see our own image more clearly, and are in danger of the sin of Narcissus: while, in the river, the view both of the heavens and of ourselves is more broken and disturbed; but health and fertility are scattered around.

The imperfect progress of Christianity is only analogous to that first state of which it is the restitution—the state of Adam in Eden. There Adam was liable to fall; and the blessings of Christianity—which is declared to be the restoration of that state—are of course as much subject to rejection as the blessings of paradise:

"Flowers of Eden that we may cast away."

Those who cavil at the apparent clashing of the attributes of the Deity, and at the control which they appear to exercise mutually upon each other, involuntarily fall into a species of paganism. They distribute the Deity into so many different essences: they, in fact, deify his attributes, and make so many independent gods. Whereas, the division of the Deity into attributes is only an accommodation to the weakness of human faculties. He is the simple, perfect Deity; of single and uncompounded energy; like the solar ray, appearing more pure and simple than its ingredients.

One difficulty of a preacher is, to balance the terrors and comforts of religion; a difficulty in style rather than in matter. Those who speak upon other subjects have generally to give the mind a strong impulse in one direction, because their object is generally to produce one certain specific act, *i. e.* a vote on a certain side; but the preacher has to induce a *habit* of acting, to regulate a man's hopes and fears. This perhaps is one argument against extemporaneous preaching.

Shall the word of a physician alter our regimen? Shall a few hundreds added to, or subtracted from our fortune, alter our style of living?—And yet shall a visit from God produce no change? Shall heaven have descended upon earth, and earth remain what it was? Shall the Spirit of God have communed with me, and shall my soul return unpurified from the conversation?

Christ is "God manifest:" He is the Word—God heard: the Light—God seen: the Life—God felt.

The difference between our Lord's style of prophecy and that of all other prophets, is this: He seems to speak with a clear steady perception of futurity, as if his eye was just as calmly fixed upon future events as if the whole were a present occurrence: the prophets appear only to have a picture, or a strong delineation of their prominent features, and their imaginations became heated and turbid, and agitated and confused.

The story of St. Paul's conversion is told in three different ways by the same author; and when compared, the differences appear so natural, from the different situations and circumstances in which they are related, that, first, they bear invincible testimony to the authenticity and genuineness of the book itself; and, secondly, are a standing instance how natural are the variations between the different Gospels; and prove that, instead of furnishing an objection, they are an additional evidence of their truth. The account of the baptism of Cornelius is told twice, and is another instance of the same kind.

One of the uses of obscurity in the Bible is to excite curiosity, and to make an exercise for the *faculties* as well as for the affections and dispositions, in order that the *whole* man may be employed in religion; that there may be a mode of religious exercise which may serve both to relieve the exercise of mere feeling, and serve as a kind of *substratum* and *arena*, on which those feelings may find matter, range, and variety.

However the world may affect to despise the genuine Christian, it is beyond their power; they feel too sensibly the difficulty of attaining that very state of feeling and disposition which is displayed in such a character, to entertain in their heart any mean or degrading opinion of the character which they apparently undervalue. Every thought which is wrung from their conscience by its unwelcome obtrusion upon their contemplation, rises in judgment against their indifference. God has not permitted them to despise a true Christian: they may pass him by with a haughty and supercilious coldness: they may deride him with a taunting and sarcastic irony; but the spirit of the proudest man that ever lived will bend before the grandeur of a Christian's humility. You are at once awed, and you recoil upon your own conscience when you meet with one whose feelings are purified by the Gospel. The light of a Christian's soul, when it shines into the dark den of a worldly heart, startles and alarms the gloomy passions that are brooding within. Is this contempt? No: but all the virulence which is excited by the Christian graces can be resolved into envy—the feelings of devils when they think on the pure happiness of angels: and to complete their confusion, what is at that moment the feeling in the Christian's heart? Pity, most unfeigned pity.

The ancients either let their passions run wild, or confined them like wild beasts in their cages, where they were kept muttering in their cells: but Christ has taught them their legitimate exercise.

The question, Whether the passions are to be admitted into religion? divides itself into two: First, Whether the passions are unreasonable in themselves? Secondly, Whether they are misplaced in religion? The first is a piece of stoicism, that is too absurd and ridiculous to be maintained.

The second divides itself also into two: First, Whether the affections are misplaced in religion, generally? Secondly, Whether our Saviour is the proper object of them?

First, generally: It is a great presumption against it, that it proposes at once to exclude from religion so grand a part of the composition of man. It is to be supposed, that as the organs of the body, so the original passions of the mind, were given for some valuable purposes by the Creator. They are now in perpetual rebellion; and reason alone would presume that it would be the effect of revelation completely to repair the consequences of this corruption. This indeed had been tried by human systems in vain. Epicurus confirmed the usurpation of the passions; the Stoics attempted to extinguish them; but it is the peculiar office of Christianity to bring all the faculties of our nature into their due subordination; 'that so the whole man, complete in all his functions, may be restored to the true end of his being, and devoted, entire, and harmonious, to the service and glory of God.'

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